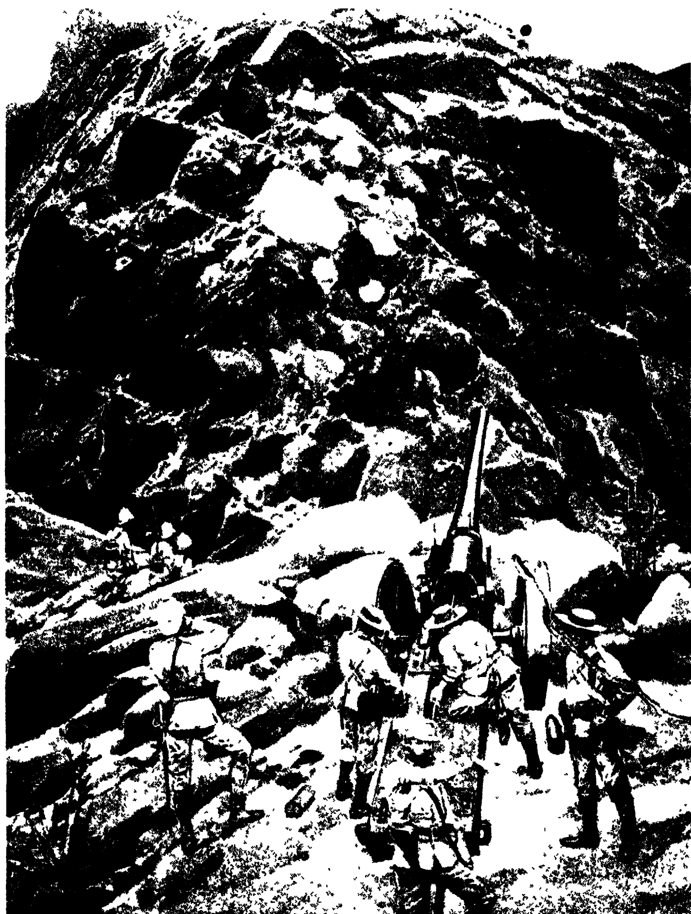
IN SOUTH AFRICA WITH BULLER



A 4.7 NAVAL GUN IN ACTION BEFORE COLENSO

From a sketch by a naval officer

IN SOUTH AFRICA WITH BULLER

BY

GEORGE CLARKE MUSGRAVE

AUTHOR OF "TO KUMASSI WITH SCOTT," "WEST AFRICAN FETISH," "THE CUBAN INSURRECTION," "UNDER THREE FLAGS IN CUBA"

Illustrated

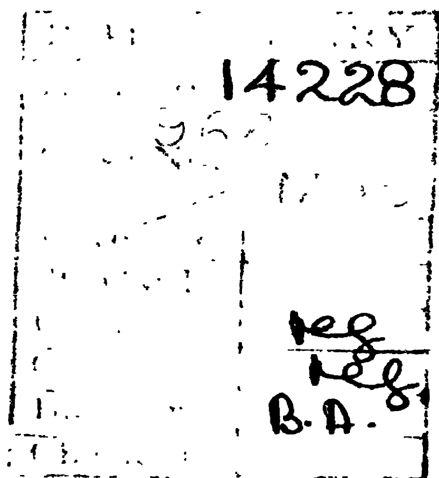
From Sketches by René Bull, Maud, R. Caton Woodville and other War Artists

LONDON

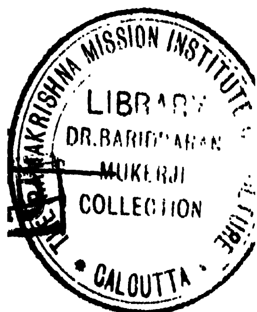
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Introduction

It is too early, at this date, to record the history of the South African war. We live in an age, however, when interest is ephemeral, and, unless one is content to write for reputation alone, a work must be published during the height of public interest to command success. Thanks to electricity and newspaper enterprise, gifted writers now erect very readable books around the slender fabric of cable despatches. The author who has gathered his material at the risk of life and health, and at great expenditure of energy and money, returns to find his work anticipated by perhaps half a dozen books written by men who have never left the security of their own homes. It is a noteworthy fact that after the Spanish-American war, with perhaps one exception, the most successful books were penned by writers who never were in Cuba. Their works are a comedy of errors from Alpha to Omega, but they were issued when the popular feeling was inflamed with victory, and their accuracy was not questioned. Hence the need of rapid preparation.

The dust and heat of South Africa do not inspire literary style, and chapters written on horseback,

after sixteen hours in the saddle, lack the polish bestowed by writers reclining in comfort and clean linen. I had planned to write a personal story, after the prevailing fashion, but finding that peerless artists were preparing word pictures of the campaign, I concluded that a plain account of the war and its causes, based on personal observation and investigation, would supply a want within my limitations.

Thanks to prominent Afrikanders, who were exceedingly anxious that I should present their side in the United States, their views and aspirations were freely brought to my notice. But familiarity with the Taal is apt to breed contempt, and though one cannot be blind to the machinations of capitalists and the blunders of imperialists and ultra loyalists, a careful review of facts will lead true Americans, as lovers of universal liberty, to realize that the only hope for South Africa lies in its federation under the almost republican constitution guaranteed by the British flag. Boer, or rather Taal, ideals are in antithesis to liberty and progress. They are founded on hatred of the Anglo Saxon, — a hatred based on past injustice but fanned to flame by intriguing foreigners controlling the Transvaal.

The Orange Free State, founded as a republic by the British Foreign Office, and always on terms of cordiality with Downing Street, was in part induced to take up arms against a traditional friend by the possibilities of Dutch supremacy in South Africa,

and the money provided by corrupt concessionaires in the Transvaal subverted the allegiance of thousands of the more ignorant Taal-speaking British subjects by the same idea.

The misapprehension of British intentions notwithstanding, the Boer raid into the Colonies was unjustifiable aggression; it was, from first to last, a war of conquest and subjugation. The great sympathy that I had for the Boers vanished when I saw their ruthless devastation and method of extending their rule toward Cape Town.

Patriots seeking to fight an army that may menace their existence do not war on women and children, or force citizens to take up arms against their own country, turning out on the bare veldt those who refuse, looting their homes and crops. I have seen much of revolution. For three years I was a sympathetic witness of the Cubans in their struggle for freedom from Spain's grip. I would that the ultra Afrikanders could take a lesson from those ignorant but self-sacrificing peasants.

France, smarting under the British strictures of the Dreyfus case, has retaliated by a vindictive anti-British attitude, misnomered Boer sympathy. Her vituperations against the United States during the war with Spain prove the value of her perspicuity in national questions. Spain, angered by British sympathy for the United States during the war, has taken a very strong attitude in denouncing "the

second manifestation of Anglo Saxon aggression." Holland, through racial and commercial ties, is in close sympathy with the Boers. Russia, ever anti-British, with her Siberian hell, her pitiless rule of dependencies, and black despotism over her own people, grandiloquently joins France in denouncing England. Commercial hostility dominates Germany.

The people of smaller States, not afflicted with the jealousies of the great Powers, take a dispassionate view of the contest. Strong parties in Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Italy support the British side; Denmark is strongly anti-Boer; and the Greeks have warmly supported the Power which has more than once proved her true friend. The Balkan States are decidedly pro-British; and since the return from the Transvaal of liberty-loving Hungarians, both Hungary and Servia have proffered contingents "to uphold the progress and equal rights of which the Transvaal Republic is the absolute negation."

But it is to the United States that England has looked for justice. Certainly at this juncture sympathy for either side can do no practical good. Yet with common language and ideals and a common literature which in the past half-century has done much to mould the character of the two nations on similar lines, the United States and Great Britain — the two greatest factors in the world's development — should have a better understanding than at present exists. Many thoughtful Americans, animated by

neither party nor racial prejudice, see nothing to-day in South Africa but the deliberate attempt of Rhodes and his cohorts to grab two tiny republics for their own exploitation. Some of them represent all that is highest and best in the United States. It is beyond human power to alter their opinion, perhaps, but there are thousands of intelligent citizens who are halting mid diverse reports, anxious only for the truth.

I would refer them, on the one hand, to the late Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who, in a few hours' visit to the Transvaal, discovered that the Boers were the "torch-bearers of the highest civilization," disproved the wrongs of the Uitlanders and the corruption of Krugerism, and returned to propagate the duty of the United States to cry a halt to the British forces, which had not then fought one battle outside their own territory, and were striving to repel the invasion of British colonies, to raise the siege of British cities, and to prevent further destruction of the property of hard-working British colonists, who at least were innocent of capitalistic designs.

On the other hand, converse with the true American residents in South Africa. Ninety per cent, Republicans and Democrats, favor the British side. Can you find one American missionary in South Africa who is not loud in his denunciation of the Transvaal Government? Representatives of all classes are now in this country. Mr. John Hayes Hammond and

Mr. Mosenthal are American business men. Mr. Morton Carter is a student. Mr. John O'Brien of New York is a plain working-man. And there are Bishop Hartzell and Dr. Hertz, whose testimony is important. These men have tasted the evils of Krugerism. They speak in the light of experience, and from the standpoint of plain American citizens.

President Kruger invoked as arbiter the God of Battles. We can look for no higher decision. At 2 P. M., to-day, the British flag was hoisted over Pretoria. There are many indications that the devoted but credulous burghers, who have fought so bravely and suffered so vainly for what they deemed right, will ere long relinquish their apanthropic ideas, and return to their homes to help build up a united South Africa. They have proved the fallacy of the exegesis of their leaders, whose greed and lust of territory has been one of the many causes of the inevitable war; and it rests with British statesmen to form a tactful administration that alone can win their confidence and respect,

GEORGE CLARKE MUSGRAVE.

S. S. ETHIOPIA, June 5, 1900.

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The Ultimatum from the Transvaal. — The Genesis of the Boer. — The Reactive British Policy in South Africa. — Formation of the Boer Republics. — The Conventions Compared.

"*And so your follies fight against yourself.*" An ultimatum from the South African Republic! Even the champions of the Boer, at home and abroad, were astounded. We had been told that the God-fearing President in Pretoria was profoundly anxious to preserve peace. The English nation was warned that its political leaders, blinded by lust of empire, were forcing a war upon a people willing and anxious to grant all reasonable concessions that did not jeopardize their independence: if war came, the blood was to be on the heads of Mr. Chamberlain and his supporters. And on October 9th, either through an erroneous but not altogether unnatural mistrust of British intentions, in which he divined a danger to his republic, or seeing an opportunity for cloaking the realization of the Afrikander dream of Dutch South Africa under an

apparent menace to Transvaal Independence, President Kruger despatched his peremptory note.

The ultimatum, after denying the right of her Majesty's Government to intervene in the internal affairs of the South African republic, demanded: —

1. That all differences should be settled by arbitration.

2. That British troops should be removed from the frontiers.

3. That all troops landed in South Africa since June 1st should be sent home.

4. That no further troops should be landed.

In the event of these demands not being agreed to within forty-eight hours, the South African republic would consider war declared.

The ultimatum lacked the form of common diplomatic decency. From a republic that owed its national existence to England, it was politically preposterous. But the natural indignation of the British people, roused by Kruger's demands and the blood spilt thereby, has blinded them to the fact that the Boers are less to blame than are the insensate follies and mistakes made by successive administrations. A glance at the history of South Africa gives significant food for contemplation, and British experience in the past should be of exceeding profit to future generations.

From the Dutch *boer*, a tiller, we have subverted "boor," a type of the rough, the uncouth; character-

istics accruing not from the soil alone, but ever the attribute of the South African Dutch. The genesis of the Boer is obscure; he is *sui generis.* It is fallacious, if popular, to represent him as a transplanted Hollander. He is relevant to South Africa alone; his prototype is non-existent.

In 1486, Diaz, pursuing the brilliant but short-lived trend of Portugal as a factor in the world's development, discovered the Cape of Good Hope. Later, Da Gama's landing at Delagoa Bay led to Portugal's acquisition of a Pandora's Box, the Zambesi Valley: the Cape did not attract the colonial enterprise so uselessly expended on the southeast. But when the Dutch were developing the East Indies, their ships watered in Table Bay; the value of this half-way haven was perceived, and in 1652 the Dutch East India Company despatched an expedition under Van Riebeck to form a permanent settlement at the Cape. Coolie slaves were introduced to cultivate, and a revictualling station for the Company's ships soon flourished.

The early Dutch settlers were chiefly of the roughest class, uneducated and intolerant, — a veritable scum of routiers, discharged soldiers, sailors, and adventurers, released by the Peace of Westphalia or tempted by the wandering spirit of the time. To avert discontent and to sustain the white population, orphan and foundling girls were shipped from the Holland asylums to wife the colony. These

maidens, barely of marriageable age, were chiefly the offspring of Netherland soldiers and sailors killed in the wars; many were illegitimate; few had known the softening influences of home or parental affection. Reared under the Puritanical system of Dutch institutions, their knowledge of life was rudimentary. When they were landed in Africa, they were eagerly seized by the men, and in the possibilities and phases of their awakened sex, the evolution from asylum units to women, they were oblivious to the slavery and absence of sentiment in their union. From such parentage the Boer characteristics can be traced. The bigoted religion of the race to-day is the direct attribute of the almost superstitious belief of the rigorously schooled mothers of the nation.

The fathers of the embryonic race were not exclusively Dutch. In 1689, three hundred French Huguenots left the intolerance of their refuge in Holland, and proved a refining leaven to the African colony. A number of German Lutherans also settled in the country. By the laws of the Company's administration, the faith and the tongue of the Huguenots and those of the Lutherans were proscribed, and all were compelled to worship in the Dutch Reformed Church. In a hundred years their identity had been aggressively absorbed. Thus a distinct race arose: Taal became the common language. With Dutch mothers who had no parental ties with Holland, with fathers

of cosmopolitan ancestry, the early generations had no emotional traditions: *Ons Land*—Our Land—South Africa. For them history opened in 1652; it centred at Stellenbosch, it was circummured by Table Bay and Table Mountain.

The colony throve and expanded until in 1778 the territory had extended eastward to the Great Fish River. Here the Boers came into violent contact with the natives. The Company appointed *landdrosts* in each district and elaborated a system of defence, a commando being formed in each department by all burghers capable of bearing arms. The members elected their commandant and field-cornets, who were responsible to the Company for the mobilization of the force either for local or general defence. The struggles with the natives and resentment against service and taxation exacted by the Company without return developed a sturdy spirit of independence among the farmers along the frontier.

Hundreds of burghers, incensed by the monopoly and maladministration of the corporation, trekked from the coast to join these quasi-independent communities in the interior. They moved with their herds across the vast grazing-grounds, their families, in tented wagons, sharing in the peregrinations. All trace of refinement and the proverbial Dutch cleanliness was lost in the Romany existence. Separate communities sprang up around each stock-farm, near relatives intermarried, and various factions, distinct

as the clans of Scotland, were evolved. The common enemy, the black, alone caused a general combination. When incursions of the natives had been repelled and punished, the apanthropic Boers returned to their pastures, holding themselves aloof from their neighbors, save when a conventicle in some township afforded the event of the season, and gave the farmer opportunity to replenish his stock of cartridges and cooking-pots. In the pastoral life negatived educational or social possibilities and restricted the Boers to almost primeval simplicity, it also precluded the baneful essentials of civilization. The burghers clung to their religious belief with the credulous superstition of an Ashanti to his fetich, or a Tasso to the Porro rites. The Boer has retained his faith to an extent that would be commendable had his conscience dominated his life, instead of his life having formulated his conscience.

In 1780 the residents of the coast districts sent delegates to Holland to demand a voice in the administration of the settlement and a modification of the Company's arbitrary rule. After a delay of several years the home government promulgated reforms, and the Company adopted a more conciliatory policy; but in the interim disaffection had spread, and the issue of the new régime was the signal for a general revolt to end the thraldom of a corporation that ruled only for commercial advantage. The landdrosts were defied and maltreated;

the Company was powerless. Holland, then the Batavian Republic, was overrun by French revolutionists, and the Stadtholder of the Netherlands had taken refuge in England. He vested his supreme authority in a British expedition which landed at the Cape in 1795.

The insurgent Boers, finding that they could now live as they pleased, sullenly acquiesced in this change of administration; but seven years later the territory was restored to the Batavian Republic. The subsequent war led to its seizure, in 1806, by a British force which occupied the Cape for eight years, when the colony was formally ceded to the Crown in exchange for territory in the Western Hemisphere.

There were less than thirty thousand white inhabitants at this time in Cape Colony, and about the same number of slaves. The Boers at first resented British rule; but they were soon reconciled to the new régime, and affairs ran smoothly for several years. There was a steady influx of settlers from the United Kingdom, though Dutch remained the official language, and perfect harmony would have prevailed but for the religious intolerance of the Boers. Under British administration freedom of religious thought was secured. Roman Catholics were for the first time allowed to worship in the colony, but Irish emigrants were persecuted by bigots of the Dutch Church, and the priests met with much local opposition. Constant friction resulted.

Missionaries of all denominations raised a protest against the diabolical treatment of the blacks by the Boers. Their representations to the Colonial Office led to the enforcement of oppressive decrees for the protection of the natives, which caused further discontent. In 1815, a farmer, one Bezuidenhout, refused to answer a charge of slave murder, and fired on the troops sent to fetch him. They replied with a volley which killed him. At his funeral four hundred Boer farmers swore revenge, and planned to capture the military post and lynch the officer, Lieutenant Rousseau, in reprisal. Their plans were betrayed to Colonel Cuyler, the British commandant, who rode out and begged the burghers to return home. A few accepted his advice, the remainder went to the hills and defied the military. After a severe fight they were dispersed, and five ringleaders were executed for high treason on March 6, 1816, at Slaagter's Nek. From that day forth, South Africa became a divided camp, Boer versus Briton.

The influx of Britishers continued to increase, and ten years later the Colonial Office concluded that English should be the official language of the colony. This change was drastic and impolitic, since it overturned the whole system of local government. The Boers complained bitterly of the injustice which they to-day are fighting to uphold. Further feeling was engendered in 1826, when the missionaries again

protested against the Boer treatment of slaves, and an ordinance compelling slave-owners to record in writing every punishment they inflicted was enforced, entailing a distinct hardship on the illiterate burghers. Only the tact of the governor, Sir Lowry Cole, prevented armed rising against British rule.

Several humane colonists, desiring to rectify the evils of slavery, then formed the Philanthropic Society to buy up and free young female slaves. Since slave importation was forbidden, this reduction of slave mothers would eventually have eradicated slavery.

But the London Colonial Office, prompted by rabid abolitionists, decided, in 1833, to enforce general emancipation. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, after whom the port of Natal is named, was appointed governor of the colony to effect this, but the Colonial Office, lacking adequate conception of local conditions, took entire initiative. The colonists received £1,200,000 for slaves worth £3,000,000 at Government valuation. By the same blundering policy compensation was made in bank-notes redeemable only in London, and the colonists, British and Boer, were obliged to negotiate them in the colony at a very heavy discount. Fleeced by Shylocks in the exchange, the more ignorant farmers received one eighth of the market value of these slaves. But this hardship pressed as greatly on the grandfathers of the British loyalists of to-day as on the Boers.

From Emancipation Day, December 1, 1834, the slaves were to serve four years of apprenticeship before becoming "free laborers." When the four years expired, they quietly relapsed into their progenital savagery and retired to their old hunting-grounds.

With ruin threatening their enterprises, through dearth of labor, the colonists, mainly Boers, waged a terrible war of reprisals on the Kaffirs, and finally swept them over the frontier. The expeditions were encouraged by the governor, but after sixteen months' campaign these burghers, who had been given grounds to expect compensation for their services, found their action repudiated by the Colonial Secretary, Lord Glenelg, who stated that the depredations of the Kaffirs (who had murdered settlers and stolen cattle at every opportunity) "had been evoked by injustice and ill-treatment, and that original justice was on the side of the conquered blacks, not with the victors."

The colonists were naturally incensed at this marked injustice, and foreseeing that the policy of a rabid humanity (as extreme, in antithesis, as the Boer inhumanity) would make any control of black labor impossible, a number of Dutch farmers decided to migrate into the wilderness, beyond the sphere of British influence. Ninety-eight burghers, under Trichardt and Rensburg, trekked northward to Delagoa Bay, ultimately perishing of fever and star-

vation. They were followed by a second party, composed of one hundred men, women, and children, including the three Krugers, which was organized in the Tarka and Colesberg districts, and settled under Potgieter between the Vet and Walsch rivers. A band from Graaff Reinet joined the settlement a few weeks later.

In 1837 Piet Retief organized further emigrant parties, which finally reached the vast grazing country beyond the Draakensberg, around Port Natal. They found some English settlers already at the Port, but imperial control was nil; and having secured peace with the Zulus by heavy bribes, the Boers hoped to settle as an independent community. In January, 1838, Retief and seventy companions were invited to the kraal of Dingaan the Zulu chief, and brutally massacred. The Zulus then fell upon the unsuspecting settlers, and over a thousand men, women, and children were slaughtered before the Boers could rally for defence. The English community at the post was exterminated. On December 16, Dingaan led his hordes to attack the improvised fort of wagons defended by the four hundred Boers who had survived the raids. The beleaguered women and children aided in the defence, and by a sortie at night a mere handful of burghers routed twelve thousand Zulus, shooting down four thousand blacks as they retreated, hounded like sheep, to the limits of the territory.

Since all the English settlers had been killed, the voor-trekkers, still adjudged British subjects by the Crown, proclaimed themselves a republic in Natal. This necessitated some manifestation of imperial authority over the land that had been declared British in 1824, and in 1842 a force landed and occupied the Port. Enraged at the pursuit of a rule from which they had suffered so much to escape, the Boers attacked the tiny British garrison and would have massacred them to a man but for the timely arrival of reinforcements which defeated the burghers, whose Volksraad finally acknowledged British authority.

The Colony of Natal was constituted in 1845, and while a large number of farmers remained to finally appreciate the security of imperial control, the wilder spirits trekked again over the Dragon Mountains, from the environment of civilization. They joined Potgieter's voor-trekkers, then swelled by hundreds of emigrants from the South, and spread over the vast territory between the Vaal and Limpopo.

Though these nomad graziers had founded the semblance of a republic, they had settled in numerous communities, each dominated by family feud and personal jealousy. Torn by these petty dissensions and the fierce struggle for rivalry between Potgieter and Pretorius, the administration was without authority. The republic boasted a common Volksraad, vested in a semblance of Federal control, but in-

dividually the burghers set its laws at defiance, and there was not a vestige of government that could be recognized by the Foreign Office. By international law the Boers were still British subjects.

The land between the Vaal and Cape Colony was a neutral territory peopled by the Griquas (Boer half-breeds) and Cape Dutch who wished to compromise between the Crown and the heterogeneous republic beyond. Constant raids and cattle lifting between Boers, Griquas, and blacks became a serious menace to the peace of Cape Colony; and to end the turbulence on the frontier, Great Britain, in 1848, annexed the "no man's land" between the Orange and Vaal rivers.

The Boers beyond the Vaal, fearing their independence was menaced, promptly resented the extension of imperialism to their borders. They crossed the river and captured Bloemfontein, but were soon driven back by Sir Henry Smith. They then incited a rising among the Basutos and were again preparing to invade the territory, when a British Commission met the Boer leaders at the Sand River and guaranteed the farmers beyond the Vaal (Transvaal) the right of self-government, provided that no slavery was permitted.

In 1853, despite the pleas and protests of the Orange River colonists, Lord Aberdeen's government, pressing a "Little England" policy, resolved to revoke the annexation of that territory. The in-

habitants comprised elements vastly different from the Transvaal Boers, but they were officially relinquished by the Crown on February 24, 1854, with a grant of £50,000 as a sop for the independence they did not desire. Thus sprang into existence the Orange Free State.

Despite the Queen's wish, the independence of the Transvaal and the creation of the Orange Free State — two monumental blunders for which a sea of blood, Boer and British, has flowed to-day — were consummated by the insensate folly of Downing Street. The extension of frontier in South Africa they declared worse than useless; they overlooked the loss of prestige entailed by hauling down the British flag. But as they sowed, so they reaped.

Where the policy of colonial officialdom in regard to South Africa would have ended, but for the advent of Sir George Grey as Governor of Cape Colony, it is impossible to say. Realizing the evils that had gone before, he patiently bestowed years of labor in laying the foundation for the Great South Africa of the near future. His wise policy instilled into the native mind a deep-rooted reverence for the Queen, and the loyalty of the natives to-day stands as one monument to Sir George's administration.

Cape Colony flourished exceedingly. In 1866 the population had increased to 182,000; it doubled itself within the next twelve years. In 1872 complete self-government was instituted, and in 1882 the in-

clusion of Dutch as an official language stimulated the political life of many thousands of Boers who had remained British subjects. Imperial control became practically nil, the people made their own laws under a free constitution, and had the care and protection of a powerful foster-mother.

In 1869 the discovery of diamonds just beyond the Modder River attracted a rush of diggers and adventurers to the district, which soon proved to be rich indeed. The Transvaal, a Griqua chief named Waterboer, and a native king, all laid claim to the coveted territory, and invited the Governor of Cape Colony to arbitrate. The Transvaal demand was impudent aggression; he awarded his decision to Waterboer, who placed the land under British protection, to secure order among the turbulent spirits attracted by the mines. The Free State then came forward with a tolerable claim for the district, but since matters had been satisfactorily adjusted, the Colonial office paid the republic $450,000 for its claim, — an insignificant price for mines that have since produced millions, though the successful exploitation by private capital was not then foreseen; and through British intervention farmers on the land sold out at their own price, where otherwise a bloody struggle would have been precipitated by the contending parties.

As an independent State, the Transvaal was leading a checkered existence. Puny revolutions, less

significant than the upheavals of South America, constantly arose; various factions were at daggers drawn, and the burghers were ever at variance with the quieter elements of the Free State, and twice menaced its independence. Pretorius and Schoeman both posed as President of the Transvaal, each claiming control of the empty treasury. Civil war finally broke out, in which Kruger assumed command of the Pretorius party. He bombarded and captured Potchefstroom, Schoeman escaping, however, with Steyn and Preller. Kruger pursued them hotly to the Klip River, where the deposed leaders countermarched, re-entered Potchefstroom, and rallied their adherents, while Oom Paul and his commando followed the first scent. Strongly reinforced, Kruger again advanced on the town, and after close investment forced surrender. Schoeman, Steyn, and Preller were banished for life. Viljoen next raised a revolution, which was finally quelled; there was constant trouble with the independent communities of Utrecht and Lydenburg, and innumerable fights between smaller factions, notably on differences of dogma.

The history of these so-called republics is not inspiring. In 1864 a unification of the Transvaal was arranged by Pretorius, who drew up a definite constitution, which was adopted by the elected Volksraad of the peripatetic burghers. But progression was a word unknown beyond the Vaal.

Though slavery was unconstitutional, cattle stealing by the Kaffirs evoked terrible reprisals, and the various tribes were forced to labor in virtual slavery after their conquest. The Boers, though retaining their fanatical religious fervor, still set all law and order at defiance; taxes they would not pay, and the republic was ever on the verge of bankruptcy.

Their Bible told them that they were the Lord's chosen people; the Old Testament was their guide, the Pentateuch their mentor, especially the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, whose teachings are certainly questionable when applied to the nineteenth century. The sun moved round the earth, since Joshua told it to stand still; David was an early riser; thunder, the voice of God. The hygienic laws enforced in the camp of Israel they overlooked. The curse of Ham was their justification for monstrous treatment of the blacks; their cruelty gave zealous answer to what they deemed Divine command, since they held Biblical authority for occupying the land of the heathen, and meted to the natives as did Israel to the Canaanites.

A typical instance of Boer ferocity toward the natives, was the massacre of the tribe of Makapan for cattle lifting. The burghers under Hermanius Potgieter, with whom was the young burgher Paulus Kruger, found that the entire tribe had taken refuge in a mammoth cave in the Waterberg district. This they speedily invested, building up the mouth save

for one narrow entrance. Several attempts were made to suffocate the three thousand poor wretches shut within, but the cave was too vast for the accomplishment of this, and for twenty-five days the siege continued. The famished blacks constantly strove to rush through the narrow entrance, only to be shot down by their ruthless captors, and finally dead silence reigned. Of the three thousand men, women, and children none survived. Nine hundred had been shot attempting to escape, the remainder had perished miserably of starvation.

Punitive expeditions that led to the extermination of the Bakwena on the Mooi River and the Moseles, were hardly less sanguinary, and nothing in the history of England's colonizing approaches the cruelty of these Boer reprisals, which were for extermination, not subjugation, as were the former.

Missionaries who attempted to teach the natives faced intense persecution, and the looting and massacre of the Beersheba Mission Station by the Boers, under Landdrost Sauer of Smithfield, savors of Celestial fanaticism or of the bigotry of a Bloody Mary. Robert Moffat, in his fifty-three years of missionary effort in Bechuanaland, suffered from unceasing hostility from these simple Christians, who argued that a native and a baboon had equal souls. Livingstone frequently expressed his horror of Boer inhumanity; many times men, women, and children of his people were shot down in cold blood, and others taken off

as prisoners of war, in obedience to the letter, and in evasion of the spirit, of the abolitionist decrees. Finally they burned his house, looted the Mission Settlement, and carried off two hundred children of his converts as "servants." John Mackenzie lived from 1860 to 1880 among the Boers, to whose ignorance and cruelty he has paid significant tribute. I could quote Dr. Nachtigal, Rev. E. Ludorf, M. Fredoux, M. Creux, and M. Berthond of the Mission Romande, and many others to the same end. Their testimony shows that the Boer in the nineteenth century meted to the black such measures as did the Spaniard to the Guanches and Antillian aborigines in the sixteenth.

In 1872 President Pretorius resigned to prevent deposition after the Keate award. The Rev. Mr. Burgers, a man of superior education and refinement, a Colonial College graduate, was elected in his stead. The burghers, influenced greatly by Kruger, now a prominent and ambitious political factor and commandant general of the State, became alarmed by the breadth of the religious views of their President. As head of the Church, he first proposed that hymns should be sung at the conventicle,—an unorthodox innovation savoring of the devil and the flesh; but when he stated in a sermon that Satan was an evil spirit and possessed neither horns nor tail as pictured in the old Dutch Bible, the credulous farmers called the elders together, and charges of infidelity were made.

The intelligent provisions he had formulated for the improvement of the State were received with open distrust, the treasury was empty, and disorders broke out in every section. He had exhausted his private fortune in attempting to evolve order from chaos. Because his Executive called in £77,246 in notes which were practically worthless, and destroyed them publicly before Lys' store, the ignorant burghers accused him of ruthless destruction of public money.

A Zulu rising was then imminent, and Burgers, seeing that action by England would be provoked by the internal anarchy, begged the burghers to stand together to quell the natives, pay their taxes, and sustain the constitution. But the dispute between "little and big-endians" continued. A party favoring annexation to the Crown sprang up: the treasury contained 12 shillings ($3), and Kruger arose on the political horizon to head a bloodless revolution, that deposed Burgers and nominated him as President. To save further disorder Burgers prepared to retire. In his valedictory address he warned the people to remember that British intervention would be their fault, for since the Powers had intervened to end the misrule in an empire like Turkey, the anarchy in a little and bankrupt republic could hardly be excused.

Many factions opposed Kruger, the President *soi-disant*, whose nomination was neither contested nor

consummated. During this crisis the Zulus were preparing to swoop into the Transvaal on the south, Sikukuni and his hordes had repulsed the Boers on the northeast, and numerous other tribes saw an opportunity ripening to revenge the past. The Boers lacked ammunition; there was no government to supply them; the very existence of the republic was doomed.

Alarmed at the state of the Transvaal, the Colonial Office appointed Sir Theophilus Shepstone as High Commissioner to inquire into existing conditions. Finding affairs hopelessly involved, the rising of the Zulus and Kaffirs general, and many inhabitants favoring Crown control, he used his prerogative and proclaimed the annexation of the republic to the Crown on April 12, 1877, as a measure necessary for the peace of South Africa. But for this action, arbitrary as it was, the country must have been submerged by the blacks. The strong arm of England was welcomed or tolerated by the burghers in the crisis; they would have remained content but for the delay in the institution of the autonomy promised them.

The Colonial Office wished to realize a dream of the federation of South Africa. As in Cuba and the Philippines to-day, a military governor was appointed in the interim. The Boers, who before had evaded taxation, now found their stock seized if they refused the dues. The taxes were very light; but martial control is too tactless for a people who desire

to be free. A martinet used to implicit obedience cannot successfully control civilians. The Philippine revolt to-day and recent discontent in Cuba should teach the United States the lesson it took England so long to learn.

With an inherent distrust of the Colonial Office, the Boers chafed under such control, and the delayed fulfilment of promises. They showed no disposition for patience until the native war should end, and the cost and trouble of the querimonious protégé led Downing Street to act arbitrarily when tact might have saved the day.

A number of republican leaders were retained as Crown officials, Kruger among them. After a reiterated demand for an increased stipend had been refused, he resigned from office and became an active factor in fanning the discontent of the burghers into open disaffection. General Wolseley and Sir Bartle Frere had barely subdued the black menace, when he broached plans for a general uprising. Since Kruger in his official capacity had been frequently consulted by these administrators with a view of ending military rule at an early date and instituting a liberal constitution under imperial control, it would seem that personal ambition was garbed neath the cloak of patriotism when he advocated revolt. He pointed out that since the savage hordes were now subdued, British control could no longer be brooked, for such control meant slavery to the Queen. In his

paraleipsical speeches made to the burghers in November, 1880, at Paardekraal, the pending equality of the black and the white was the main plank of his revolutionary platform, — a claim that the Boers were to be reduced to the level of Kaffirs because England insisted that the common rights of man, simple justice, should be accorded to the black, — a contention that claims Lincoln for its martyr, and places the halo of liberty over the national cemeteries of 1861.

In the two hundred and thirty-two provisions of the Transvaal constitution of to-day, the clause of ninth importance reads: "The people shall not permit any equality of colored persons and white inhabitants in the Church or State; Article 31 reads:[1] "Bastards and colored persons shall not be admitted to State councils."

Many burghers advocated a delay that would have defeated Kruger's machinations by the institution of liberal self-government in the interim. But he successfully played on the Boer superstition of Dingaan's Daag, December 16, when "the Lord delivered the Zulu hordes into the hands of his people." The as-

[1] Even native ministers and teachers in the Transvaal are forced to wear the numbered armlet of all black persons allowed in the towns; and I refer you to the recent Presidential speeches to show you the Boer horror of England's efforts to franchise educated blacks at the Cape. The Constitution of the British Colonies says: "There shall not be in the eye of the law any distinction or disqualification founded on mere difference of color, origin, language, or creed, but the protection of the law shall be extended to all alike."

sociation seemed auspicious. Since Fenian aid was promised and the entire British army consisted of "three thousand men, many of whom had been slain by the blacks," success, Kruger argued, was certain. When the anniversary dawned, the extremists rose *en masse*, and the isolated British detachments scattered through the land were surprised and overcome. Pretoria was invested, but held out until the end, defended by regulars and the Volunteer Rifles, composed mainly of Dutch, mark you, some thousands of whom remained loyal.

Reprehensible tactics were followed by the Boers from the first; an ammunition train of thirty-four wagons, returning from the war in Zululand, was surprised in a swamp. Colonel Anstruther, with two hundred ammunition servers, mainly band boys who are detached for this duty in a campaign, knew nothing of the intended rising. Officers and men were manning the heavy wagons through the mud, when a party of Boers appeared on the edge of the swamp, demanding surrender. The few troops that were armed sprang to the wagons for their rifles, when a murderous fire was opened on the detachment from the surrounding kopjes; the British were shot down like dogs, a miserable remnant only being spared to be exhibited in triumph with the ammunition, as a mark of God's favor to the republican cause.

At Potchefstroom three hundred men, women, and

children, including the families of two missionaries, were shut up in a mud fortification twenty-five yards square. Cronje, whose tactics proved him subtle as Iago and treacherous as Iscariot, refused to allow non-combatants to leave, hoping to facilitate surrender through starvation. With only rain water to drink, women and children sheltered by a ragged tarpaulin, exposed to frequent rifle fire, and unable to bury their dead beyond the narrow environs, the besieged under Colonel Winsloe held out for three months. Then a miserable remnant of survivors surrendered through hunger to hear that a general armistice had been arranged two weeks before, but the news had been withheld by the relentless Cronje.

The unnecessary cruelty had caused numerous deaths at the last stage. The story of that siege, as recounted to me by two survivors, negatives any claim that the Boers conducted the war with humanity. The shooting of helpless prisoners, the murder of Mr. Malcolm, a defenceless Scotchman, kicked to death on his own homestead, the execution of the loyal burghers Woite and Linden, the shooting of the unarmed settlers Lindley and Green, Captain Elliot killed as he crossed the Vaal River after exchange, and Dr. Barbour shot by his Boer escort as he rode with them to tend the wounded prisoners on February 21, 1881, are a few of the many atrocities that I have verified from eye-

witnesses. They would form a chapter of fact that the fictional Boers in "Jess" could not surpass.

General Joubert assumed command of the insurgents, and crossing the Natal frontier, he intrenched his burghers at Laing's Nek, over which the main road to the Transvaal crosses. Sir George Colley, gathering what forces were in the colony, moved up to attack on January 28, 1881. The position, held by Boer sharpshooters, trained with the rifle from childhood, was impregnable, and though the composite British forces twice charged across the open and attempted to storm the hill, they were forced to fall back with frightful loss. Eleven days later Colley was again repulsed by the sheltered defenders. The general then retired to Prospect Hill to await reinforcements, and as the Boers showed a disposition to treat, he sent a message offering terms for an armistice, which were refused.

On the night of February 26, with one hundred and fifty men, he ascended Majuba Hill to prevent the Boers' entrenching there, and prepared to menace their flank. The enemies at daybreak, seeing redcoats on the hill directly above them, started to retreat. Had the vanguard been prepared for a frontal attack, the Boers would then have been defeated. The light firing of Colley's slender force, however, revealed their true strength, and during a feinted frontal attack, a party of Boers moved round the base of the hill, and ascending by a

narrow gully, suddenly poured a deadly fire into the British rear. In vain Colley tried to rally his men; with most of his officers he fell before the shattering volleys, and the British were driven down the hill, being shot like rabbits as they retreated. Fifty survivors reached the valley, where they were captured by Boers below. The small number of wounded found on the field significantly corroborated the charge of survivors that the triumphant enemy, emulating the French *Turcos*, had shot the helpless men as they lay.

Mr. Gladstone was not in favor of holding the Transvaal; he believed such possessions useless encumbrances. Realizing that the revolt had been prompted by past injustice and misunderstanding, and foreseeing the expenditure of blood and treasure that would be necessary to subdue the Boers, he stayed a further advance of troops. Despite the outcry of the army, who demanded that the Boers first be forced to respect British authority, an armistice was declared, and after a formal convention at Pretoria, absolute self-government was arranged for the Transvaal, under the direct suzerainty of the Queen.

Under the terms of the convention the Boers were given full liberty in their internal affairs, slavery was proscribed, and the old *Grondwet* was retained. External diplomatic relations and all treaties with the native chiefs were controlled by

the Foreign Office. Protection of the blacks was assured, extension of frontier being prohibited, to save surrounding tribes from aggression. Property and the trade rights of foreigners and natives, and absolute freedom of religion, were stipulated.

The triumvirate ruled the republic for a few months; then General Kruger was elected President. Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger possesses a complex character. For bravery and endurance he had no equal in South Africa; schooled in the veldt, he retains all the rugged failings and virtues of the Boers, surmounted by a stupendous ambition for himself and his country. From the Kaffir he had learned "*slim*," which, combined with the Pythagorean precept of silence and a happy pauciloquence, served him as diplomacy, and frequently with triumph. With the educational advantages of a more civilized environment he would have proved even a greater and probably a worse man. "He has the blended instincts of a Gladstone and a swineherd," said one who knows him well. A born leader of men, his aggressive personality made him an ideal President for the early Boer republic. Destiny placed him beyond his ken; as an old bottle for new wine, the limitations of his administration abjectly failed before the progressive commercialism and the liberality of thought and deed that dominates the world to-day.

His first act in the Transvaal was to replace the illiterate burghers filling public offices by educated

Hollanders. He appointed an East Indian Dutchman, Dr. Leyds, State Attorney, and, despite the discontent caused thereby, numerous Hollanders were imported to manage all affairs of state. Unrestrained by love of country, untrained in diplomacy, and engrossed in the acquisition of wealth and power, this alien administration of the republic has proved its undoing.

In 1883 President Kruger, with Messrs. Smit and Du Toit, journeyed to London to secure an amelioration of the terms of the '81 convention. The Foreign Office was heartily tired of the troubles and losses entailed by the republic of herders, and Lord Derby loosely assented to a revised treaty. The title of British Resident was changed to Consul General, complete internal independence was guaranteed. The restrictive clauses by which the republic could conclude no treaty with any State or nation but the Free State, nor with any native State save with the approval of the Queen, were retained.

Kruger returned home to announce that the Transvaal "demands" had been met, and as suzerainty no longer existed, the republic was an independent State. But the liberty that a government would grant to a pastoral community in a barren country, of no attractions, and the license that they could permit when thousands of their own subjects had been drawn to settle in the country, are divergent propositions.

The crux of the present imbroglio rests on the omission of the word *suzerainty* in the second convention. It is contended that the preamble of the first convention which contained the suzerainty clause was not revoked by the modification of the articles arranged by the second. The obscurity of such inference is obvious from a glance at the second document, which reads: "*Her Majesty has been pleased to direct . . . that the following Articles of a new Convention . . . shall be substituted for the Articles embodied in the Convention of* 1881. But since the Articles only are specified, and the preamble of the first Convention — "*complete self government subject to the suzerainty of Her Majesty, her heirs, and successors will be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory*" — is the only charter of independence that the Transvaal can claim, it may be argued that the refutal of the suzerainty must also be a refutal of the status of the South African republic.

Despite the explicit limitations of frontier in the second convention, President Kruger, in Punic faith, unofficially encouraged aggression, and when Boer filibusters had founded the republics of Goshen and Stelland in territory under British protectorate, he coolly annexed them to the Transvaal. The inconsistent policy of successive ministries, conservative and liberal, expansionist and contractionist, encouraged him in his double dealing. His unofficial

trekking parties also moved north and east. The incursions into Swaziland he stimulated by subsidy, with the hope of extending the Transvaal to the coast, and his official map was printed with Swaziland and Matibililand in the Transvaal yellow. But this expansion, in direct violation of his pledges, was abruptly checked.

An expedition under Sir Charles Warren moved into Bechuanaland at the long-standing request for protection by Khama, chief of the Bamangwato and the living refutal of the charge that no African can lead a consistent Christian life mid the scenes of progenital savagery. The Boers sullenly withdrew over the border, without fighting. The grab of Swaziland, however, was not prevented, though by subsequent treaties the territory on the coast between Natal and Portuguese East Africa became British dominion, and Kruger's natural desire of a port and a navy for his republic was thwarted. His northward trend was checked by his arch-enemy, Mr. Rhodes, who obtained a royal charter for his British South African Company to administer and trade in Matibililand and Mashonaland, British protectorates.

For trade and the flag, might is deemed right, and the "white man's burden" is, at the beginning at least, a burden on the black or brown man, though eventually for his good. But those good people who have been troubled by the vivid pictures of Trooper Halkett may rest assured that Miss Schreiner has allowed

a political animosity by no means shared by her own relatives, to distend her naturally vivid imagination far into the realms of fiction. The Company's war was neither better nor worse than the dozen native wars of recent years. Fierce tribes who prey on their more innocent neighbors need strict policing to make them amenable to humanity's law Officers of the calibre of Baden-Powell, over whom the savage levies of West Africa wept like children, when parting, are not transformed into wild beasts in South Africa. The British "Tommies" who stinted themselves to feed Prempeh's starving hags and who have shared bed and supper with wounded Boers do not change their hearts by a change of coats; Queen's uniform or Company's uniform covers the same men.

To know the American officer, to know the British officer, enables one to give the lie direct to stories of their barbarity, whether in the Philippines or in Africa. I have had unusual opportunities of seeing savagery and cannibalism uprooted by the British. In every instance it has been effected without harshness, oppression, or undue interference. Slavery, fetich ordeals, human sacrifice, and wanton killing are rigorously suppressed. Missionaries and traders are assured protection, and both are great civilizing factors; but after expenditure of blood and money, amid vapid talk of covetous and aggressive England, restrictions are thrown off, every nation has equal

trade rights, and in three distinct cases that I personally witnessed, where the British tax-payer paid the piper, the commercial brightness of Americans enabled them to secure the most valuable concessions, and obtain a monopoly of the trade without a single restriction. British colonizing is a benefit not only to the colony, but to the civilized world.

CHAPTER II

A NEW ERA IN TRANSVAAL HISTORY. — THE UITLANDERS. — FORMATION OF THE NATIONAL UNION. — THE RAID AND ITS CONSEQUENCES. — THE BLOEMFONTEIN CONFERENCE. — WAR.

WHEN in England in '83, President Kruger and his delegates ran short of funds. A company had just been formed in London to prospect for gold in the Witwatersrand. The promoters of the Lisbon-Berlyn Goldfields Ltd. supplied the Boers with cash, in return for promised concessions, and, ere they departed, approached them to determine the status of their miners should their auriferous prognostications be substantiated. The delegation secretary, Mr. Ewald Esselen, replied that "the President was surprised, pained, and made indignant by the inquiry, since at the convention the rights of strangers were clearly stipulated. The South African republic desired the fullest development of its mineral resources, and it would extend every inducement to attain that end."

The Rand proved rich in gold: from the early output at Langlaagte vast farms yielded reefs of untold wealth. The El Dorado attracted thousands of foreigners and millions of capital to develop the mines that the Boers had neither the intelligence nor



NATURE'S DEFENCES OF NORTHERN NATAL. A VIEW OF THE COUNTRY THAT HAS AIDED BOER TACTICS.

From a photograph.

the material to work themselves. Kruger and his supporters actively preached against the influence of the godless capitalists in their midst, but they sold their land with alacrity to prospectors, at exorbitant figures, and by imposts and concessions strove to divert a considerable portion of filthy lucre to their own pockets.

Mr. Christian Joubert, Minister of Mines, would accept no proposals for exploitation, without a small donation, and when matters had duly proceeded he intimated that a hitch in Pretoria might be removed by a further "little present." Five thousand dollars in the two instalments usually cut the Gordian knot. The books of most companies projecting on the Rand show varying sums paid at the outset for the imperative bribery of these officials. Lieutenant Eloff, the President's son-in-law, and all Kruger's pastoral relatives became smart concessionnaires, and official corruption, once impossible with the simple burghers, flourished among other curses of the gold glut.

For proof of corruption in the Transvaal I would refer the interested reader to the case now pending in the Tribunal Correctional of Belgium. The case has been in the courts since 1895, and Dr. Leyds probably wishes he had compromised to avoid the exposure of his colleagues at this juncture. Baron Oppenheim, the Parisian banker, MM. Braconier, Louis Frères, Warnant, and Terwagne, a syndicate of prominent Franco-Belgian financiers, are ranged against the

Transvaal Government, fighting the question of the cost of the Koomati Poort-Selati Railroad.

Among the expenditures to be proved in court are large sums of money, gifts of carriages, costly jewels, etc., given to M. F. L. Eloff, the President's son-in-law and private secretary. The late M. N. J. Smit, one time Vice-President, M. E. Bok, Secretary to the Executive, M. C. Van Boeschoten, Secretary of the Volksraad, M. B. H. Klopper, President of the High Chamber, and twenty-two out of twenty-four members, besides the Vice-President, — Du Plessis, De Beer, Burger, Bezuidenhuit, Van der Merwe, Stoop, Wolmarans (the vaunted Franklin of the Transvaal, now in the United States seeking intervention), Nalan, Prinsloo, Spies, Maré, Van Harpen, Steenkamp, Lombard, Grobler, De la Ray, Taljaard, Van Zuyl, Botha, Beukes, Van Staaden, and Greyling, — these are the bribe takers who wring their hands over a "War of Capital against Liberty," and for whom the brave if ignorant burghers are pouring out their blood to-day.

By Article Fourteen of the last convention the British Government clearly stipulated the civil and commercial rights of all foreigners. Any one with intelligent knowledge of the Transvaal will admit that the republic has gone far outside its agreement. The official reports will show you the promise of equal burgher rights made by Mr. Kruger to Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Hercules Robinson. In 1882

a foreigner could obtain full franchise rights after five years' residence. In 1886 the influx of thousands of strangers attracted by the gold rush led the Volksraad to restrict the franchise, and in 1890 the term of residence was raised to fifteen years, with additional manipulative clauses by which the electoral right could be controlled. By a further amendment, four years later, full burgher rights were made practically impossible for the settlers, who now paid ninety-five per cent of the Transvaal revenues, owned nine-tenths of the valuation of property, but had no voice in disbursement or administration.

The only excuse for the ruling of a majority by the votes of a minority in a so-called republic, from the Boer standpoint, was their natural fear that the foreign element would eventually control, and the antipathy felt by the ignorant for those enjoying the initiative of greater intellectuality. The Boer is a born apanthrope, and an aversion to the trammels of advance and commerce doubtlessly actuated the more ignorant farmers to support measures that would restrict the invasion of their domain. The Hollander officials were moved by a different motive.

Careful inquiry into the Uitlander grievances shows that the franchise question was mooted only with the hope of securing an amelioration of their conditions by legislation. Early leaders in the movement were neither financiers nor men of wealth, but the engineers and artisans upon whom the maladmin-

istration and taxation weighed heavily. Until I visited South Africa, I sympathized with the Boer desire to keep the government in their own hands; superficial investigation there revealed such a mass of corruption in the Kruger Cabinet, that all trace of sympathy vanished.

The iniquitous native-liquor traffic of the Transvaal is controlled by concessionnaires of Kruger; the traffickers did not hesitate to murder that gentle English lady, Mrs. Appleby, because, in spite of warnings, her missionary husband continued to direct a crusade against their abominations that demoralize the blacks, and which are prohibited in the British colonies. There is little doubt that the instigators of that fiendish crime are known to the sycophant police. The exclusive concession given the Netherlands Railway Company proves restrictive to commerce; the service is execrable, its charges exorbitant. The Lippert Dynamite concession places this explosive, so necessary for mining, in the hands of a monopoly that supplies an inferior quality at extravagant rates. Besides the Hatherley Distillery, concessions controlling the manufacture of articles, from powder and cement to the smallest necessaries of life, are held by Kruger's relatives or given as plums to political supporters.

$1,250,000 per annum is ostensibly expended from the excessive taxation for popular education. Yet the English language is proscribed in the schools,

which are mainly sustained by English-speaking people and attended by their children. The treasury of the Transvaal held but 12 shillings ($3.00) in 1877; by the industry and intelligence of the Uitlanders the revenue amounted to £3,983,560 in 1898. In return they are denied common civil rights by the open policy of Kruger, who follows with striking minuteness the restrictive methods of Tacon in Cuba, —the control by a favored minority.

The increasing burdens of taxation, the proscriptions of the English tongue, the lack of municipal improvements, sanitation, and police protection led the masses of hard-working immigrants of the Rand, who had turned Johannesburg from a dirty village into a well-built city, to form the National Union in 1892, to gain reforms. Thirty-eight thousand non-enfranchised residents, professional men, traders, clerks, engineers, and artisans, of all nationalities, chiefly British subjects and Americans, drew up a petition, begging for relief from their grievances. The Volksraad rejected it with scorn.

The capitalists and mine-owners, conjured into a bogie by Boer and pro-Boer, fearing agitation would affect the market, discountenanced the reform movement, and many of the leaders, including Mr. Phillips, were discharged from British companies for identifying themselves with the Union. "Business must stand before sentiment," was the plea of the financial magnates. Persons who should know better, urge to

this day that the war is the fault of these godless capitalists, — the men who did most to avert it in the early stages of the trouble.

In 1895 a second petition was presented to Kruger in person, asking for: Representative constitution — Equitable franchise laws — Equality of the Dutch and English languages as in the British Colonies — Responsibility to the Legislature of the heads of all departments — Independence of the Courts of Justice — Liberal educational laws — Efficient Civil Service — Free trade in the products of the republic (notably food stuffs). The President invited the reform leaders to call upon him, and after listening with impatience to their grievances, he burst forth, "Go! Tell your people I will give them nothing, never alter my policy! Go, and let the storm burst!" A bitter cry against the apathy of the financiers now was raised: the mine-owners and capitalists were forced to declare themselves; and with slight hesitation they took sides with their employees the reformers. This is the capitalist bogie.

Finding pacific representation futile, denied the right of public meeting, and the public use of the English tongue, free press and free speech proscribed, the Uitlanders now resolved to gain their ends by a *coup de main.* Arms were secretly distributed; Johannesburg was to be seized by a general rising, Pretoria possibly captured, and a call made for a plebiscite of the inhabitants of the Transvaal to found

a popular government. The independence of the republic was not menaced; the movement was to forcibly secure, first municipal reforms, then equal rights. Opposition to taxation without representation and to oppressive tea trusts was the foundation of American Independence. Opposition to taxation without representation and to oppressive monopolies provoked the Uitlanders to contemplate a rising. Had it succeeded, the leader of the movement would have been the true Washington of the South African republics.

The fiasco of the Jameson raid played directly into Kruger's hands. It is charged, but without proof, that the Boer President was privy to the entire movement, and precipitated the raid for his own ends. That he knew of the projected rising is certain. With the Doctor and his raiders as hostages, the Boers were able to secure the entire disarmament of the Uitlanders, reap a rich harvest in fines, and pose before the world as a monument of magnanimity and Christian resignation.

I travelled a thousand miles with many of the raiders en route to England, and found that officers and men held the impression that the Uitlander rising had taken place, and that they were riding to save women and children from the horrors of civil strife. The mystery of the raid will never be known; Mr. Rhodes and Dr. Jameson for their own ends had pledged their support to the Reform

League, but the border was crossed under an entire misapprehension.

This abortive attempt to gain reform strengthened the Boer position and tied the hands of the Colonial Office. A storm of foreign criticism was stirred up, but it was surprising to find so great condemnation of the reform movement by Americans, who are justly proud of their forefathers, "who adjudged might less than right when a king laid a pitiful tax on them," and who fought the military despotism of Santa Aña for the rights of their own Uitlanders in Texas, adding another star to the flag thereby.

Despite the raid it was impossible that the conditions in the Transvaal could long remain without imperial interference. Mr. Gladstone's reason for practical surrender to rebels in '81 was *to free ourselves from the predicament of coercing the free subjects of a republic to accept a citizenship which they decline and refuse.* That this oligarchy, misnomered republic, should eventually control, by a sixteenth-century civilization, a community which in 1890 numbered 80,000, a large proportion British subjects, was an intolerable condition.

The story of the conflagration you know. You have heard the thunderings of wiseacres who seemingly are endowed with a prescience that constitutes them greater authorities than those directly concerned on either side. Opinions and facts are frequently in antithesis, and we are all

apt to mistake the one for the other. The possession of a facile pen does not constitute one the supreme arbiter of a national question. He who reads the Boer Green-Book and the British Blue-Books and the statements of those intimately concerned in the imbroglio, will form a deduction that ridicules the effusions that have fogged the public mind with extreme opinions pro-Boer and pro-British.

On January 14, 1899, a mass meeting of Uitlanders for the discussion of municipal evils was roughly dispersed by a commando of armed Boers, several Englishmen and at least ten Americans being severely beaten, and Uitlander women grossly insulted. Thenceforth, despite the spies of Kruger's "reptile" fund, secret gatherings were held throughout the Rand, and the Uitlanders in their thousands formulated a petition to Queen Victoria, praying for relief from their conditions in the Transvaal.

Such an appeal from citizens of the United States or subjects of any representative government could not be ignored. Read the list of signatories, — they are not capitalists. Ask them about their grievances. Converse with American Uitlanders, who at least cannot be charged with desiring the overthrow of a republic for a monarchy. Here also are Danes, and some intelligent Cape Dutch, too. These are not the men to in-

cite war for a phantasm or to agitate, at the risk of their positions, against political evils short of oppression; neither are they the type myrmidon to capitalists and self-seeking promoters. To those 40,000 men, war meant ruin, loss of property, and cessation of industry. Would they seek this without good and sufficient cause? Buttonhole the intelligent Irishman from the Rand. He hates England and the English, but he speaks with fine scorn of the Kruger government, and would sooner enlist as a Queen's "Tommy" than be colonel of Blake's *sans-culottic* brigade.

I have talked with all these; there are men among them who, for the sake of political principle, have lost the entire proceeds of ten years' toil; their wives and children are facing abject poverty by their side. These earnest fellows will soon convince you of the justice of the Uitlander cause. It will not blind you to the fact that capitalists and imperialists have attempted to make Uitlander necessity their opportunity — the raid tells you that.[1] But a wise President or a true republic would have disarmed their action by liberal concession. The popular voice in the South African colonies and at home would have averted aggression. Dr. Leyds and others now

[1] Mr. Bryce, writing of the raid, says: "So many non-legal things have been done in a high-handed way, and so many raids into native territory made by the Boers themselves, that the respect for legality . . . was imperfectly developed" (among the plotting Uitlanders).

contend that the Uitlanders did not desire franchise, and that "the bulk were on the side of the republic." It is rather remarkable, then, that Mr. Kruger did not strengthen his hands by a liberal franchise, and thus thwart the intervention that he claims was "prompted by the greed of a gang of capitalists."

There were Uitlanders who would disclaim oppression: some have entered the Boer service under the terms of full and immediate naturalization and high bounty, others have flocked to the colonies to live on public charity and wring their hands over the "cruel" war. They are Jew peddlers or Hungarians, Huns, Scandinavians, Bavarians, — mine-workers, — the submerged tenth in their own countries. They could earn wages on the Rand beyond their dreams of avarice. Johannesburg was their Manoa, and little they recked municipal restrictions, foul water, or bad drains. An American gentlemen from Pretoria told me that ninety per cent of the Uitlanders who entered the Boer service had not the money to leave the country.

Sir Alfred Milner, whose parentage and knowledge of Dutch so eminently fitted him for the difficult post he was called upon to fill, mixed for weeks with the ultra Dutch party. The loyalists frowned, but he was learning the other side before action. Then he supplemented the Uitlanders' petition with a despatch

on May 4, 1899, that revealed such a crisis in South African affairs that his recall would have been certain if the message had not been borne out by facts.

The assertion that the British Government coveted the possession of the Transvaal is negatived by the utterances of prominent men who were desirous above all things to maintain peace. Mr. Chamberlain, charged with inciting the raid, and intent on war, said in his reply to Sir Ashmead Bartlett: "A war in South Africa would be the most serious that could be waged. It would be in the nature of a civil war. To go to war with President Kruger in order to force upon him the reforms . . . would be a course of action as immoral as it is unwise." A few weeks later he stated to the House that it was "impossible to expect the President to adopt a wholesale franchise that would proceed to his own extinction." These are not the utterances of a man anxious to provoke war.

When the Bloemfontein Conference was arranged Sir Alfred Milner presented Mr. Chamberlain's despatch to President Kruger. As we read the views of his political opponents and of antagonistic busybodies, the Colonial Secretary's diplomacy assumes an intricacy as confusing as it is incorrect. In the official reports, we find involved demands, and replies that were received with a suspicion which was not unnatural, since the aged President's pen was guided by the hard-working but narrow-minded Dr. Reitz,

aided by the two inexperienced youthful hotheads, Smuts, State Attorney, and Grobler, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. But in the main the British claims were not exorbitant.

Realizing that by dealing with specific grievances, the concatenation of the Judiciary and Volksraad, the corruption and bribery of the civil service, and matters relative to municipal and political rights (all of which constituted the internal policy of the Transvaal), difficulties must arise, the High Commissioner was instructed to suggest that a simplification of the franchise would constitute a remedy and prove a palladium for the Uitlanders. Overwhelming enfranchisement was not asked, but the extension of suffrage, that the Uitlanders, who outnumbered the Boers, might return representatives for *one-fourth* of the first Volksraad, and thus have an opportunity to air and obtain legislation of their grievances.

Dr. Leyds has since stated that President Kruger never intended to grant any franchise privileges; certainly the concessions he made were coupled with irrelevant conditions that necessarily aroused the suspicion of crafty British diplomats. Possibly Mr. Chamberlain should have accepted every assurance of Mr. Kruger in absolute good faith, and equally, then, the Boer President should have placed implicit trust in the motives of the Colonial Secretary. But simple faith, if better than Norman blood, is beyond the ken of diplomacy. War was directly due to the recipro-

cal distrust of the belligerent parties — a distrust greatly exaggerated on both sides.

It is not for me to defend the diplomacy of Mr. Chamberlain. But the official despatches will show you that the erraticalness of his despatches did not exceed the incontiguity of the Transvaal replies. President Kruger's obdurate insistence on the non-retroactive clause in his first franchise concession, so that a full franchise period must elapse before reform would be effected, manifested the spirit dominating his negotiations. Coupled with the final concession by the Transvaal were three conditions, two of which Mr. Chamberlain accepted; the third was of a character that no Power would entertain in its dealings with another. The vague wording of the British reply would admit doubts as to the character of the "further note" to be broached, but had the "war-hating" President shown either patience or forbearance he would have found that the new conditions were practically the acceptance of nine-tenths of his terms, with reservations that might have been amicably arranged.

The legal adviser of the Transvaal, Mr. Farrelly, whose interpretation of international law guided the President, strongly disapproved of the Boer attitude from the outset. In the official memorandum that he prepared on the conference he protested against the procedure that "unjustifiably risks the lives and fortunes of the burghers;" and he desired to place on

record "my strong dissent from the tone and temper of our negotiations with the British government. If it is the steadfast intention of the Republic to precipitate war, a more direct course could not have been undertaken."

With the Transvaal an armed camp on the unprotected borders of a British colony, colonists lived in constant and not unwarrantable dread of Boer aggression. On May 25th the Natal Legislature asked the imperial government for protective measures but the Colonial Office denied the need of troops to guard the frontier. On June 12th the mayors of Kimberley and Mafeking telegraphed the Prime Minister of Cape Colony, asking for protection, as the Boers threatened hostilities. But Mr. Schreiner scouted the idea of war. On July 26th the Governor cabled to London that the Natal Ministry anxiously requested attention to their unprotected colony; but rather than excite the Transvaal Executive, the message was shelved for further development by Mr. Chamberlain, who is now charged with being intent on war. On September 2d the Governor of Natal on behalf of the colonists cabled the Colonial Secretary that the Boers massed on the borders were making open threats of invasion, and again begged for reinforcements to guard the northern portion of the colony.

Then and not until then were troops sent, and their tardy despatch, the ostensible cause of the

war, was too late to prevent the sacking of half of Natal and of much territory in Cape Colony. The drafting of Sir George White's command, a tenth of the armed strength of the Transvaal, was held by President Kruger to constitute an open threat of war, and without waiting for the tantalizingly delayed reply that Mr. Chamberlain was formulating, he launched an ultimatum that could have but one outcome.

While England would not have tolerated an indefinite prolongation of the Transvaal policy, and a refusal of reform would have certainly provoked armed intervention, considerable patience had been manifested. The contention that the country would think of undertaking a war for the sake of gold mines which were already the property of individuals of several nationalities, and whose output, even under a heavy tax, would be exhausted ere a tenth of the cost of the war could be extracted, is too ridiculous to need comment, and the lack of British preparation is the strongest argument against the charge of aggression.

Read history! Mr. Gladstone had expected that the Boers would appreciate the generosity of the retrocession of '81 and the unprecedented humanity which was willing to forego vengeance for the tarnished lustre of British arms. Jubilant over their easy victories, the Boers have seen neither generosity nor humanity in this noble peace. Not realizing the

force that could have been sent to overwhelm them, they added bitter contempt to their previous hatred for the English. They mistook magnanimity for fear. The Premier was later to hear of Joubert's efforts to induce Lobenguela to "wipe the stink of the English from the land." It was not many months after his historical act of clemency, which in repetition lost the Soudan and Gordon, that he was obliged to send a military expedition to force the Boers to keep their agreement. Forgiveness for trespass does not seem a wise national text. Hosea is right, —

"Conciliate? it jest means *be kicked*,
No metter how they phrase an' tone it;
It means thet we 're to set down licked,
That we 're poor shots an' glad to own it!"

The restriction of foreign treaties notwithstanding, the alien ministers of the Transvaal, notably Dr. Leyds, have sustained a continuous series of intrigues with foreign Powers, — intrigues that menaced British supremacy in South Africa. Hampered by the stigma of the Jameson raid, all this was suffered in patience. But some issue was imminent. To the last, peaceful settlement was hoped for and expected. Despite the ignorance of Boer resources, and the underrating of their power, the significance of war had long been appreciated (see ministerial speeches), and if the Government was determined on war can it for a moment be supposed that such a handful of men

would have been held at the Cape in the face of continual Transvaal menace?

Talk to the sturdy Natal farmer, the true type of Afrikander, but one who scouts the appellation as hiding the Cape Boer. He has been born and bred among the Boers: in his earlier years he witnessed what he calls the national humiliation of the Pretoria convention; he has seen and endured the slurs and contempt engendered by Mr. Gladstone's surrender. With his goods looted, his life work destroyed, he says not, "Why did Chamberlain and Rhodes force this war?" but rather, "Why did not England prepare for the inevitable months and years ago?"

I would sooner abide by the judgment of those men, who at least have as much right in South Africa as the Boers, than by that of the Chamberlains, Rhodes, Steads, and Morleys, or the many very ignorant, clever persons who have written opinions on the South African question and have done much to misdirect American opinion.

Nature has given the Transvaal impregnable defences on the borders. Even supposing, from British bluster, that war was inevitable, President Kruger, professed Christian and lover of peace, if so profoundly anxious to avert bloodshed, might have massed his burghers on the impregnable passes leading into his country and proved to the world that his motto was defence rather than defiance. Had Eng-

land declared war, his claim of safeguarding his independence would then have demanded the sympathy of all free men. But on the mere supposition that war was intended, he made it inevitable. He invoked the aid of the God of battles in preserving his country, and threw his burghers to loot and plunder across the frontier.

Taxation in Switzerland is $5 per capita. In England it is $15. On the Rand it is $110. There is no specific fault, however, in the extraction of a high revenue from a highly waged community, or in the levy on the Rand gold mines, which in 1897 contributed $6,100 more to the Transvaal revenue than in dividends; paying only in one year (1888) slightly more to their shareholders than to the Boer Government, though the great steel, sugar, and oil combines in America would speedily contest similar financial legislation. But the entire aspect of the case is altered by the corruption, maladministration, and lack of representation that prevailed in the Transvaal. Grant against the British Government, if you insist, either the charge of criminality in its lust for the said gold mines, or its idiocy in the conduct of its negotiations, — you cannot obscure the Uitlanders' wrongs by these extraneous issues.

I close my chapter with the words of the United States representative at the International Peace Conference, Captain Mahan, whose Americanism, I take it, is unquestionable, and who has had oppor-

tunities for judging the case impartially and on its merits: "Persons who will look carefully into this matter will find that the Boers doubtless are, in their own opinion, fighting to preserve their own liberty, but they have been brought into this dilemma because national liberty was in Mr. Kruger's mind inseparably associated with the right of a dominant minority, sole possessors of political power, — in other words, an oligarchy, — to oppress a majority, to tax it heavily, and to refuse it representation. The cause of the Uitlanders is in principle identical with that of the American Revolutionists."

CHAPTER III

Underlying Causes of the War. — Afrikanderism. — Plausible Arguments for an Afrikander Republic of South Africa. — Annual Expenditure for Arms from 1889. — The Shadows of War. - Opening of Hostilities.

In 1881 a certain statesman erected an apparently staple peace in South Africa. The storm and the floods of the Uitlander agitation descended and swept it away, and great was the fall thereof; for the foundation rested on the seething sands of Afrikanderism. The superficial causes of the war, developed at Bloemfontein, seemed trivial indeed, but a small fulcrum may accomplish much with a big lever. One must probe beneath the surface to find the great undermining cause that overthrew the peace of South Africa.

Until the development of the Witwatersrand mines swelled the Transvaal revenue ten-thousand-fold, Pretoria was a sleepy hamlet, the Capitol or Raadzaal was a thatched barn, floored with mixed clay and cowdung and furnished with rough-hewn benches. The stores were shanties stocked with pothats, Manchester and Brummagem "Kaffir truck," and the institutions of the pastoral dorp simmered in primitive simplicity. But as Uitlander capital trans-

formed the village of Johannesburg into a modern city, the commercial relationship fostered by traders like Beckett and Bourke and the proceeds of fat concessions that awoke new possibilities to the simple Pretorians transformed the capital into a prosperous city. A handsome Volksraadzaal was constructed for the government offices, though the *lands-vaderen* did not include the Bureau of Telegraphs in the building, in consideration of the conscience of the older burghers, who deem such improvements the devil's magic. The erection of a stone Nederduitsch Hervormde church superseded Prinsloo's Wonderboom as the Pretorians' wonder of the world, and caused many of the Doppers to violate the tenth commandment.

But, though villas that would grace Boston's Back Bay sprang up in the capital, and Johannesburg, with a cosmopolitan population that comprised every nationality under the sun, rose a blended Savannah, San Francisco, and Wall St. district, the lethargic Boers tended farm as of old, and left the Philistines severely alone. Some of the younger men, tempted by the devil in the guise of Thespis, occasionally happened into the theatre, during periodic visits to the great Babylon that had sprung up in their midst, risking thereby the public denunciation of the *predikant* and elders in their *dorp*, and possibly a permanent shortening of their inamorata's candle. But in the main the development of the Rand concerned the

burghers little beyond the greatly increased market for their products and the marvellous *winkles*, after Wanamaker, that now tempted the *vrouws* with stocks of fearful finery, for the "purple and fine linen" of the Boer Sabbath.

The ideal of the average Boer is patriarchal — to dwell on a vast farm with his wife, and his herd, and his sons, his sons' wives, and sons' herds. His style is simple; constant dealings with the natives have taught him subtlety, and the frightful environment of his early life has developed the sturdy and admirable side of his very unlovable character. Despite the Scriptural admonitions for the good treatment of the stranger, all travellers are "townsfolk," therefore *verneukers*, swindlers, to be avoided, or if possible misdirected. The Boer is supremely happy if he can successfully send you north when your desire is to go west, though if you can induce his hospitality, you become "nephew," brave the embarrassing criticism of your aunt, and perhaps some equally frank cousins, and spend a night of misery in the fetid general room.

In speaking of the limitations of the Boer, I have in mind the average South African Dutchman. One retrocedes in judgment with the journey northward, the progressive and purer Holland type at the Cape, worthy of the progenital Netherlanders, the sturdy "beggars of the sea" who emerged from the "Spanish fury" to sustain the heroic struggle ended by

the Peace of Westphalia, merging gradually but distinctly through the average type, the Free Stater, into the extreme type of the far Zoutpansberg. Civilization may frequently be judged by milestones.

I am writing this in the stiff-backed chair of an average Dutch farm-house, with its slovenly *vrouw*, a floor of hard, puddled-clay and cowdung, dirt everywhere, notably on the *doodkist*, the coffin-cupboard that mingles death and the staff of life in a Boer household. The farmer, a hard-faced, bewhiskered son of the soil, and religious to a fault, treats his blacks with less consideration than his dogs, hates the English like poison, why, he knows not, and is exceeding wrathy with the district missionary who, he says, will go on "beyond," to convert the monkeys in the forest when he has done with the Kaffirs. He is the type of Afrikander who sighs for Dutch South Africa, and who has ridden off gladly to face the despised British army, expecting an easy victory. It is pitiful to realize that these farmers have been led to war, to fight, and to die bravely and bravely inflict death, for what in their colossal ignorance they deem a principle.

The anniversary of the discovery of gold should be set apart for a day of humiliation throughout South Africa. It has attracted to the Transvaal the vast foreign population with their accompanying vices, and evolved the lust of empire in the once simple burgher government, attracting alien officials

and foreign influences that found easy prey in the simple farmers. Take any Boer prisoner — ask him why he fought. He will sullenly inform you that the British wanted to run his government, and reduce him to the level of the black. "Since the whole of South Africa was Taal by Divine right, the time had come to expel the *rooibaatjes*. The *verdomde* Cape Afrikanders were sad cowards, and had not fought, but *Allemachter!* the Boers must win. Many soldiers had been killed, and the English army would soon *shreck*, to be shot down like Kaffirs or *vilderbeeste*." *Vaderlandshefde* is strong in the Boer heart, but he has been led to fight also for the vast grazing farms that "could be seized from the English with little danger to life or limb."

The *Jonkherrs* of the Volksraad generally represent the progressive type of burgher; they have not precipitated the long contemplated war without careful survey of the conditions. A programme which had been studied throughout Afrikanderdom and deluded many an intelligent Bond member at the Cape, had been prepared by Steyn and others, who thought they knew their England. The growth of socialism and strikes, the increasing power of the British working-man was twisted into the contention that the masses would refuse the taxation necessary to prosecute a war in South Africa. Utterances of the Irish Nationalists and other rabid "Little Englanders" showed that a war would be promptly

ended by a second Majuba, with conditions that spelt the evacuation, perhaps, of Natal or to the Cape.

Naturally the gold mines would induce greater imperial effort than in '81, but if a mere handful of burghers without money, then won victories, the elements of success were ten-thousand-fold greater with the three hundred thousand Afrikanders who were to rise simultaneously in the republics and colonies and face the British with modern rifles, the new-fangled but useful artillery, and unlimited gold that could be mined and coined at will. The British government would not dare remove soldiers from Ireland, Egypt, or India; the French element would negative Canadian action. Thus the force that could be sent out would be easily outmatched by Afrikanders, for in '81 thirty British fell for each burgher wounded.

German jealousy, French hatred, — either would debar the employment of reserves, militia, or volunteers on foreign service; besides, early reverses in Africa would prove the end of European toleration of hated England, and a great European alliance would complete the humiliation which the Afrikanders had begun. The rottenness of royalty and society had undermined the morale of navy and army, the ranks were filled with the scum of the cities, weedy striplings, diseased and without stamina to fight. The Cabinet and the official world was dominated by party and personal jealousy and corruption.

The British colonies were a drain rather than an arm of strength; many would probably declare their independence in the day of imperial embarrassment.

By copious extracts from writings and speeches of cranks and alarmists, statistical proofs of the decline of British supremacy from current reviews, speeches of Irish agitators in New York, and cuttings from the *Père Duchêne* gutter rags of Paris, that reviled the Yankee deliverer of Cuba, and now expended their vile balderdash against *perfide Albion*, braced with pertinent texts of Philistines, Naboth's vineyard, and Gomorrah, the British Empire was proved to be stable as a house of cards. Mene! Tekel! Peres!

It is instructive to note that among the revised quotations were selections from articles by Mr. Arnold White, and the labor prognostications of Mr. Arnold Foster, who foretold and advised British workingmen to take advantage of the war, if it were forced, by extensive strikes; but even the Radical workingmen, the "locofocos," proved loyal, unwittingly disproving the estimative faculty of the Boers, who held them as a great arm of strength.

The potwolloping *stemmers* of the Transvaal needed no such arguments to convince them; they had "taken their pap with a hatchet," and were without fear or reason, but even the most enlightened Free Staters were misled by the easy possibilities of the *zelfstandigheid* of South Africa. We have it on the

authority of Mr. Theodore Schreiner, brother to the authoress and Premier, that Dr. Reitz, ere the ink of the Pretorian convention was dry, acknowledged that Afrikanders would actively propagandize until they forced the extension of that magnanimity to the Cape. Kruger has repeated the same thing, and the more liberal Joubert, who held that many Uitlanders, if franchised, would strengthen the republic, has ever been desirous of sweeping the English from South Africa, "wiping out their stink," as he euphoniously put it.

The Jameson raid,[1] and the machinations of capi-

[1] By utterances in pulpit, platform, and press it is evident that many well informed people trace every cause of the war to the raid, which they commonly designate as "Rhodes' attempt to seize the Transvaal." Bryce, who was compiling history on the Rand when the trouble was at its height, says: "It is hardly necessary to point out the absurdity of the suggestion that the Chartered Company intended to seize the Transvaal for itself. It was for self-government the insurgent Uitlanders were to rise." As an authority on South Africa no one is better known perhaps in the United States than this historian. But unfortunately, after proving the case against Krugerism to the hilt, impartially outlining the ideals and grievances of the Uitlanders, and dealing with the Boer government with no gentle hand in "Impressions of South Africa," we turn to him in the present juncture to discover a political bias dominating his pen.

In his arraignment of Mr. Chamberlain, he ignores much that he has previously written, and makes a main contention of the fact that Kruger is old; Chamberlain and the Uitlanders should have waited until he died or the latter grew strong enough numerically to strike the blow for their own freedom. If the North American colonists had meekly submitted to imposition until George III. should have died, history would now be different. Patience and progression are not synonymous.

We cannot overlook also that the negotiations were opened peacefully as a means of averting civil war, inevitable if the intol-

talists must not obscure our vision of underlying causes that made hostilities in South Africa inevitable within the next decade. To those who lay entire onus of the war on the Colonial Secretary, and trace all evils to the door of the above, I would submit the early files of *De Patriot*, the great Taal organ of South Africa, the mouthpiece of the Afrikander party in the colonies. The magnanimous peace of Majuba evoked the following effusion: —

"The Transvaal war is over and we now sing praises to God for the deliverance of our brethren and the restoration of a pure and righteous government. God's hand has been never so visible in the history of our people since the days of Israel. Fear from God make the English soldiers powerless, and proud England was forced to give up the land after she was repeatedly beaten by a handful of Boers, God giving a marvellous victory without losses to his people. . . . The Afrikanders have now time and opportunity to develop themselves as a people. England has gained so much respect for us Afrikanders that she will never dare to make war on us again; and what the Transvaal has gained, so can we gain for all South Africa, for we have now no fear of English soldiers or their cannon."

Dr. Reitz, E. Borckenhagen, who inspired the above article, and Rev. J. S. du Toit then founded the Afrikander Bond, whose avowed object was to

erable legislation of the Transvaal were persisted in. And even if Kruger's motives were unjustly mistrusted by the British, all might have ended peaceably had not the burghers clamored for war from May onward, and finally rendered it inevitable.

expel the British race from South Africa. The following were the ideals of this marvellous organization of all Afrikanders, from Cape to Zambesi. You will note that their references are directed to the British colonies, which they claimed for Afrikanderdom: —

"The government of England talks of the confederation of all the States in their colonies here under the British flag. There is one fault in that confederation that will make it impossible, for we will never permit it — it is that flag. . . . Our aim will be to insist on Froude's advice: Simon's Bay for the British to refit on the voyage to India, and nothing more. . . . We have seen what stupendous results we gained from the Transvaal war. Now we must not relax our efforts. It is we Afrikanders under or they under. . . .

"These English come to South Africa and open hotels, canteens, and stores. The stores are our dangerous enemy, for our people are attracted thereby, and they buy, buy till they are half ruined. . . This money is used to support English papers and English schools, and we say plainly it is the duty of the true Afrikander to buy nothing from an Englishman nor from one who advertises in English newspapers. Where there is no offal there are no vultures. The English rob us with their stores and banks. The Free State has its own National bank. Let not the Transvaal follow alone, but let the colonies establish Afrikander banks to further displace these English. We must also learn to make our own munitions of war. The republics must do this for us: for all Afrikanders. We

do not fear the reds (soldiers). They will never dare face Afrikanders again after Majuba. But we must have cannon and cartridges and artillery held in the Transvaal and in the Free State. . . . Let us take a little time and we will develop our nationality. . . .

"English vultures in the towns will soon be forced to depart, but it is the English settlers who buy land that we must fear. They come here to stay. Afrikanders, you must not sell your land to Englishmen. We own the big ranches. The English colonist is a jingo, and he will sacrifice our land and our people to England and English ideas. . . . The English language has unjustly protruded itself over our whole country . . . the gibberish of the rooineks forces its way into our houses and our churches. . . .

"Besides the English soakers (hotel keepers), robbers, (traders), reds (soldiers), there are the bluffers, English and Anglified schoolmasters, who teach our children that the English tongue is the finest, whereas it is a miscellaneous gibberish; . . . that English history is interesting and glorious, instead of a string of lies; that the geography of England is chief, when it is but a North Sea Island; . . . that English literature is the best, when (with exceptions) it is a great mass of nonsense. . . . These bluffers are most dangerous to us, for they work unobtrusively. . . . We must have no English in our parliament, courts, public offices, railways. In our religion we must not let that language intrude. Anglified preachers smuggle in the language. Therefore war against it in our church. . . .

"For the schools for our girls the English lead. We must establish Afrikander schools for our children, for by

Anglifying our daughters they infect family life. The English notion that women are to have high education is insane, unscriptural, house-corrupting, home-corrupting. These schools for girls must be banished from our land. The Huguenot schools are corrupting our daughters with education that their parents do not understand. Keep your houses pure from this high English education."

The avowed intention of the Bond was to erect an Afrikander nation to offset the Anglo Saxon superiority in North America, and as the Dutch had been submerged there, Hollanders were asked to join their hybrid South African brothers in their retrogressive ideals. But civilization would have no such trammels. Despite the Bond, Afrikanders adopted modern ideas, introduced by the influx of British settlers, and, to the disgust of Reitz and his rabid prototypes, the more progressive Dutch colonials have recognized that the future of South Africa must be shaped by the liberal colonial policy of Greater Britain. When it came to the crucial test, to the chagrin of the ultra Bondites, colonial Afrikanders in majority remained loyal. The later generations have proved true British subjects, and the roster of the colonial volunteers now at the front contains an astonishing number of Dutch names of men fighting to free South Africa from a retrograde dominance.

Dutch paramountcy could not have become a dangerous issue for years; probably it would never have become an active factor but for the geological acci-

dent of gold in the Transvaal. The Boers were the most bitter Afrikanders; gold meant revenue for new rifles for every burgher, and the Free State allies, and for all Afrikanders, when the time should come for them to arm. It seemed a Divine provision for victory, this fabulous wealth. The friction over the Uitlander grievances and distrust of Rhodes and Chamberlain were only incentives, — the extra strain to overreach breaking-point. A red rag is not dangerous unless waved at a bull, and the diplomatic friction at Bloemfontein could not have caused war under normal conditions.

The pitiful exegesis of the Afrikander leaders deluded Kruger's ignorant subjects; they overrated the racial instincts and underrated the loyalty of the Cape Dutch; and when prosperity dawned in the Transvaal, the projected armaments were started, until they assumed gigantic proportions. Mauser rifles, Creusot guns, and trained German gunners were necessary neither for defence nor aggression against native tribes or unarmed Uitlanders. Long before the raid the Transvaal was arming, and, practically surrounded by British territory, the stupendous increase of armaments was either for offence or defence against Great Britain.

The raid took place at the dawn of 1896. But in 1886 Nellmapius, the indicted but never sentenced embezzler, established the official gunpowder factory in the Transvaal. In 1888, when revenue com-

menced to pour in, large orders for arms were placed in Europe. In 1893 enough money had been diverted from Uitlanders to justify preparations for the fortification of Pretoria and Johannesburg. Dr. Leyds scoured Germany for trained gunners; one officer enlisted by his efforts, who served later "for love of the republic," had been dismissed the German army for killing a mechanic who accidentally kicked his chair. The forts were started in 1894, when the Staats Artillery was mobilized. One hundred and fifty thousand rifles and millions of cartridges were imported from the Mauser Company and England, and distributed throughout the republics. Before the raid, orders for heavy guns had been placed with Krupp and Le Creusot, and Maxims imported. Fearful that the war would be precipitated by complications following the raid, and in the expectancy of a backing by Germany in 1896 and 1897, greater sums were expended than in previous years.

The official figures of the Don Juan Nepomuceno de Burionagonatotorecagageazcoecha of the Transvaal are complicated and difficult of access, but the military expenditures of the peace-loving republic were over $400,000 in 1889, considerably more than half that sum in 1890, and in exact figures,—

£117,927 in 1891	£87,308 in 1895
29,750 " 1892	495,818 " 1896
22,470 " 1893	396,384 " 1897
28,153 " 1894	217,839 " 1898

It is interesting to note that these sums, enormous for a country boasting a $3 treasury a few years previously, were expended in their entirety for arms and equipment. The cost of the fortifications was charged to Public Works. The salaries of mercenaries were paid from the Secret Service fund or by departments to which they were attached.

Of the Orange Free State one hesitates to speak. It seems incredible that the kindly and intelligent President would imperil the national existence of his people for mere bonds of kinship with the neighboring State that has never proved true ally or friend. The Free State had none of the animosities that dominated the Transvaal, and no ground for complaint in the freedom and scope of its constitution, which the Uitlanders have ever held as a model for President Kruger. The hundreds of Free Staters who left their country rather than support the vagary of their rulers, say that President Steyn and his supporters cherished the ideal of Afrikander, *i. e.*, Boer South Africa, and after a careful study of the conditions and possibilities, when some thirty thousand rifles had been distributed among the ultra Dutch in the colonies he resolved to risk all in a bid for Afrikander empire. His appeal to Dutch British subjects was printed and distributed ere the ultimatum expired, and bitter was his disappointment that the Cape burghers remained loyal to the flag that gave them a control as free as a republic.

He has lost the respect of his warmest admirers by the ridiculous lies that he has spread to encourage his burghers in days of reverse. He first declared that the Continental Powers were about to intervene, then that Russia had seized India, that the United States was certain to intervene eventually, and finally that an Irish revolt was about to recall the army.

Certainly his own burghers of the Frazer party had no sympathy with his aspirations. Some are fighting unwillingly, hundreds deserted when the British advanced, and many, branded as traitors, fled when war was declared, to live *doggo* in Cape Colony. Here, too, President Steyn sent his wife and daughters for safety at the outbreak of war; safety in the enemy's country at Swellendam, but eighteen miles from Cape Town; security under the British flag, while under the *vier-kleur* British women have been driven forth to perish on the veldt unless their strength and resolution sustained them to a British garrison.

But for the cautious influence of Steyn, who apparently wished for further manifestations from the Cape Dutch before risking his country, and was somewhat restrained by the large Free State peace party, war would have been declared months earlier. The despatch of reinforcements precipitated what prudence had advised to delay for further preparations, and the republics declared war to win or lose all in the game of supremacy.

The Exodus from the Rand

The meetings held at the Paarde Kraal monument and other points, in June, proved the warlike spirit that had been infused into the burghers. In the Transvaal, war was the main topic, and in July, when fighting seemed preposterous to outsiders, hundreds of Uitlanders removed their families from the Rand. Arrogance and intolerance of things British grew with the martial spirit, and numerous instances of brutality were reported. In August the open threats of the Boers swelled the steady exodus into a rush that became a mad panic in September, and spread to the border towns exposed to the threatened invasion.

As commando after commando was hurried to the border, in committal of the initial sin charged against the imperial government, thousands of Uitlanders barricaded their stores and houses, and started for British territory. The inevitable sufferings of these refugees, exaggerated by the excitement and fear of the moment, were greatly augmented by the crass brutality of the Boers. Mr. Schreiner has officially denied that these outrages were perpetrated. Rabid colonial loyalists say that he was too busy mollifying his Bond supporters by securing the neutrality of British South Africa in a British war, to attend to such matters.

I can only state facts as I learned them from the refugees themselves, — plain British women, typical mothers of the nation. The Boer lout is by no

means a "Benbow," and he knows his Old Testament well. It was not the roughs alone who boasted of "the comely woman for each warrior, and the *rooineks* into the sea." Martial law from the Book of Numbers was frequently quoted at commando meetings by *jonkherrs* and Dopper leaders, and there are some Boers who fain would have treated the British in Cape Colony as Israel treated the Midianites, as a policy consistent with their belief.

Men, women, and children, in the early days of October, were crowded into seatless coal and cattle trucks, the latter Augean stables, and sent over the frontier. On both Cape and Natal journeys Boers gathered at the wayside stations, baiting the refugees being a regular diversion for the burghers. Mr. Langham, a Reformist who ventured to the station when the Krugersdorp commando was entraining, was kicked, beaten, and mortally injured. At Viljoen's Drift rude official searches were made, at Paarde Kraal ladies were kissed, and told to prepare for Boer paramours; at Kroonstaad a Scotch lady who resented an insult was struck in the face. On at least three trains, fathers who ventured from the station to buy milk for their famished children were driven back to the cars by the *sjamboks* of mounted burghers; several bore bleeding weals on their faces. A father who protested that his child would die, was assured, with a slash, that it would be one more *rooinek* in hell. An American was beaten and

kicked, the Z. A. R. Police pushing their revolvers in his face when he demanded protection.

On October 1st at Machadodorp, at other points at other times, all male passengers were forced to remain bareheaded in the presence of waiting commandoes. Those who declined to comply were dragged to the platform and beaten and kicked; two Englishmen, whose names I withhold by request, bore the marks of their treatment. I conversed with several refugees who showed bruises and weals to confirm their statements. A woman from Grantham stated that her child of two stared fearlessly at an insulting burgher, who snatched the girl from her lap, a comrade pointing a gun at the child's head. The distracted mother's appeals caused intense amusement to the crowd, and no one to-day can persuade her that they did not intend murder. A Boer officer shouted jocularly, "Give the child back; let it grow to bear *rooineks* for us to kill." An Irish sister of charity, protesting, was silenced by a lusty Boer who spat in her face. A shower of stones followed the train, several people being injured.

Separated from their husbands, who were held back for night trains, several English ladies were crowded in open trucks with miners and drunken roughs, unable to obtain food or change their position for forty-eight hours. The frights and excitement produced unnatural conditions on several trains. Two

women died on reaching the frontier, and several small occupants were added to the cars en route. Individual officers went through some of the cars, examining the cash of the refugees. Small sums were returned, but many who were taking out their savings had the entire amount commandeered, save a pound or two allowed for incidentals.

All this I know was the work of the lowest type of Boer, but the police who enjoyed the "jokes" represented the law and order of the republic. Representative Boers also incited such actions by their speeches, and frequently encouraged them by their acclamations. To the limitations of the minds of the South African Dutch, no real harm was intended. But the extreme type of "Brother Boer," Mr. Lacy, who should know him well enough to speak with authority says, "is the craftiest, most hypocritical, most untruthful, cruellest, most ignorant, most overbearing, most stupid race of whites in the world." A heavy indictment indeed, with many vigorous exceptions.

Since ninety thousand fugitives left the Rand during the last days' rush, a large proportion of them penniless, Durban, Cape Town, and many intermediate places on the railroads were soon crowded with destitute Uitlanders of every race. The Rand Relief Committee had disbursed $100,000 during the first week in October, and local committees worked night and day in providing for the needy through all



resources were taxed to the utmost. It was pitiful to witness the acute despondency in the sad, strained faces of the British women and children, as train after train deposited its heavy freight of homeless and helpless innocent beyond the borders.

Mothers almost denuded themselves to shield their young ones from the chill rains, but as they sat among the bundles of their sole remaining possessions, few asked for charity; despite their sorrow and suffering, all wanted work. Though small-pox broke out among some of the refugees, the colonists, heedless of the danger, threw open their houses to the women and children, and the very poorest offered lodging or food according to their ability. Bureaus also arranged systematized relief, applicants receiving in accordance to their needs, and paying to suit their means. Many of the Dutch co-operated with the British in relieving war's favorite victims, though in Cape Town, certain of their religious bodies showed no disposition to aid the work; and I found some Mrs. Jellybys, lights of liberality in their synod, refusing to help the women and children of the Uitlanders, who "deserved their fate for causing the war."

Americans, Europeans, from Russians to Polish Jews, coolies and negroes,—all were helped in turn. Many male British subjects, and a number of the Americans joined the colonial irregulars; the miscellaneous crowd found employment in extensive relief-work.

Multitudinous Chinese storekeepers had suffered severely, since, to evade the Transvaal prohibition against their holding property, they had traded under the names of British brokers, and had their stocks commandeered in consequence. The numerous Hindoo traders also were robbed and severely maltreated ere they crossed the borders, three of their women being stripped naked by one commando, with the jeering excuse that they were no better than niggers, and clothes were unnecessary.

CHAPTER IV

WAR. — INVASION OF THE COLONIES. — THE BATTLE OF DUNDEE.

ON October 2 the Volksraad was prorogued in Pretoria. President Kruger in addressing the members said that everything pointed to war. "The Boers need fear nothing: thousands would come to attack them; but the Lord was on their side, and they would prevail. Thousands of bullets were fired by Jameson's men, but the burghers were untouched, while 100 [*sic*] on the other side were killed by Boer bullets directed by God." Other members spoke, many with evident sincerity, believing their cause righteous and their country menaced.

State Secretary Reitz had long since composed the ultimatum to force the war he had thought of so long: the war for his ideal. He had jumped from the Presidential chair of the Free State to take up the State Secretary's portfolio in the more wealthy Transvaal; he had slaved night and day, honestly believing in the Divine guidance of his policy; and now war was here. With young Smuts, still in his salad days, and with not too

savory a reputation, bolstered up as State Attorney; Grobler pitchforked in the secretaryship of Foreign Affairs by the concessionnaire Mendelssohn; the questionable Smit; Tosen, with name besmirched in a matrimonial suit; Gillingham, the Irish renegade; Voltter, Schiel, and a score others of the young Boer party, the Transvaal Tammany that has run the corrupt government of the simple Boers, with the Uitlanders as prey for spoils, — who can wonder that war came?

Look carefully at these individuals, chiefly hirelings and mercenaries! You will perceive the fallacy of the syllogistic eulogies that place the republic in a religious halo, because of the God-fearing characteristics of individual Boers. It is said that a conscience could not exist in Pretoria; certainly men of the calibre of Chief Justice Kotze and Judge Ameshoff, the one dismissed, the other forced to resign, because they would not adopt the travesty of justice enforced by the President, could have no place in the Kruger régime.

Joubert, the liberal and incorruptible patriot; Jeppe, who, in an arraignment of the franchise policy in the Volksraad, asked the President, "Old as the world is, has any attempt like ours ever succeeded for long?" and warned him to enfranchise the Uitlanders or lose the republic; Jan Barnard, the Uitlanders' friend, who to the last deplored the Krugerism that

precipitated war, but was one of the first to die fighting bravely for his country,—these were the type of Boers who would have reared and permanently sustained a progressive republic, had not the party they represented been held out of power by scheming monopolists whose strenuous and unscrupulous efforts secured only a narrow majority for the Kruger party.

Een draght maakt magt is the Boer motto, but "Money makes might and right" would not be inappropriate. The "Christian resignation" of Kruger's esoteric advisers is obvious hypocrisy, not to say blasphemy; and without direct comparisons, the public worship of the bloody Weyler Camarilla might have equally demanded the sympathy of Christian nations for Spain. Corruption in Pretoria was no worse perhaps than in certain other and greater cities, but that is no reason for its tolerance by a vote-tied majority.

The commandoes were rapidly mobilized, for though the Transvaal was not an absolute embodiment of Carlyle's ideal,—a nation drilled and exercised as one vast army,—the very simplicity of the military system, possible from the inherent traits of the bucolic burghers, permitted facile concentration. Prepared for eventualities, on the call to arms the Boers had but to saddle their horses, don rifle, bandolier, and blanket, and ride to the district muster. Each burgher carried a supply of *biltong*,

and was ready for the field, though in many cases the devoted women followed the commandoes in wagons filled with such simple luxuries as they possessed. Each commando moved off with the prayers and blessings of the *vrouws*. Like the Spartan women of old, there were few tears shed by either the ponderous *tantes* or the young *nichtjes*. They sent their husbands and lovers forth to return victors or die on the field.

By train and road, a strong force of Boers gathered at Volksrust and Wakkerstroom, ready to act in their old theatre of war at Laing's Nek. Other forces prepared to invade Natal by the drifts on the Buffalo River. The northwestern commandoes moved toward the Rhodesian frontier, and also occupied Komati Poort, commanding the Delagoa Bay railroad, in anticipation of cession of Portuguese territory to Great Britain. Snyman and De la Rey *laagered* with Cronje at Bultfontein, ready to operate against Mafeking and Kimberley. The Free Staters moved strong commandoes to the main Drakensberg passes leading into Natal, and mixed forces marched to the borders toward Kimberley.

A careful estimate of the Boer army at the outbreak of hostilities gives the strength of the combined republics at 70,000 men. After the first month of war I compiled the following estimate from data given me by Afrikanders connected with the republic: —

Transvaal official return, 1895	30,000
Natural increase of burghers, 1895 to 1899 .	3,000
Mercenary troops and Uitlanders siding with Boers	4,600
Hollanders, Cape Dutch, and foreigners naturalized, 1895 to 1899	3,000
Free State official burgher returns	27,500
Foreigners, etc.	2,000
Cape Dutch rebels	6,000
Grand total	76,100

The simple, home-loving burghers rode forth to battle, blindly breathing threats against Cecil Rhodes, Chamberlain, and Frank Eyes (Franchise). This last was to be shot on sight (*Frank Eyes sal wij skijt*), for he had caused much trouble. God help those deluded farmers: willing victims of the scheming of Pretoria's Continental toadies!

In Johannesburg business was at a standstill, and sixty-eight out of eighty mines were closed down. The sweepings of the city, the *roughugies*, *schlenter* dealers, and thieves of the mining camps were expelled by the last trains. Three hundred French, German, and Swiss were enrolled as police, the "Colin Tampon's" doing very efficient work in this respect. The revelations made by these foreigners as to the condition of the Transvaal native prisoners make one shudder. Other foreigners joined the mercenaries, soldiers of fortune officering contingents of their respective countries.

The Z. A. R. Police under Van Dam and Schutte went to fight of their own volition. The guns of the Hospital Hill fort were sent to the front, but a garrison was retained there under Van Dalwig.

Under the guise of commandeering food-stuffs the homes of the Uitlanders were broken open and plundered; even Olive Schreiner's Transvaal residence was ransacked, and a valuable library flung outside as superfluous.

In Pretoria the officials were all at the front, the public offices being filled by friendly foreigners. The *Krijgsraad* directed active operations under the President's watchful eye. He professed that the war must be conducted in accordance with the Bible, which had guided all their actions, though he overlooked the fact that his obedience of Leviticus xix. 34, "But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself," or the thrice reiterated command, "One law for the stranger and thyself," would have precluded war. "God helps those who help themselves," he said during his spiritual admonition on October 4th, and though a week before war the mail train was stopped at Vereeniging, the government confiscating $4,000,000 in specie, as the property of the Adullamite Uitlanders. Later the Executive commandeered the Robinson and Bonanza mines, and despite the protest of M. Colommer, French vice-consul, on behalf of French share-

holders, the output of the richest mines of the Rand was speedily turned into gold currency in the Transvaal mint, creating the unprecedented condition of a country able to keep its treasury filled by a direct supply of bullion.

The foreign consuls met at the Italian Chargé d'Affaires'. I have heard that Mr. Macrum, the American representative, was not absolutely *persona grata* there; this may account for his vagarious actions, though his successor has not encountered similar opposition. Americans complained bitterly of their position in the Transvaal during the crisis, and many left the country. The representative of the American firm of J. S. Curtis & Co., in giving notice of his withdrawal from the Rand, wrote, "My flag is not respected, my passport not recognized, and, in short, my position was made unbearable." I have heard others express themselves in a similar manner.

Under early shadows of the war the regular forces in Cape Colony numbered 3,000 men, with a garrison of 5,000 in Natal. The former command consisted of two companies of Garrison Artillery, one company of Engineers, three and one-half battalions of infantry, with detachments, Army Service, Medical Staff, and Ordnance Store Corps. In Natal, General Symons commanded one brigade division Field Artillery, one mountain battery, three companies Garrison Artillery, four companies Royal Engineers,

two calvary regiments, six and one half battalions of infantry, with equivalent sections of Army Service, Medical Staff, and Ordnance Corps.

The presence of armed parties of Boers along the frontier and the constant threat of raids led to the reinforcement of the Natal forces from the Cape; but for weeks, when the republics were shouting war, the main approaches to the colonies and the menaced border towns, were guarded only by a few policemen, — a fact which certainly negatives England's determination on war at any price. When the ultimatum was launched, General Symons had a single infantry brigade with cavalry and artillery at the advance post, Glencoe Camp, Dundee. These slender forces were absolutely inadequate to prevent invasion, and any attempt to save Newcastle or hold Laing's Nek must have resulted in disaster from attack in rear.

At the eleventh hour General White landed with reinforcements and assumed supreme command in Natal, General Symons becoming his direct subordinate. Already the Boers were preparing to pour in from the north, and it was impossible to mobilize a force sufficient to occupy Laing's Nek and other passes.

White questioned the advisability even of attempting to hold Dundee, but the authorities, military and civil, had underrated their foe, and the governor, Sir William Hely-Hutchinson, pointed out the serious political consequences of abandoning the

entire north of Natal. The coal fields in the district were of great importance, and military considerations were overruled by political possibilities.

Symons' command comprised three field batteries R. A., the 18th Hussars, and the brigaded 1st King's Royal Rifles, 1st Leicestershire, 1st Royal Irish, and Dublin Fusiliers.* Some of the reinforcements that had been despatched from England, India, Cairo, Malta, Crete, and Gibraltar reached White before investment, and garrisoned Ladysmith as a base, with three field and one mountain battery Royal Artillery, 5th Dragoon Guards, 5th Lancers, 19th Hussars, the 2d Gordon Highlanders, 1st Devonshire, 1st Gloucester, 1st Manchester, 1st Liverpool Regiments brigaded, a colonial corps of the Natal Carabineers, the Light-horse raised from the Uitlanders, and the local artillery volunteers.

Along the southern frontier isolated guards of policemen held the bridges and border towns against the republican forces. On the west Kimberley was garrisoned only by four companies of the North Lancashire Infantry and local volunteers. A few scattered police patrols guarded the frontier to Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell had organized the local forces under special service officers, among whom were Lord Salisbury's son, Lord Cecil, and Lord Bentinck. On the northern border the Rhodesian police and volunteers under Colonel Plumer patrolled the vast extent of frontier, where

they had also to control the natives. The recently conquered Matabili wished to take up arms against their old Boer foe, but at a great *indaba*, Gambo, Mazwe, Mpini, and the other *indunas* pledged neutrality to the British Commissioner, and finally prevented their followers from reprisals for Boer incursions.

At no point could direct opposition be made to Boer invasion, and the enemy was able to cross the frontiers at leisure at any point desired. When the time limit of the ultimatum expired, though many commands were out of telegraphic communications with Pretoria, the Boers swept over the frontier into British territory. They showed no disposition to await verification of the rejection of their demands, and apparently realized that their document would precipitate war. The prompt co-operation of the Free State forces in the campaign was also significant in the light of President Steyn's declarations.

The first shots were fired on the western border. Colonel Baden-Powell despatched a train-load of non-combatants to Kimberley on October 12th, escorted by the armored train Mosquito under Captain Nesbit, V. C. Picking up two trucks containing field-pieces and ammunition for the defence of Mafeking, the captain started on his northward journey. At Maribogo the station-master notified him that the line was occupied by the Boers, but since the guns were needed, the plucky officer, with sixteen volun-

teers, determined to run the gantlet under cover of darkness. About midway the train was derailed, and though the handful of volunteers maintained a gallant defence of the overturned cars through the entire night against stupendous odds, while Flowerday, the engineer, hurried back for assistance, the fire of a Boer battery at daybreak ended resistance and the survivors surrendered.

Communication with the south was now cut off, and the Zeerust, Rustenburg, and Lichtenburg commandoes under the brave but merciless Cronje completely invested Mafeking, which was given one week to surrender, when the investing forces were to move down to take Kimberley. An African chief once told me that if England had many sons like Baden-Powell she must be great, since he was a god, wise, and of powerful fetish. Certainly some white men might think the colonel more than human, but his prowess and his qualities are an oft-told tale. Despite the inadequate means at his disposal, his indomitable character devised means both for defence and defiance, and Cronje soon left Mafeking to De la Rey, and moved south to Kimberley, to win the more possible honors of capturing Mr. Rhodes alive or dead.

A force of Boers moved against Vryburg, the capital of Bechuanaland, where Major Scott and a handful of police were prepared to resist to the last. The townsfolk, however, begged him to avert attack by

evacuating. After a futile appeal by the magistrate, Mr. Tillard, for loyal subjects to assist the mayor, when only seven men responded amid the jeers and taunts for Dutch rebels, the police were reluctantly ordered to withdraw. As the Boers under Visser were annexing Vryburg and looting the homes of defenceless loyalists in a surrendered town, Major Scott shot himself through the head, unable to face the disgrace of enforced capitulation.

The British colonists along the Bechuanaland border hurriedly drove their stock westward, but their farms were looted and many destroyed, and thousands of cattle were captured. Mixed Free State and Transvaal commandoes under Prinsloo moved against Kimberley, cutting off communication with the south by blowing up the bridge over Modder Spruit and destroying the railroad. The garrison under Colonel Kekewich speedily converted the débris heaps from the mines into formidable defences, wells were dug, and the city was prepared to resist stoutly, when Commandant Engelbracht first opened with his guns at the Wesselton mine, and cut off the water supply.

Loboers occupied the Belmont district, expelling all loyalists, and reminding the Afrikanders that "the shirt was nearer the skin than the coat," — a curious argument for men who knew not the former. On the south the Colesburg district was occupied by the Rouxville commando under Rothman and annexed to the Free State. The six police at the Aliwal

north bridge were captured, and, fearing it was mined, the magistrate, Mr. Hugo, and his assistant, Van Reenen, were placed on the crossing while the burghers under Olivier passed over. Olivier with becoming modesty changed the name of the town to Oliviersfontein, and the Free State was officially extended to the Stormbergen with the presidential assurance, "This is the birth of the great Afrikander nation."

In Basutoland, Sir Godfrey Lagden held the warlike tribes in check. In response to the call of the Basuto chief, Lerothodi, all chiefs but Joel came together at Putiatsana and pledged their loyalty to the "Queen our Mother," and begged that they might help to fight her battles. Hundreds of Basutos, including Lerothodi's son, who in common with thousands of other protectorate natives were ordered from the Rand and robbed of all their earnings by the Boers, then arrived at Maseru and called on their brothers for revenge. Only the strenuous efforts of the Commissioner sustained Basuto neutrality and prevented fearful reprisals on Boer women on the isolated farms as a return for wilful and persistent ill-treatment, past and present. The destruction of the native ferry at Caledon Pont and several cattle raids only added to a resentment that might have cost the Boers dearly but for Lagden's efforts. Schalk Burger and the Vryheid burghers also invited native retaliation in Zululand by looting cattle

and sacking Ingwavuma and Ntuqu. In Swaziland the missionaries were ordered out, and the missions and farms of Britishers systematically looted.

For the main army of the republics under Joubert a careful plan of campaign had been formulated: the Free State commandoes were ordered to advance by the Drakensberg passes to menace Ladysmith and keep General White employed. Joubert's army was then to move south in three divisions. His right, under Koch and Viljoen, would occupy a point on the roads and railway between Ladysmith and Dundee, thus cutting off communication and isolating Symons. The centre division under Erasmus and the left under Meyer would overwhelm and annihilate the Dundee garrison, or drive it out toward Ladysmith, where its retreat was cut off by Koch. The Free Staters having attained their object in keeping White occupied would then move out to join a combination of the three divisions to overwhelm Ladysmith and sweep down to Durban and the sea.

Early on October 12th a mixed column of Transvaal and Free State burghers moved through Botha's Pass on the right, into Natal. The left division advanced from Wakkerstroom via Moll's Nek and Woldrift. The main column under Joubert crossed Laing's Nek toward Ingogo. When Joubert's lambs camped on the scene of their leader's early triumph, they invoked the aid of the God of battles in their cause. Released from this solemn service some of

them gave vent to their inherent bestiality by desecrating and defiling the graves of the British dead, buried where they fell after the defeat of Majuba. Had I not confirmed this from Boer prisoners, I would have omitted it as a canard; but the hideous fact was the jest of the laager fires for many a night, though the old burghers disapproved of the action.

Unwilling to precipitate hostilities, the Colonial Government had made no preparations to stay the advance. The tunnel under Laing's Nek could have been destroyed, the culverts blown up, and the railroad then rendered useless to the Boers. As it was captured intact, they had its unimpeded use to bring up their supplies. It is incredible that even at the last moment something was not done to destroy the line.

Newcastle was occupied on the night of the 14th, most of the inhabitants, including the Dominican nuns from their mission, being forced to leave the town. A storekeeper unfortunately named Chamberlain was very roughly handled, and his house and store demolished. It is significant to note the action of several Dutch [1] loyalists here. Some openly defied and ridiculed the Boers. Old Jan Uys and Matt Vos replied to the address made to the colonists to take the oath of allegiance and join the Boers. They

[1] All loyal Dutchmen refusing to take up arms against the Queen were very severely handled. It is in accordance with Boer character to force a surrendered people to fight against their own side.

pointed out that the people of Natal, British and Dutch, could become Uitlanders under Kruger or fight to remain the freest of men under the Queen. Uys challenged the commandant to single combat, in place of a general conflict. But these Britishers were arrested as traitors and sent to Pretoria. The loyal Dutch then fled, their homes being looted.

Forces under Botha and Emmett moved toward Dundee and tore up the railroad there. True to their tryst, the Free Staters that day made a diversion from the Drakensburg passes, drawing out a portion of White's force toward Tintwa Pass and keeping Ladysmith on the continual *qui vive* while Joubert's army moved in from the north.

General Symons was first apprised of the Boer advance by the cutting of the telegraph wires on the south on the 19th and the arrival of the mail train with the announcement that the Boers had occupied Elandslaagte as the express dashed through, and direct communications with Ladysmith were cut. The news of his rapid isolation was confirmed at sunset, when cyclist scouts paced in and announced the enemy in force on the north and south of Dundee. Extra outposts were thrown out, but the camp slept soundly, no attack being anticipated for a clear day at least. But at 2.30 o'clock A. M. a picket of mounted infantry stationed on the road at Smith's Nek received a volley in response to their challenge, and reported a column of the enemy closing on the

town from that direction. The alarm sounded, and the Dublin Fusiliers moved out to support the picket but found no attempt made to force the road.

Reveille was sounding at sunrise when, boom! went a gun on the hills beyond Dundee, and the Boers in force were seen on the heights commanding the town. Lucas Meyer, filibuster, elder, and politician, prompted by a desire for undivided honor and the *kudos* of first victory, had pressed across the Buffalo River with the left division of Joubert's army to capture Dundee before the main division should arrive. The hero of the Vryheid grab in touching gasconade told his burghers that the Lord had delivered the English Philistines into their hands. They must smite them hip and thigh. With the Utrech, Ermelo, and Vryheid commandoes he took up a strong position under cover of the darkness. With stupendous labor his men dragged three guns to the crest of Talana Hill, a precipitous spur of the Impati Mountain, running due north and south, and completely commanding the camp and township. The burghers, intrenched on the rocky ridge and on a neighboring nek and kopje, expected after a preliminary bombardment to carry Dundee and Glencoe camp on both flanks.

In the light of modern warfare such a position, held by 4,000 skilled riflemen, was impregnable to Symons' single brigade. As the Boer artillery

opened on the camp and town, the British infantry turned out with alacrity, and the "Boots and saddles!" of the field artillery and cavalry was rapidly supplemented by the rattle of the guns as they trotted smartly into position. In a few minutes the 13th and 69th Batteries opened from ridges to the east of the town. The 67th remained in reserve with the Leicester regiment, but came into action in the plain below, and despite the elevation, joined effectively in raking the enemy's position.

On the east of Dundee the ground slopes down a thousand yards to a donga, or river-bed. Beyond this the open valley, laid out in a farm, rises gradually to a belt of woods from which Tàlana rears itself, first in rough but moderate ascent for a thousand yards to a terrace and boundary wall, then steeply up, rugged, rocky, and precipitous as Majuba's face, to the crest held by the Boers.

During the artillery duel Symons sheltered his infantry, the Rifles and Fusilier regiments, in the donga. For two hours the Boers shelled ineffectually, sometimes replying to the British gunners, then dropping projectiles into the town, chiefly near the Swedish mission, temporarily the hospital. Their shells were faulty, however, and did not explode. Rumor had it that the fuses were set by two British sympathizers, serving from the one caisson on the crest, and that the history of the friendly Egyptian gunners forced to serve the Khalifa's artillery against

Kitchener, was repeated; but I am inclined to think shell made in Pretoria was nearer the truth. But at half-past seven De Jaeger's gunners had emptied their one ammunition wagon and ceased firing, though current history says that they were pounded into silence by the British. The field batteries then ceased as if by mutual consent, and Meyer, with Trichaardt, Grobler, Marias, and other leaders, secure in their stronghold, sat quietly to breakfast, their men making coffee behind the boulders, awaiting further shell for their guns. The process of annihilation was to be applied at leisure.

The morning was drizzly and gray, but of that subdued light more effective than brilliant sun at distances under a league. The Boers suddenly descried six dark, spider-like creatures moving down toward the donga below them; a similar group was moving forward in another direction; then the spiders dissolved themselves into two parts, the front half retiring and the tail end turning round. One, then another, belched flame and smoke; the reports and the projectiles raced over madly. Those rooinek gunners were at it again — this time at closer range, and their shrapnel began to search out the rocks. Then, too, a long line of figures rose from the river bed, and breaking up into sections, advanced rapidly over the broken ground toward the hill.

The burghers began to shoot, at first leisurely, for they never dreamed of direct assault from the de-

spised British soldier. But though a few of the moving dots lay motionless on the plain below, the lines still surged forward and reached the wood at the base of the hill. "Less than two thousand infantry storm a hill held by twice their number of skilled and sheltered riflemen!" "No, the hated rooibatjes would never emulate Majuba." The burghers volleyed down into the trees for awhile, but then held their fire save when men moved over the valley below, succoring the wounded or carrying despatches. A Boer prisoner told me afterwards that the burghers were so astounded at the assault that followed, that for a time some held their fire in sheer amazement.

General Symons was directing the operations in person. After giving orders for the assault to be pressed, he rode into the open to become a target for a hundred rifles, and fell, mortally wounded, as his bugles merrily rang out the advance. Like the hero of Quebec, he lay on the field until the cheers of victory reached his ears, and was then taken to the rear to die. His chief of staff, second staff officer, and two aids fell with their leader.

Upwards now from the woods surged the lines of infantry, deploying rapidly, creeping forward from rock to rock in extended order. Continuous lines of fire ran along the crest overhead, the Mauser volleys sounding like the ripping of a Titanic carpet, the nickel-coated bullets whistling down the hillside



like a gale in the rigging, accentuated as by gibcats' mews when the jackets had spread through injury or intentional incision. At times the tiny pellets, ricochetting from the rocks, would cast their hardened coating with a vicious snap that raised the cry of explosive bullets, while at closer range old-fashioned burghers expended big-game ammunition and substantiated the charge.

The pentacapsular clips of the Mauser permit a great rapidity of fire, but toiling painfully upward the British "Tommies" held grimly to their task, now firing at the hidden foe above, now crouching, now forward with a rush, squirming over or between the boulders, halting for volley or individual fire, then on again to the goal. Mid the crash of the Lee Metfords, the roar of the guns from the valley, the spluttering of the Maxims on the flank, and the firing enemy above, arose the cries of wounded, some cheering on their comrades, others groaning or cursing, while the pitiful advance was strewn with silent forms.

At times the leading lines appeared to melt before the withering fire from the hilltop; barbed-wire fences barred the way and claimed their victims; but again and again, when the movement seemed checked, officers sprang in the lead with rallying cries, supporting companies filled the gaps, and the lines went steadily on.

The Dublins, seeking cover in a nullah, were found

by the unerring oblique fire of the enemy on the nek, and forced out, though only to continue upward in more extended order. Not until ten o'clock had the panting infantry reached the sheltering boundary wall running along the hillside: here they lay to recover their breath. A few of the Rifles clambered over the obstruction, but were immediately swept away, and for two hours the force hung on tenaciously, firing occasionally over the wall and exposed to an enfilade fire from the kopje. Then by some error in range British shrapnel were dropped among the Rifles, killing Lieutenant Hambro and three men and wounding several others. Sergeant Harrington, after vainly signalling "Cease fire!" went through a perfect hell of bullets to notify the gunners of their mistake.

Dawkins and King then limbered up to cover the final rush, and brought their batteries across the valley to the flank of the woods; the Boers, taking advantage of the lull, turned to remove their guns to safety. For a moment the firing died away as if by mutual consent; with a cheer the British troops were up and scaling the wall. A shattering magazine-fire swept from above, but leaving Colonel Sherstone and thirty-two other officers and men dead and scores of wounded behind them, they swarmed over and up the precipitous five hundred feet with a resolution that could not be stayed. As they drew within point-blank distance the Boers, cleverly en-

sconced behind cunningly arranged rocks, blazed away madly, and the British lines wavered for a moment. The Dublins, who were in the most favored position, had forged ahead, but crouched irresolute in the hail of bullets that assailed them from the ridge.

It was the critical moment when victory and repulse were balanced. "Follow me, Rifles! Sustain our reputation!" shouted Colonel Gunning as he sprang up and led on the slow cruel charge against the almost perpendicular cliff. The gallant colonel fell riddled with bullets, but the Rifles swarmed over his body, fixing bayonets as they climbed. Captain Pechell stood erect to cheer them on, and fell shot through and through. The company officers also suffered severely, and thirteen in the Rifles alone were down ere the summit was reached. The Fusiliers, too, were sweeping upward, though three-fourths of their officers had fallen. For a breathing-spell the line halted below the immediate crest; then with loud cheers the troops surged over against the enemy.

The Boers had held their ground grimly, shooting from their rocky shelters until they saw the glint of steel coming toward them; then with shouts of terror they dropped their rifles, dashed down the rear of the hill to their horses, and away. Majuba was reversed!

The rout was complete, the Transvaal *vierkleur* and Meyer's standard flapped disconsolately over the

bodies of Melt Marais, Sassenberg, the Hollander Bergermaan, and forty dead, — a gruesome tribute to the dearly bought victory. Behind the position lay the Boer laager and seventy-one abandoned wounded. The burghers quickly hoisted white flags over their wagons in the valley, and the British bugles immediately sounded "Cease fire!" Under cover of this the Boers galloped madly away, escaping the volleys which might have been poured from the captured hilltop. A field battery had galloped round the flank and also menaced the line of retreat when the "Cease fire!" rang out. With tacit if Long Valley obedience the eager gunners fell back from their pieces rather than risk violation of an armistice, and while the officers rode madly over to obtain permission to reopen fire the Boers galloped "across the guns" and disappeared among the hills. The white flag cannot cover retreat, and the Germans in France fired on it on more than one occasion when only isolated groups retreated from surrendered forces, even as they executed all civilians bearing arms against them.

Just before the supreme moment at Talana, Boer commandoes were reported moving down the Dannhäuser Road against the other side of Dundee, where they expected to carry the town under cover of the battle. The Leicesters and the 67th Battery marched out and turned them, and they fell back in confusion as Meyer's force retreated.

The 18th Hussars and mounted infantry were covering the flanks. Colonel Moller led one squadron with the mounted Fusiliers to the north-west; Major Knox, namesake of the regiment's first colonel, with his squadron and the Rifles, moving out to menace the other flank. Major Marling took a third squadron beyond Talana's connecting nek, and by acting as a screen misled and checked a column from Newcastle sent to re-inforce by Erasmus. Moller and Knox both succeeded in working round Meyer's flank, and harassed his retreat for some distance. But they were in turn cut off by the reinforcing column as it followed Meyer, and became heavily engaged on three sides. Knox by a long détour managed to disengage his squadron, but the remainder of the Hussars and the mounted infantry with Colonel Moller, Major Greville, and seven other officers were surrounded by a force ten times their superior, when attempting to save a disabled Maxim, and after a stout resistance they were forced to surrender.

The 18th had laid a wager that they would be the first into Pretoria; they rapidly won it, and facetious "Tommy" has now dubbed them the Pretoria Horse.

CHAPTER V

ELANDSLAAGTE.— TINTWA INYONI. —YULE'S RETIREMENT.— PEPWORTH HILL. — LADYSMITH INVESTED.

GENERAL KOCH, keeper of the executive minutes with the right wing of Joubert's army, had moved down the Biggarsberg Pass to cut communications between Symons and White, and on October 19 occupied Elandslaagte station, sixteen miles beyond Ladysmith. The Dundee express had just arrived when the advance guard under Veldt Cornet Pienaar entered the village. The burghers galloped into the depot to seize the train, and swarmed over the tracks, but the engineer sprang to the foot-plate, and amid a warm fusillade the express ploughed through its captors and away to Dundee, leaving Noel, the guard, and several astonished passengers on the platform. The station-master managed to telegraph Ladysmith that the station was captured, before he was detected, narrowly escaping summary execution for his temerity.

Greatly enraged, the Boers made prisoners of every one in the vicinity, and turning the points to a siding, cleared the signal for the local train tak-

ing stock and provisions to Dundee. The engineer ran his train unsuspectingly over the switch, and ere he could reverse the lever Boers were swarming on board, and he was bound and imprisoned. A number of horses and cattle *en route* for Symons were captured, and the freight cars systematically looted.

The Boer vanguard took possession of Elandslaagte during the afternoon. The column, 1,900 strong, was formed by the Krugersdorp and Johannesburg commandoes, the latter including the Hollander Vrywilliger Corps. Attached were 300 Free Staters and a German contingent 80 strong under Colonel Schiel, with three guns and an ambulance under Visser. The Johannesburg commando under Dr. Coster, a talented Holland lawyer, and De Witt Hamer, an ex-Netherland officer, represented the education and culture of the Transvaal: it comprised the officials and professional men of the republic, significantly the vast majority of foreign birth. Officers with Koch were his son, Judge Koch, notorious in the Edgar case, Landdrost Mare of Boksburg, the public prosecutor Von Leggelo, Count Zipplein, Ben Viljoen, Bodenstein of Krugersdorp fame, Pretorius, Vander-Welde, and many other prominent officials.

The force first rounded up the British subjects in the vicinity. Mr. Harris, the manager of the Elandslaagte mines, anticipating the advance, had buried his blasting-powder and ammunition. With Mr. Innes,

the proprietor, and forty mine workers he was made prisoner and the cash of the mine commandeered.

The prisoners were placed in charge of Pienaar, who said that the people in Natal had fled as though the Boers were barbarians. "He hoped they would prove to the contrary." In the evening captors and captives held an impromptu smoking concert in the hotel parlor. Many of the burghers were drunk and fought among themselves, but if there was little discipline in their ranks there was an individuality that acted for a general purpose of defence, and guards were posted and pickets thrown out with the regularity of a trained force.

On the following morning, after Koch had selected the most advantageous positions in the vicinity, he opened an examination of all prisoners, which he conducted with gravity while devouring mutton chops in his fingers, smoking his pipe, and expectorating between mouthfuls.

The burghers amused themselves during the afternoon by dressing up in British uniforms captured on the train. Many of them had been drinking heavily from looted liquor, and some strove to pick a quarrel with the unarmed prisoners. Pienaar intervened, and calling in a guard of more sober burghers kept the threatening roysterers outside.

In the midst of the carousal a patrol galloped in shouting, "*Rooineks* are coming!" In five minutes every Boer had saddled up and the commando was

riding over the *veldt* to the selected position. But the attack did not develop.

When Koch had severed communications between Dundee and Ladysmith he had forgotten that a wire also ran via Helpmaaker to Maritzburg, and Symons was thus able to inform White of his victory and the force blocking direct communications. General French, who had only arrived from England on the previous day, was at once sent out from Ladysmith to make a reconnaissance in force. In a pouring rain the mud had severely retarded his artillery and infantry, but the cavalry advanced to the flag station at Modder Spruit, where they sighted the enemy at Elandslaagte. As the day was advancing a squadron of the 5th Lancers pushed forward alone to reconnoitre. They surprised and captured a Boer outpost, and having located the enemy fell back, and the whole force returned to Ladysmith.

The Boer patrol that had first reported the British advance was jeered at for giving a false alarm, and Koch's burghers returned to camp. The evening was spent in singing: the Boers of the old school, the Transvaal "Podsnaps," gathered to intone doleful psalms, while the younger generation crowded the hotel canteen, drinking and joining the prisoners in a sing-song "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," mingling with "Wij Leven Vrij," "Wilhelmus van Nassouwe," and the "Volkslied."

On the following morning (Saturday, Oct. 21),

scouts again announced the approach of the British, and the commandoes, rudely awakened by a couple of shells, thundered half-dressed to the kopjes some distance from the railroad, leaving their British prisoners in the village with a small guard, which a squadron of Light Horse later surprised and forced to change rôles.

General French had moved out at daybreak to make a further reconnaissance, with a company of the Manchesters in an armored train, the Imperial Light Horse and Natal volunteer battery moving by road to support. Finding Elandslaagte strongly occupied, the battery came into action on the edge of a table-land overlooking the settlement. But the Boers manned their guns with surprising rapidity, and the two ranging shots of the German gunners under Captain Schultz plumped right into the Colonials. A team was doubled up, a limber smashed, and the puny Natal 7-pounders were outranged and forced to withdraw.

Shells also fell round the train, while a strong force of the enemy appeared in rear, making strenuous efforts to tear up the line. They were dispersed, however, by a rapid advance of the Light Horse, and train and guns retired to Modder Spruit. As General French took a final survey of the position, a projectile was neatly dropped into the midst of the staff, though a tardy time-fuse burst the shell after it was imbedded, and dirt was vomited in place of shrapnel bullets.

At Modder Spruit, the telegraph wire was tapped, and French was soon connected with White, who promised to send reinforcements immediately to attack the enemy. At midday Colonel King arrived at the front with the 5th Lancers. The 21st and 42d Field Batteries galloped out with augmented teams, and a squadron of 5th Dragoons and the Natal mounted volunteers. Escorted by the armored train, half-battalions of the Manchester and Devonshire regiments arrived by rail. Later, half of the Gordon Highlanders and the remainder of the Devons detrained.

The cavalry found strong Boer pickets on a long ridge running almost due east and west beyond Modder Spruit, but after desultory skirmishing these outposts fell back. At 3 P. M. the infantry advanced over a hill to the right of the railroad, the artillery and cavalry passing round on either flank. Beyond, a green sloping valley led up to a long hogs'-back, steep and rocky, with a mass of boulders piled indescribably at the base, and a stubborn succession of rock-strewn ridges on the frowning face.

As the British appeared on the high ground the flash of the opening guns revealed the main position of the enemy, who were intrenched on a rounded eminence rising from the extremity of the hog's-back, and along the nek that joined the mamelon to a succeeding kopje, also strongly occupied. The position was ideal for the Boer system of defence. A frontal attack

could be met by frontal and oblique fire, and the difficult approaches to both flanks were commanded, — the broken kopjes on the right, and the rock-strewn ridge of the hog's-back along which any turning movement on the left flank must come.

On the extreme left the Lancers, Light Horse, and Natal volunteers had cleared out a flanking party of Boers skulking behind a wall, and then became engaged with the Free State commando with Maxims, which were soon silenced by carbine fire, the party retiring half-heartedly, one of their deserters saying that they were commandeered in an unwilling war, and did not mean to fight a traditional friend for Kruger and Steyn. This commando did nothing further to aid their Transvaal brothers.

The Boer artillery then commenced to shell the deploying infantry, until the 21st Battery galloped into action, and after sustaining some loss in a duel of seven minutes' duration, silenced the guns at 2,800 yards. The 42d Battery also heavily shelled the position preparatory to the infantry attack. A heavy thunder-storm was raging during the initial evolutions, and since the evening promised to come in early gloom, the artillery preliminaries were curtailed to enable the infantry assault before dark.

The Lancers, Light Horse, and Natal volunteers with their battery, covered the right flank, where the Manchesters, supported by the Gordons, clambered up the hog's-back to advance down the ridge on the

flank. The Devons moved against the direct front, with the Dragoons and volunteers on the extreme left. Sir George White arrived on the field at 4 P.M., but magnanimously refused to take over the command from his subordinate, and the honors of the day rest with French. The infantry were under the personal direction of Colonel Ian Hamilton, a survivor of Majuba.

The British guns had pounded the enemy heavily with shrapnel, and the plucky attempts of the German gunners to reopen were unsuccessful; but the shower of shells did not apparently lessen the terrific rifle-fire that was poured into the valley. At 4.45 the Devons advanced in extended order, meeting a withering fire with great steadiness as they pressed over the broken ground. Major Park extended three companies into a firing line of 500 yards, about 1000 yards from the enemy. They obtained some shelter among the sunbaked ant-hills in places, and "dead ground" saved two companies from annihilation.

The Boers missed the red coats of the British army and found the new fangled khaki a difficult target, but their bullets swept a large zone. Major Currie with the reserves threw men rapidly forward to replace casualties, and then augmented the firing line, which crept slowly to within 800 yards of the enemy. Laxity in the British territorial system may have placed sons of Cork and London in the Devon

ranks, but as the regiment lay exposed to a galling fire, engaging the front while the flank attack developed, they well sustained the reputation of the "countrie" of the Leighs and Ridds.

Meanwhile the Manchesters and Gordons had succeeded in scrambling up the hog's-back. They were joined by the Uitlander Light Horse, who voluntarily dismounted and joined in the charge. Many of these men had settled permanently on the Rand, and had lost their all when expelled by Kruger; theirs indeed was a fight for home and liberty, in the country of their adoption, while wives and children were homeless and destitute.

Though these forces were at first covered by a dip leading to the main plateau, a withering fire swept the entire length of the ridge as they poured over the boulders on the crest. A thousand yards beyond them rose the mamelon, an objective that commanded every step of the advance along the hilltop. In face of that fire, with their path strewn with rocks slippery with rain and hail, and successive barbed fences barring the way, a superior force was to be assaulted in an intrenched position. Many young soldiers' faces blanched, but there was no hesitation.

For sentimental reasons, the Highlanders had retained their sporrans and kilts, which made them a distinct mark for the enemy: sentiment contributed many widows and orphans to the banks and braes of

Scotland ere the day was done. At first the Gordons were in support, but owing to the irregularity of the ground to be traversed, regiments and companies became mixed and the movement evolved into a retarded but eager race forward. Scrambling, slipping, crouching, from rock to rock, firing individually or in volleys of mutual agreement, Gordons, Manchesters, and Light Horse fought their way on. Men were swept away as they clambered across the ridges, but the others went over the prostrate bodies.

The Tommies now were fighting mad, and, paying little heed to the dead and wounded, they pressed recklessly onward; the individuality of the soldier was in the ascendent and it was not found wanting.

Two-thirds of the distance passed — two-thirds of the officers down. A stout barbed fence checked the advance; the Boers stood up fearlessly and blazed into the serried mass of men, but dropped to cover again as the obstacle was surmounted and the uncontrollable wave of khaki swept toward them. Of the Gordons, Colonel Cunyngham and Major Wright went down early in the fight, and of the other officers but four were left to lead the regiment, toward the finish, and two of these, subalterns, were wounded. The Manchesters had lost their colonel and many officers and men.

Colonel Scott-Chisholme of the Light Horse was next wounded; raising himself to cheer on his men, he sank again with two bullets in his brain. Major

Sampson, the ex-reformist, and eight other volunteer officers had also fallen at this juncture. But the depleted forces were close in now, and fixed bayonets.

In desperation the Boers pumped their red-hot Mausers at point-blank range and cried in English, "Retire!" A treacherous bugle also sounded the order, and the panting soldiers halted irresolute in the confusion of the battle and the gathering darkness. The last note was faulty, but the men were wavering and the enemy's fire was redoubled. "Charge! charge! for God's sake, charge!" shouted Major Denne of the Gordons, springing in the lead and sinking limply, shot through the heart. Drum-major Laurence dashing forward sounded the charge and rally. Pipe-major Dunbar strode over the rocks skirling the Gordon pibroch. He soon fell, but the troops had rallied, and with a loud cheer the first position was rushed.

Advocate Coster was killed as he attempted to gather his Hollanders, and other Boer leaders fearlessly exposed themselves, exhorting the burghers to stand; but nothing could stay the onslaught of the British. A line of devoted burghers fired to the last, but they were flung back before the charge like tennis-balls, and there was no rebound.

The Devons' bugles in the valley were now ringing cheerily, their long checked impetuosity was loosed, and with fixed bayonets they dashed up the front of the position. Pandemonium reigned for a

minute. There was a rush of kilt and khaki; the enemy on the mamelon resisted stoutly, but amid the rattle of their magazine fire, rallying cries in Taal, British cheers of exultation and the yells and screams of the wounded, the Devons closed in on the front, and the flanking battalions swept the Boers from the nek with bayonets and butt-end.

F Company, the Devons, under Lieutenant Field, went straight at the guns. Three German gunners, *enfants perdus*, sprang to the pieces and prepared to fire into the British ranks as the Hollanders turned and fled down the hill. One gunner fell before Field's revolver as these devoted soldiers of fortune loaded, another was shot as he prepared to fire, and the third was bayonetted as the Devons swept in. Mercenaries? Yes, but brave men.

Struggling, stumbling down the hillside, the Boers fled pell-mell, some screaming with terror in their mad efforts to escape the cold steel. Their horses were tethered in the laager below, and as the seething mass of burghers ran toward them the slaughter would have been terrible had the British disregarded the white flag. Highlanders and Manchesters had swept down toward the laager to complete the rout, on the hill other companies were refilling their emptied magazines to mow down the fugitives, when a large white flag was hoisted over the wagons. Dozens of Boers also were holding up their hands, and another flag waved frantically on the further kopje. From

tents behind which the horses were tethered, a Red Cross flag was displayed. Significantly the enemy had screened their means of retreat by the Geneva convention.

Colonel Hamilton and his staff rushed in front of their men and ordered them to stop firing; the bugles rang out the "Cease fire!" "They surrender! they surrender!" shouted the eager soldiers as they lowered their rifles and started across the open; then a withering fire burst on them from the further kopje, a ridge behind the nek, and from the laager itself, mowing down the exposed men in dozens. The "surrendered" burghers reached their horses and rode off in the confusion, as the enraged soldiers fell back to cover with heavy loss. After replying to the renewed volleys, they again rushed in with the bayonet, clearing the remaining position and ending resistance. Under the laws of war the Boers had violated the white flag and deserved no mercy. I do not think, however, that the subterfuge was prearranged. The individuality of the burghers rather condones the apparent treachery, though after Dundee and Elandslaagte the British could not have been blamed had they adopted similar tactics, or disregarded the white flag as indicating surrender.

Daylight now faded rapidly, but the cavalry who had been champing impatiently on the flanks had ridden round the hill when they heard the cheers of victory, and a rush of horsemen through

the gathering night told them their turn had come. As the Boers galloped madly toward Wesset's Nek, from the reverse of the captured position a clatter of hoofs and scabbards burst on their frightened ears. They turned and fired as they rode, but the heavier British cavalry bore them to the earth, going through and through the disorganized ranks with lance and sabre until the commandoes were scattered and the rout complete.

Pitch darkness reigned on the battlefield when the bugles sounded the rally, and company officers vainly strove to collect their forces. "All hands search for wounded!" The worn-out soldiers responded with alacrity. Groans and cries for help, in English and Taal, arose in the darkness. The soldiers, from breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the Boers, became their Good Samaritans. "Majuba avenged!" had been their cheer of victory, and now by tending the wounded enemy they heaped coals of fire on the race who in '81 had left the British wounded to die on the veldt. Tommy Atkins, to those who know him, is like a big-hearted, rough, generous schoolboy. His solicitation for his wounded foe, the foe whose pluck he had now learned to respect, is a touching tribute to the British private.

On the hillside Bennet, Burleigh, and Nevinson, the war correspondents, found old General Koch

mortally wounded. A mattress was at once sent, and as he was too ill to be moved, a tarpaulin was rigged over him. Near-by lay his son, Judge Koch, and Count Zipplein, sorely wounded. De Jong, of the Educational Department, and Dr. Coster were among the killed. Joubert's grand-nephew and many of the prominent officials were wounded severely. Sixty-four dead Boers were found on the hill; the cavalry charge accounted for as many more. Three hundred prisoners were taken, including the ex-German officer Schiel, Von Leggelo, the detective De Villiers, Dewithaker of the Raad, De Witt Hamer, Figulus, young Cronje, Findall, Wagner, and many other notables. Of these prisoners one third were wounded. The aggregate British loss was 247, the officers in large proportion. The Gordons headed the list with a loss of 26 per cent rank and file, but 78 per cent of the regimental officers had fallen.

The worn-out troops formed a bivouac in the Boer laager, where wagon-loads of loot from North Natal were recaptured, with the arms and equipment of an entire commando. The night was bitterly cold, and a heavy rain turned the ground into a swamp. But pouches and blankets were cheerfully relinquished for the wounded, Boer and Briton, and four Highlanders were lifted from the solitary fire, sustained by ration boxes, because four Boers, wounded by shrapnel, "needed it worse



than us." Fresh water was scarce also, and generous "Tommy" moved among the wounded enemy with "All I 've got left, chum!" and many gave up the chance to rest, and generously aided Dr. Davies and his assistants in caring for the wounded. Many of these lay among the rocks undiscovered until daylight, some unfortunately to perish from exposure.

Dr. Bonnybrook of the Colonial service and Rev. A. J. Andrews, chaplain of the Natal Rifles, on Sunday morning followed the Boer line of retreat for seven miles, tending those who had fallen by the wayside exhausted from wounds. They met twenty-five armed but famished burghers who abjectly surrendered to the doctor, believing the Boer cause lost.

All the wounded were taken to Ladysmith, accommodation being found for them in the town-hall, the churches, and in tents on the cricket ground. The Boer prisoners were sent by train to Durban, and thence shipped to Cape Town.

The moral effect of the costly victory of Elandslaagte was great. From henceforth the Boer learned to respect the British soldier, having proved the fallacy of his contempt engendered at Majuba and Krugersdorp. But the battle gained little material benefit, since De Wet's command moved in and occupied the town two days later, and fired on the burial party sent with Inspector

Petley to inter the British and Boer dead, driving them back to Ladysmith. Boer character is complex; hospital corps, burial detail, all are *rooineks*, and as such must be destroyed, is the argument of the average farmer. But after a strong protest by the prisoner Judge Koch to Joubert, the interment was allowed.

The object of the attack at Elandslaagte to reopen communications with Dundee and relieve pressure on that side was but partly accomplished; but the trend of events in Natal proved how shamefully ignorant were the British authorities as to the military strength and preparation of the republics. The mobilization of troops at Dundee, so near the border, had furnished a plausible excuse to the Transvaal for declaring war. Strategically the position was of small importance, and its communications were menaced from the Drakensberg passes the moment the Free State threw in its lot with the Transvaal. The coal fields were of value to the colony, but so greatly had the initiative of the enemy been underrated that even the victories of Talana Hill and Elandslaagte failed to justify the maintenance of the position.

While General French was assailing Elandslaagte, and the Dundee forces were resting after their victory, the main Boer forces for which Meyer should have waited before risking assault, closed in. In

the afternoon a 40-pounder commenced to shell the camp from the hills north of Dundee. General Yule, who had succeeded General Symons, despatched the field batteries to reply to the gun, but other pieces of heavy calibre were turned against them, and they accomplished little in the unequal duel.

At sunset the troops occupied a position beyond the town prepared to withstand a night attack, but they returned to camp at daybreak, where they received the cheering news of the Elandslaagte victory. General Yule at once sent his cavalry to intercept fugitives moving down the Ladysmith road. The Hussars became engaged, however, with a fresh column, and retired as the Boers again began to shell the camp and town. Erasmus and Vegan had now joined Joubert, and scouts reported the enemy in force and closing on Dundee on all sides. The inhabitants had fled to Rowan's farm, remembering Boer outrages in the previous war, and since 12,000 Boers were now menacing 3,000 British, General Symons, who was rapidly sinking, advised Yule to endeavor to save the command from annihilation by retiring to Ladysmith, leaving him and the wounded behind.

It was finally determined to retreat by a circuitous route via Beith, and under cover of the night the force evacuated camp, leaving lighted candles in the empty tents, and camp-fires blazing to mislead the Boers. The Rifles, under Major Campbell, acted as

the advance guard, Colonel Dartnell of the Natal police guiding the troops. By continuous marching the column on Monday afternoon reached the entrance of the Waschbank Pass, through which the road crosses the Biggarsberg Range. The enemy was known to be in the vicinity, and surprise here meant annihilation. A spy had been caught heliographing at Inyiti, but apparently his message miscarried, and after a short halt a second night-march brought the force safely through the defile to the Waschbank River, where the exhausted troops bivouacked for rest on Tuesday morning.

Joubert did not discover that Yule had withdrawn through his faulty picket lines, until midday on Monday. He then detached a large force to cut off the British column in the Biggarsberg. Though his advance was retarded by worn-out infantry and transport, the mobile burghers failed to overtake Yule, until his force had reached the open country beyond. Here the Boers showed their traditional hatred of fighting out of cover, and did not attempt an attack.

Keen anxiety prevailed in Ladysmith for Yule's force. Scouts having reported a strong commando again occupying Elandslaagte, White, on Tuesday, October 24th, moved out toward Modder Spruit, intending to bivouac near the cross-roads to facilitate Yule's retirement. His force, an infantry brigade (2d King's Royal Rifles, Devons, Gloucesters, and

Liverpools) supported by the 42d and 53d Field and 10th Mountain Batteries, R. A., the 5th Lancers, 19th Hussars, Imperial Light Horse, and Natal Rifles, 4500 in all, halted at Modder Spruit at 8 A. M. The enemy developed in force at Rietfontein, however, menacing the direct road to Dundee, and the Beith route on the line of Yule's march. They disclosed their main position on Mattowan Hoek by dropping shells into a resting battery on the Newcastle road.

The British gunners rapidly came into action beyond the railroad, and though well-ranged shell from the hill inflicted some loss on the artillery and cavalry, the Boer guns were soon pounded into silence. The enemy presented an irregular front on the steep sides of the Tinta Inyoni and Mattowan Hoek, along the connecting nek, and among the broken kopjes and ridges at the base of the hills. The old-fashioned farmers of the Heidelberg and Potchefstroom commandoes under De Wet, had discarded the Mauser with contempt, crediting the new-fangled rifle with the previous defeats. Crouching behind the innumerable boulders over the wide hillsides, with unerring Martini-Henrys, they sustained an effective individual fire, making a difficult and extended target despite the smoke from their cartridges.

With the batteries the Liverpools and Gloucesters advanced in extended order against a high ridge facing the hills, driving back the enemy from the

outlying positions. The Devons were in support, the Rifles moving over to the left flank, where the Light-Horse were heavily engaged early in the battle. The regular cavalry cleared a commando out of the valley on the right, that was waiting to assail the British rear guard, and forced them back to Mattowan, the 53d battery heavily shelling the fugitives as they retired across the open. The irrepressible Colonials on the extreme flank by Modder Spruit station drove in the enemy on that side. This combined attack caused a general concentration of the burghers on their main position on the higher slopes of the two eminences, and on a kopje rising from the nek that connected them. Here they commanded the entire British line from an unassailable position, but they were severely restricted by the continuous shower of shrapnel from the ridge below.

The Devons were sent forward to augment the firing line, and while the mountain guns shelled the riflemen swarming among the boulders on Mattowan, the 53d battery raked the kopje and lower ridges, the 42d partially silencing a terrific but individual rifle fire from the tall summit of Tinta Inyoni.

An assault on such an extensive position was beyond question for White's slender forces. Even had the single brigade successfully stormed the mountainous eminences, the enemy, while leaving enough men to sustain a stout resistance, could have

detached a force sufficient to menace the guns and break communications with Ladysmith until the waiting Free Staters had advanced from their passes against the town. The operations also were planned only to clear the road and act as a diversion to cover Yule's retreat. For some unexplained reason, however, taking advantage of the slackened firing, the Gloucesters swept beyond the ridge into the open. They instantly became the target for every Boer rifle in range, and were forced to fall back to cover, leaving Colonel Wilford and a tenth of their number on the field. The medical staff, though exposed to continuous fire from the indiscriminating enemy, then brought in the wounded successfully, the Hindoo *dhoolie* carriers behaving with conspicuous gallantry.

Despite recent rains, the *veldt* was lit by bursting shrapnel and burned fiercely at midday. Boer resistance then gradually subsided. But under cover of the smoke a large force was attempting to work round the extreme flank to cut off White from Ladysmith, and only the watchfulness of the Colonials saved the British from an awkward development. The Volunteers, recalled hurriedly from the Spruit, cantered round sharply, and covered by a ridge on the southern end of the valley outflanked the flankers and opened with carbine and Maxim. Assisted by the Rifles they drove the enemy back to Tinta Inyoni, while the Liverpools and Devons



extended, encompassing the front and flanks with a thin line.

After the failure of their counter manœuvre, parties of the enemy were seen retiring, however. Their fire was gradually reduced to the crackling of resolute sharpshooters hiding in the rocks, until at 2.30 resistance ended and the fight flickered out. White, having received definite news of Yule, then withdrew his forces, and occupied salient points along the line of retreat of the Dundee column. Through faulty communications, the Volunteers were left on the extreme flank and were heavily engaged by the baffled but by no means defeated enemy. They extricated themselves with difficulty and retired on Ladysmith.

After practically continuous service night and day from the opening of Friday morning's fight at Dundee, Yule's worn-out force was preparing to bivouac on the Waschbank River, when they heard the guns open at Rietfontein. The mounted troops were at once despatched to attempt to take the Boers in rear, but another squadron of the diminished Hussars was cut off and surrounded, though after continuous fighting they finally reached Ladysmith.

Unfortunately, a heavy storm had swelled the Sunday River to a torrent that the column could not cross. During the enforced halt the commandoes retiring from the Rietfontein engagement passed perilously

close to, but without discovering, Yule's camp, where the column lay sleeping beneath the torrent of the opened heavens. The British pickets wisely held their fire, for the force was in no condition for a pitched battle. On Wednesday the flood had subsided, and the column crossed the river with the loss of a single wagon; and again marching the entire night to get beyond the mysterious enemy, Yule's advance guard was soon in touch with the Border Rifles. The rest of their line of march was covered, and they reached Ladysmith on Thursday morning.

Their march will go down to history. Remember, without a square meal they had fought on Friday, marched and skirmished on Saturday, passed the night and Sunday under arms, marched all Sunday night, all day on Monday, with but a short rest before another march through Monday night and well into Tuesday morning. Then part of the force had operated against the enemy toward Rietfontein, others performing continuous picket duty during the stormy bivouac on Tuesday night, when fires could not be lighted. The column had come straight on through the last thirty-four miles of mud all day on Wednesday and through Wednesday night well into Thursday morning, when they reached Ladysmith.

The soggy soil of South Africa had caked round their feet and legs, adding pounds in weight to each step, retarded a hundredfold by the suction of the slough through which they marched. No wonder the men

moved into town dejectedly, until the frantic cheers of soldier and civilian threw spirit into the lagging bodies and fire into the bloodshot eyes. Their heads were then thrown proudly up, their steps became regular and brisk, and they swung into camp as though on C. O.'s parade.

Their brother "Tommies" stood by, eager to help, and as the "dismiss" rang out, rifles and equipment were seized, and the haggard, mudcaked men were dragged off by their delighted comrades to a hearty breakfast. But most were too tired to eat; they soon dropped on the ground in sheer weariness, the garrison scraping the mud from the hidden putties and removing chafing boots from feet raw as beef with much marching.

Not until midday on Monday, had the Boers discovered that Dundee was evacuated. During the morning, despite the flag, they dropped shell into the field hospital among the abandoned wounded. Erasmus had been told that the captured wounded of Meyer's force had been dragged behind the British guns. He was surprised to find them in cots side by side with the wounded soldiers he had so brutally shelled. At midday an armed party galloped into the town, abusing the few townspeople who had remained, and seizing horses and anything that took their individual fancy. Mrs. Weir, one of the Red Cross nurses, was brutally kicked by one truculent brute.

Later in the day a more disciplined detachment under Zuderberg arrived and hoisted the fourcolor over the court house. The field cornet assured the inhabitants that all property would be respected, but he must commandeer provisions for his force. This also included the liquor from the stores; the burghers were soon tipsy and out of hand, and a general looting of the town started. The contents of houses and stores were thrown out into the road, each man loading his horse with what he needed. Weighed down with plunder they retired at sunset, passing the hospital jeering and cursing the English.

Within, General Symons was slowly dying. Practically a prisoner, separated from the command he had led to victory, humiliated by the Boer manifestations that stirred the soldier spirit living undaunted in the maimed, suffering body, his last moments were of pathetic interest. At home the whole country was applauding his gallant fight; he lay dying in the enemy's hands. As the sun was setting, with the cries of the burghers ringing in his ears, the brave soldier died as he had lived.

When the looters disappeared a guard of stolid old burghers took charge of the town, a magistrate was appointed, and order enforced. General Symons was buried next morning in the little English churchyard. The Rev. Mr. Bagley held a short service, but "not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note; not a soldier discharged a farewell shot." The body, shrouded

in a Union Jack that had escaped the enemy's notice, had but few mourners, medical officers and civilians, and a few respectful burghers, but a nation's sympathy has gone out to that lonely grave in Africa, and though little he recks it, the laurels of a nation's gratitude rest on the tomb. A touch of nature makes the world akin. Brave old Joubert, when he found a cabled message from Lady Symons among the General's papers, at once sent a despatch expressing his sympathy to the widow.

In the afternoon the residue of Meyer's defeated force returned to the town, bursting with revenge for their defeat of Friday. The Boer town guard was impotent, the looting of the stores was completed; the burghers drank up a quantity of liquor they discovered, and assumed so threatening an attitude that the few English who had remained in the houses, left the town. Some of these were captured, and after a rough mauling and the suggestion of summary execution to save trouble, they were dragged off as spies to General Meyer, who was camped several miles away. He at once set them at liberty with apologies.

But loyalists of Dutch extraction who refused to join the Boer forces were held as traitors. One family, the Van Liebenbergs, noted for their loyalty, were seized on their farm, which was looted and wrecked. The father and the son of fifteen were first flogged, then sent to Pretoria. The wife and

daughters were placed in their wagon and isolated in the centre of the Boer commando, closely guarded night and day, the girls being frequently insulted. They were then turned adrift without food, leaving amid a shower of stones with notice from the commandant to clear to the British soldiers, whose mistresses they were only fit to become. This pro-British Dutch lady is a distant connection of the Steyns.

Over three hundred fugitives, many of them women and children, had fled from Dundee as the Boers approached. Travelling in constant rain and without food or shelter, they suffered terribly on the long tramp to Ladysmith, though they were not molested by the Boer patrols. Some, however, perished from hunger on the way, and many were saved from absolute starvation by British scouting parties, who cheerfully gave up their scanty rations.

Having failed in his objective at Dundee, Joubert led his entire force toward Ladysmith, the Free State commandoes pouring from the passes to assist in the investment. General White found his now augmented command too worn to strike an immediate blow at the enemy. He has been severely blamed for not using his cavalry more at this juncture, but men and horses were utterly exhausted, and required at least a few hours' rest. On October 27th, he attempted to draw a Transvaal commando located at Lombard's Kop, but the enemy who held Dewaal's

farm were not engaged until nearly sunset. He bivouacked to renew the attack at daybreak; but the Boers withdrew in the night, under Joubert's explicit orders not to risk further battle until the forces were completely mobilized. On the 28th, General French made a reconnaissance in force toward Mount Bulwhana, which in every-day parlance means that he marched out to surprise the enemy, and finding the attack impractical, withdrew with information more or less useful.

On Sunday, the 29th, Major Heath from a balloon located the enemy busily intrenching on Pepworth Hill, placing guns on its flat summit to bombard Ladysmith. Reconnaissance showed that fresh commandoes had occupied other hills in the vicinity. In their stupendous ignorance of Boer resources, the authorities had not dreamed of the complete investment of Ladysmith, and they had little numerical conception of the invading forces. During the afternoon the famous "Long Tom" commenced to shell the town, and White determined to assault the position at daybreak, hoping with his entire force to repeat his previous successes.

Scouts having reported a wide gap between the Transvaalers at Pepworth and the Free Staters, Colonel Carleton with the 1st Gloucesters, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, and 10th Mountain Battery was despatched on Sunday night to pass between the two forces in the darkness, and hold a hill from which

the Boer line of retreat would be threatened and the Free Staters kept from the left flank of the main column.

With Major Adye of the staff, the little column marched out at 10 P. M., and silently wended its way in the darkness. All went well until midnight, when the force was passing through a narrow rocky defile near their objective. Huge boulders here suddenly crashed down the hillside among the infantry. The order for absolute silence on the march was obeyed, however; the column halted, and the command to lie down was passed in whispers along the line. The halt deceived the Boer outposts on the cliffs above, and mounting their horses they rode recklessly down the steep hillside, blundering right into the ammunition mules. With shouts of terror they spurred their way through and disappeared in the night ere a shot could be fired, but startled by the sudden disturbance two mules reared and broke loose from their native drivers. Most of these usually plucky Cape boys dropped their reins and bolted, and in the indescribable fear that sometimes dominates the animal breast, battery and ammunition mules burst away in a sudden wild stampede, carrying the guns, shells, and rifle ammunition with them.

The officers, after quieting their men, admitted the advisability of retiring; but since this would have left White's left unprotected, hazarding the success of his attack, they finally decided to go on and do what

they could. The force without guns or reserve ammunition moved over toward Nicholson's Nek, and seized a flat-topped hill and ridge, which they rudely strengthened with rough breastworks before daybreak.

Two hours before dawn, the main columns left Ladysmith, the 7th Brigade, General Hamilton, comprising the 1st Devons, 1st Manchesters, 2d Gordons, and the newly arrived 2d Rifle Brigade, which detrained from Maritzburg and marched straight to battle, moved against Pepworth Hill with three field batteries and the Light Horse. The right column, Colonel Grimwood, comprising 1st Leicesters, 1st Rifles, 2d Dublin Fusiliers, and 1st Liverpools with three field batteries, and the Natal volunteer battery, moved toward Farquhar's Farm. The cavalry brigade, General French, and the mounted infantry operated on the extreme right flank.

The Boer "Long Tom" opened the fight by dropping a shell in the main column, on the Newcastle road. The heavy Creusot 40-pounder had been mounted on Pepworth Hill with stupendous difficulty. It was guarded only by a small commando under De Wet, and the Irish-American corps, commanded by Colonel Blake, an erratic West Pointer, and composed mainly of the Rand riff-raff fighting under a green table-cloth bearing the imposing legend "Remember Michelstown." With their corps was the fiery Major McBride, who ran for member of

Parliament in his borough while he was in Africa bearing arms against his own country. These three companies of adventurers provided Dr. Leyds with a cue for his assertion that three thousand Americans and "thousands" of Irishmen were fighting to uphold the Transvaal flag.

Their impetuous invitation to battle nearly cost them dearly. The picket that had blundered on Carleton's column had reported an immense force of British toward Nicholson's Nek, which caused a general diversion of the Boers from Pepworth. But for the arrival of Meyer's force on the right, depleted by their defeat at Talana and subsequent desertions, but burning to retrieve their lost prestige, the 7th Brigade would have ousted the Boer-Irish force from the heights and captured the most famous gun of the republic.

The artillery came into action and raked the crest, driving the gunners from their piece, and wounding Blake, while the infantry drove the Boers gradually back against the base of the hill. Several times "Long Tom" reopened only to be silenced by the puny field-guns below, and his hours seemed numbered as the infantry closed in. Heavy firing at Nicholson's Nek showed that Carleton was covering the left, as arranged, and De Wet's burghers and the alien corps looked with dismay at the troops advancing against them, and their main force engaged elsewhere.

The British right had found the enemy at Farquhar's farm, when Meyer's column augmented by an eight-gun battery of the *Staats* artillery arrived. The guns rapidly came into action; while, covered by successive kopjes, the Boer riflemen opened at deadly range on Grimwood's left flank. The Manchesters were at once detached from the centre to reinforce the right, but at this juncture other commandoes moved from the direction of Lombard's Kop against Grimwood's right, and he was almost enveloped.

French's cavalry brigade was operating far on the right, and dismounting his troopers he edged in, meeting this advance with carbine fire; but the squadrons were almost cut off from their horses, and Hamilton, leaving only one battery to shell Pepworth, was obliged to move his force over from the centre to avert disaster.

By accidental strategy, of which their leaders had promptly taken advantage, the Boers had been enabled to deliver effective counter attacks; their rapid change of front and the timely arrival of reinforcements negatived the entire British plan. Other commandoes now closed in with Maxims and an automatic quick-firer, and Grimwood's brigade, greatly outnumbered, was forced to retire across the open, the batteries and Hamilton's brigade covering the movement.

Another practical lesson of the overwhelming number of the invading Boers was furnished at this



juncture, when a despatch was delivered to White announcing that a force of the enemy with artillery was menacing Ladysmith from the north. The commandoes that had been led toward Bell's Spruit, by the exaggerated reports of Carleton's column, had assisted in overwhelming this small and handicapped command, and under cover of the main action had advanced against the Ladysmith outposts. Reluctantly White gave the order for a general retreat, the enemy pressing close the moment the infantry fell back.

The artillery pluckily held their ground under a terrific fire from rifles and machine and field guns, while the advance battalions retired doggedly through the intervals between the batteries. But circling round the kopjes surrounding the valley, the mobile riflemen pressed forward on the British flanks, delivering a heavy enfilade fire. It was first fight for most of them, and with impetuosity stirred by the British retirement, and beautifully covered by their guns on the surrounding hills, they ran the tired regiments hard.

Colonel Coxhead then saved the day with the guns. The 13th and 53d batteries galloped forward through a shower of projectiles, and faced annihilation to cover the retreat. It was not for nothing that the 13th had been called the model battery at the Okehampton contest. First under Flint, then under Lambard, it had been licked into shape by two

of the best gunners in the army. I have frequently heard Lambard say that his detachments and drivers were "fit to go anywhere and fit to do anything." He was denied the satisfaction of seeing the extreme test of his training, but under Dawkins the battery has well sustained its reputation, the 53d running it a dead heat for bravery.

Steadily, as on parade, the gunners hammered the Boer pursuit until the burghers were checked. The vicious Vickers-Maxim, however, was turned against the gunners' flank and sent a rapid stream of one-pound shells among the guns until it was fought and temporarily silenced by a subdivision of the 53d.

At this juncture Joubert's entire army had closed in to harass the British retirement, and the two light field batteries faced them and checked them until the column was safe, and then retired alternately, one unlimbering and opening fire while the other fell back to a position behind it. As the guns of the 53rd started in turn to retire, the phut-phut gun for a minute gained steady range on subdivision 6, killing five horses out of the gun team. The other gunners galloped on, looking on the gun as lost. Boers, swarming over the broken ground on all sides, rapidly spurred in, firing heavily from the saddle; but when capture seemed imminent, the two limber gunners who had escaped stood by the trail-eye, and unlimbering from the wreck, hooked the gun to a wagon limber and team brought back by

Bombardier Saunders, and the piece was safely extricated.

Another gun was overturned in a ditch, the team being piled up indescribably. Lieutenant Higgins and the surviving gunners extricated the drivers, unhitched and untangled the team, and righted the gun, bringing it up safely at a gallop amid the cheers of their comrades. The enemy, covered by a hedge, crawled in close, and delivered a severe fire during the operation.

The nature of the ground enabled the Boers to follow the retiring columns at easy rifle range without becoming endangered by the fire of their own artillery. But news of the defeat had already reached Ladysmith, where the naval contingent from H. M. S. "Terrible" had just detrained from Durban with two naval quick firers which had been placed on field mountings, hurriedly but effectively constructed by Captain Scott, R. N. Lieutenant Egerton, unable to obtain transportation for the guns, rigged drag-ropes, and his men hauled the heavy pieces to meet the force and cover their retirement.

As the column wound over the rising ground leading into Ladysmith, the heavy Boer guns again opened accurately, the first shot blowing an ambulance and its occupants to pieces. But to the surprise of the Boers, religiously supplied with information respecting the army by disloyal Natal Dutch, successive shells from guns that ranged their

own, rapidly silenced "Long Tom," and drove the *Staats* gunners from their Krupps, scoring at least one success in the day of failure.

Not until nightfall did Ladysmith learn of the fate of the devoted regiments which had faced certain disaster rather than jeopardize the success of the planned attack. After an anxious night, daybreak had revealed an overwhelming force of the enemy closing in on them. Unfortunately the position on the nek that Carleton had seized in the darkness, was commanded by neighboring hills, and a dropping fire soon raged around the Gloucesters and Irish from an unseen foe lurking among the rocks above and beyond them. For a time the fire was returned, but ammunition was soon exhausted. The little force then was entirely surrounded, and though the rapidly thinning ranks waited with fixed bayonets, expecting relief from the centre, the location of the firing soon apprised them of White's retirement. Dead and wounded were piled up inside the ineffectual shelters, but the men grimly held their ground, and the old Boer subterfuge of sounding "Retire!" to lure them into the open, failed to draw.

Then word was passed along the line that the white flag was raised and the force was to surrender; and Boers rapidly rode toward the position, signalling the men to lay down their rifles. There was a yell of defiance from the soldiers. The Gloucesters and Fusiliers fought together at Waterloo; the

latter were the celebrated "Faugh a ballaghs" who had "cleared the way" in many combats, and officers and men shouted that they would not surrender. But the leading burghers pointed to a low spur in the centre, jutting from the nek; the white flag was certainly waving,—by order, the officers supposed,—and it was their duty to order their men to lay down their arms.

But for once their orders were not obeyed, and even the unarmed gunners of the stampeded battery seized rifles from dead men and prepared to help resist with the bayonet. But the subalterns entreated their companions not to violate the flag, but to obey orders. Some officers snatched guns from their men and threw them to the ground, and finally reason prevailed. Several officers broke their swords, and as the Boers closed in, the men flung themselves on the ground, cursing and weeping. They were made prisoners by Commandant Steenekamp, their wounded being treated with every consideration. Sleiman escorted the captured men to Pretoria.

It subsequently transpired that the flag had been raised by a wounded sergeant of the Gloucesters, who with ten men had survived a party holding an outlying and exposed position. Unable to move, and believing from the cessation of the firing above them that they were abandoned, they tied a handkerchief to a rifle which was stuck upright by the bayonet in the ground before their breastwork; and

greatly surprised were they to hear the shouts of their comrades above them when the Boer volleys stopped.

Further resistance, however, would have entailed useless slaughter, but officers and men stoutly claim, "We did not surrender, we were surrendered," and there is no discredit to those concerned. I do not know, however, why a force was sent to operate in a difficult and dangerous country without some system of communication with the centre or base. Lack of cavalry cannot be the excuse.

Despite the signal victories of Dundee, Elandslaagte, and the success at Rietfontein, White now found the enemy closing in on all sides in a strength that the colonial authorities had little dreamed of. The awakening of Pepworth Hill had cost heavily in killed, wounded, and missing, and but for the urgent representations of the Colonial Government to hold Ladysmith at all costs, White would have fallen back across the Tugela to await reinforcements.

During the siege of Badajoz, Lieutenant, afterwards Sir, Harry Smith saved the honor of a beautiful young Spanish countess. The age of chivalry was not then dead, and the sequel to the romance is that the young officer became one of the few successful administrators in South Africa, and Lady Smith, who followed her husband through his adventurous career, shared his popularity. Hence, Harrismith in the Free State and Ladysmith in Natal. The latter

settlement, which has since grown into an important town, was built on the flat ground sloping down to the Klip River. Enclosed and commanded on three sides by a horse-shoe of hills, it proved an ideal place for Boer investment. But the hero of Childulktean and Charasiah immediately prepared for defence, sending out most of his women and children to Maritzburg, expecting at least to be able to sustain communications along the railroad to Durban, however, though some stores were hurried to the front. Train after train of wounded and refugees were sent down country to escape the perils of bombardment, but absolute siege was not expected.

On November 2d, French with cavalry and artillery made a sortie toward Besters, shelling the Boers out of a laager. Much more of this sort of work might have been done by surprising isolated commandoes and night attacks, but after Nicholson's Nek, White was naturally cautious. The troops also were engaged on heavy fatigue and garrison duty, being chiefly occupied in building defences for the town. Had the natives been hired or even impressed, as a military necessity, with good pay, black labor might have accomplished much of this work. Indigent natives afterwards had to be fed, and no great difficulty stood in the way of their employment, as in Kimberley and Mafeking, leaving the troops free for military purposes. But close investment was not expected until farmers from the South flocked

into Ladysmith with stories of wanton outrage and plunder, and it dawned on the little garrison that they were being hemmed in. The cordon grew tighter, and on the 4th, the enemy was seen hovering in the vicinity of Colenso, where the line crosses the Tugela. General French left on the armored train for Durban that morning to arrange for reinforcements, and the cars were shelled ineffectually. Later in the day the small garrison holding Colenso was attacked and driven south, the rails were torn up, hills in the vicinity closely occupied, and despite two desperate and successful sorties, the isolation of Ladysmith, with its garrison of ten thousand men, was completed on the following day.

CHAPTER VI

Cape Town: Political and Military. — Landing of the Army. — Buller's Force. — Disposition of the Columns.

Adamastor rose in his wrath, and in the garb of politics swept down the Caudine forks of Afrikanderism, upsetting the habitual calm that Cape Town derives from its guardian giant Table Mountain.

By an accident of transportation I was outside the Boer lines; but there was a moment of doubt — could this be a British colony? The Union Jack was waving and the "gentleman in khaki" was on the street — it was Cape Town, not Pretoria. Yet Boer successes all along the line, Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking invested! Whence, then, these smiling faces, the guttural congratulations, the portentous air, *asinus portat mysteria?*

"We cannot help rejoicing at the victory of our brothers over British oppression," said my acquaintance, an *habitué* of Camp Street.

"Oppression?"

"Well, yes. 'Africa for Afrikanders,' you know, like your favorite theme, 'Cuba for the Cubans.'"

Cuba! South Africa! My mind reverted to the far Antilles, — the starving women and children, perishing conscripts, the shambles of la Cabaña, the *deportados*, — scenes of war, murder, starvation, and sudden death; of a land dripping with blood under Weyler's iron hand. I looked around me: the young Afrikanders were parading on the strength of the "good news;" there was a general and open jubilation over imperial reverse. *Ons Land*, a newspaper that surpassed Pretorian sheets in virulence and rabid invective, and other notorious pro-Boer organs were on the street. But where was British oppression?

My friend could not specify grievances. True, the Colony made its own laws, determined its own revenue, boasted its own parliament. Stranger yet, the Dutch, I mean the Afrikander party, these victims of oppression, were in absolute power. They had elected their own Cabinet, held their debates in Dutch, and by the freest of representative franchise, ran the colony — a British colony — as they listed. But all this is not enough for your retrogressive Cape-Boer. He had one and only one fault to find with the liberal constitution of this Crown colony: it guarantees equal rights to all; and an Englishman or American has the same privileges as he has, and the black also if he has the educational qualifications of a voter. In short, here is a country every bit as free and universal as the United States, with the

protection of England's vast resources, for which the colonists are not taxed one penny. No wonder the intelligent foreigner, after suffering under the administrators of the Transvaal, welcomes the prospect of the extension of such a constitution north of the Vaal, since his efforts to gain a true republic, under which all could become citizens of the land of their adoption, had proved abortive and hopeless.

Of course ere long I located the loyal sections, and though quieter they are in majority. And in the gatherings that pray for British victory and work for the soldiers of their empire, the visitor, even if he thinks he knows his Cape Town well in peace, will be surprised to find so large a proportion Dutch. The war has wrought many changes, dividing the sheep, the goats, and the wolves in sheep's clothing; but the progressive element of the Dutch, the very best of that *Taal*-speaking race, has come out strongly for country and Queen. Like their historical relatives in North America, they have quietly accepted the rule under which their destiny is cast, and by reason of their ties to the country they are the best people South Africa could have. For nearly a century they have lived under British rule; they believe in its benefits, since the people's is the hand that guides it. These Dutch loyalists are the salt of the earth, and every year their number grows in combination for the common good.

And note these well, gentle Americans of Dutch

descent! Your sympathies have been enlisted for the Boer republics because you feel that they are peopled by those of your own blood. Granted the sturdy development of Boer character, the corruption and oppression of the countries cannot be gainsaid. Ere you throw your sympathy with the misguided, look well into the race, for the ties of blood and language are more fancied than real. History will show you that the *voortrekkers* were not the purest or the most enlightened Dutch. If you are guided by race do not overlook the pure Dutch merchants, traders, and professional men who remained near Cape Town. Their language was the language of your progenitors — not *Taal.* To-day they speak the English language with you; they are your true blood relatives and they share your truest ideals. They have spent nearly a century with Anglo Saxons, making a common cause and a common country.

Granted that their first aim is loyalty to the Queen, but they are the true *Knickerbockers* of South Africa, and their second aim, "to bind together all nationalities, English, Dutch, French, and German, savors of the highest Americanism. With that object there is a guild to counteract the evil genii of the Bond. Enrolled therein, besides prominent people of British extraction (Irish included), are the descendants of the best Dutch, French, Huguenot, and German Lutheran families in the colony. With Sir Peter and Lady Faure, the Van der Byls, de Jonghs, Gries-

bachs, Silberbauers, Van Rynevelds, Smits, Van Bredas, Redelinghuis, and Zalms, and a host of others that would fill this chapter to mention, the British flag will be safe in South Africa, for they were born under it and appreciate the full measure of its liberty.

If blood be thicker than water, it is with the Dutch loyalists that you should sympathize as your nearest kin. Do not forget the homes of these people on the borders, sacked because their conscience forbade their accepting arms to fight against their Queen; nor the homeless women whose husbands have been flung into Pretoria jail because, though Dutch, they refused the mandates of the republics. Their lot is every bit as hard as that of the lonely Boer women of the Transvaal or Free State. You have been led to believe that this struggle is Dutch versus English, and that the former, republican and colonial, are united in a common cause. Make no such mistake.

The following figures are given as the strength of the races in South Africa: —

	British	*Dutch*
Cape Colony	146,224	228,627
Natal	51,000	10,000
Transvaal	120,000	125,000
Free State	6,791	70,925

In Cape Colony, among the British enumerated above, are several thousand young settlers who have no franchise, and the Dutch vote, almost to a

man. Yet with this great Dutch preponderance, the Bond has returned minorities, and the majority, neither the Dutch nor the British, but the intelligent residents of South Africa irrespective of nationality, have legislated in direct opposition to the republics. The Transvaal has been especially bitter against the Cape Colonists, and has favored, not the Dutch, but the Bondites only, who are disciples of Reitz and in some sympathy with Krugerism. To-day the Bond enjoys only a slight majority gained through the split in the Rhodes party. Do not forget the Dutch on the other side. Ask Dr. Lindley, once prominent with you, now major in Remington's corps. He knows.

It was with the Bondites that I cast my lot for observation, and I was not supposed to learn these things. So great was the desire of my pro-Boer friends to imbue within me an appreciation of their cause when they learned that my pen might reach the press of the American people, from whom they expect so much, that they ignored veracity or consistent statement; and much as there is to be said on their side, they are their own enemies and should be saved from prejudicing their own cause. My overrated introduction to a certain Bond leader read: "The bearer by pen and sword fought for the independence of Cuba. He loves the liberty of all men, and represents some leading American papers. Give him all assistance in your power to learn the truth

of the deplorable state of South Africa." I fear my conception of liberty differed from theirs, but it was not from want of presentation to their cause.

"Africa for Afrikanders" the rallying cry of the Bond, would be correctly rendered "Africa for the ultra Cape Dutch." I had expected to find in its ranks at least the English Radicals of the colony, but I found none save the Hofmeyers, Sauers, and such. The British Africander, even of the third and fourth generation, has an inherent love of the country of his early progenitors. *Ons land* to him is England. But note this, ultra loyalist and ultra Bondite! Sustain your loyalty, the one to the mother country, the other to tradition, but remember, "our land," *ons land*, Africa, should be your cry, that you may combine to rear up a great country and a united people. You, loyalist, must overcome some of your British prejudices; and remember, Bondite, that history records no successful attempt of government moulded on your past ideals. Learn a lesson from the Dutch loyalist, whose motto is "Universal liberty for all South Africa."

If the Bond has had a definite policy to achieve an independent Dutch South Africa, its members have shown neither foresight nor intelligence in its pursuance, and have developed no disposition themselves to strike the blow. These Bondites did not know their England well—they know it better to-day.

Their founder, Mr. Reitz, jumped into the State-secretaryship of the Transvaal when gold promised a harvest for Afrikander ideals, and they inwardly hoped that by his infusion to Boer politics the fighting of Kruger and Steyn would extort a further exhibition of British magnanimity, mistaken as cowardice by Afrikanders, and accomplish the overthrow of Anglo Saxon dominance in South Africa.

The Boer summary of British impotence mentioned in a previous chapter had circulated freely throughout Afrikanderdom. It was borne out by successive reverses to the imperial arms. But jubilation was turned to fear when the more thoughtful element realized the possibility of Crown control swept away for the institution of Boer supremacy on Kruger lines. Scales dropped from the eyes of these Bondites; they perceived the Transvaal Charybdis looming on their political horizon to obscure the small Colonial Office Scylla. Kruger was by no means the Washington for their independence, neither did they desire their destiny shaped by the more popular Steyn. Their racial sympathies had been with the republics as they stood, objects of British aggression. But when they disclosed armaments of which the Cape Dutch had never dreamed, and soon dreaded, the danger of Boer dominance caused representative colonials of all creeds to rally to the imperial cause.

Thousands of ignorant border farmers, however,

prompted by the early action of the Bond, and misled by Kruger's bibliomancy, took up arms against the British. They aided the sacking of loyalists homes, and traitorously acted as spies on all occasions. They looted and bushwhacked with the Boers, counting on Bond influence and British magnanimity to escape the penalties of high treason if they had jumped on the losing side, with the certainty of a rich haul in the spoils if the republics were victorious.

Kruger's threat that if these traitors were held responsible for their treachery he would inflict reprisal on British prisoners of war will gain him scant sympathy from the civilized world. The Government warned the colonial Dutch of the penalties of treason; those who replied by taking up arms against their country, wantonly destroying the homes of loyalists, many of their own tongue and blood, must abide by the result.

I could fill a chapter with the sloth, deceit, and general shortcomings of the inland Dutch farmer, though, in deference to the many intelligent Dutch British subjects, a special term should distinguish this type of Afrikander. Olive Schreiner, who is prejudiced enough in their favor, says that the *Taal* "cannot express a subtle emotion or abstract conception, or wide generalization." Their limitations and ignorance must be experienced to be appreciated.

The absence of principle in the true Boer, colonial

or republican, and his bigotry, is unparalleled by any other white race. There are many rebel farmers who looted their neighbors' stock, and to-day are coolly preparing a heavy bill for personal damages, — fraudulent claims under the clauses of imperial compensation. These men drove their own and neighbors' herds to the enemy, receiving commandeer notes from the Boer officials, to be redeemed "when the English were driven into the sea." They are now ready to present these notes to the British government on the plea that the supplies were forcibly commandeered, and thus receive recompense, not only for their own goods, but for the stolen property of the loyalists. These latter have no papers to prove their losses, having been driven out in the night to seek a refuge in British lines by the fusillade of a gang of local traitors acting for the republics, but whom they were unable to recognize.

At six Dutch farm-houses in succession I once strove to obtain aid for a wounded black; all these gentry, typical of their kind, gave insults instead of mercy. The sturdy wife of a German settler proffered everything, including her bed, had we needed it. I have yet to meet the man of this very general type who can look one straight in the eye. The Transvaal Boer especially has that hangdog expression, the shifty eye, that is apt to evoke a perhaps unjust contempt. And it is because of their limitations,

their colossal ignorance, that it is foolish to overrate the rebellious instincts of the colonial Boers.

Looters and swindlers should be treated as common criminals, not by court martial or by special tribunal so that the culprits pose as martyrs. Already the traitorous Bond organ *Ons Land*, when referring to the summary trial of such, heads the article, "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb," and so forth. The colonial officials who in violation of their oaths of office received the Boers with open arms deserve severe treatment. The ringleaders of the rebels should be sentenced to imprisonment for life, and released when the war is over. But the simple Afrikanders who took up arms when the Republicans hoisted the *vierkleur* in their district, and annexed it, deserve every consideration. The men who were taken resisting under arms merit what they are receiving — from six months to a year in prison; though they should be released if the war closes earlier.

But those surrendering, and even those sneaking home hoping to escape detection, need no such punishment. With Abderitan simplicity they imbibed the propagated lies of Boer leaders; they saw British territory invaded with impunity, and believed Ladysmith taken, White killed, Buller a prisoner, and the British army dispersed, even as their local papers told them. There is much excuse for these. Now that they find their leaders *sur les joncs*, the Boers

retreating, and the *rooineks* in possession, they are very ready to resume the rôle of peace. Disenfranchisement will be a necessary measure for those men, until after the war. They do not deserve the power of vote, until they have grasped the propædeutic lessons of their empire and its responsibilities. By this disenfranchisement, at least thirteen rabid Bond members of the Legislative Assembly will be unseated in the next election. This will crumble the narrow Bond majority and overthrow the present ministry. But it would be madness to enforce the severe penalties urged by many loyalists.

The blundering of the Bond is in a measure responsible for these traitors. Bond members have welcomed the enemy to their homes and have extended a willing hospitality to the leaders. Bond blunders in the past misled the Pretorian war party to rely on unanimous rising of the Cape Dutch when hostilities opened. But in the eleventh hour, when this caucus had taken fullest advantage of political liberty and found their selfish interests likely to suffer, they paraded their tardy loyalty, waved the Union Jack, and sang "God save the Queen."

The Bond members meet in an old Dutch mansion in Cape Town, a salon presided over by a talented Dutch lady, the Madame de Staël of Afrikanderism. The average members of the Bond may be easily detected; they are polished editions of the Boer,— ample-waisted, bewhiskered men in tall hats, frock

coats, and the omnipresent rucked up trousers reaching to the top of elastic side-boots. At the last Cape general election, the numerical inequality of polling districts returned an ultra-Dutch majority. The Bond was the inspiration of this Parliament — it was the power behind the ministry. The Bond decreed neutrality of the colony in a British war, and that neutrality was in part effected. In consequence, the Cape ministry stands charged with responsibility for the early success of the Boer invasion; and the Prime Minister, Mr. Schreiner, has not escaped the brand of traitor, though history will show how little he deserved the opprobrious epithet.

But Cape disloyalty has been talked of and magnified for political effect until every colonial of Dutch extraction in South Africa is looked upon as a traitor and all Bond members as active factors in the war. Bear in mind the blood relationship of the South African Dutch; British subject or Boer, he sprang from the same stock, though environment has greatly determined his characteristics. The active and passive sympathy for the republics among representative Afrikanders is chiefly racial. The intelligent Dutch colonial knows that he enjoys a government republican in all but name. His liberty also is guaranteed by his inclusion in the most powerful empire in the world.

It is charged that the Bond has conspired, in no very intelligent fashion, with Germany. The Rhodes-

ite party claims to have positive proof that a noted Bond leader received £2000 for electioneering purposes from the "Berliner Handelsgesellschaft," and other evidence of apparent German intrigue is not wanting. But Mr. Hofmeyr, the chairman, speaking for the Bond, was the first to resent the Emperor William's congratulatory cable, and in an open letter to the colony stated that the seizure of Damaraland would be the first act of the opposition of United South Africans to German aggression; and I know that he personally warned Kruger not to count upon Germany as a factor in the war with England.

Even the ultra Bondites of Cape Colony have progressed far more during the past decade than have their brother Afrikanders in the republics, and the more enlightened members have sustained the Bond as a Dutch co-operative society, little influenced by its avowed ideals. Many of the most prominent men in present Bond circles have used the association only as a means to defeat the Rhodes party at all hazards — not to lessen imperial control. With them it is the old story of resort to every device for political capital, and invariably such devices are reactive. The future will show that these men, by dabbling with the anti-British party in colony and republics have played directly into the hands of their political opponents.

Forgetting in their factional hatred that the Rhodes party, professedly at least, was the imperial party,

that by aiming so injudiciously at their opponents it has appeared that they were aiming at the Crown, these Afrikanders have thrown reckless political boomerangs that are reverting to their own heads.

With the preponderance of home opinion behind them, the imperialist party are not only urging extreme measures against the republics, but they will attempt a general political humiliation of the Bondites.

The loyalist has learned many things by bitter experience. In part, his ancestors have lived in South Africa as long as the Bondites. Those of British extraction are there to stay, and many can go back to colonial great-grandfathers. They have been forced to remain quietly under what they term a "traitorous alien administration of a Crown colony." They have suffered severely in places by what they feel to be the wilful neglect of the present party, and they resent continuance of the Afrikander ministry. And these intelligent Dutch and the British South Africans desire to forever end the dominance of the Bond.

Unfortunately the endogamy of the British and Dutch has been sustained too strongly for a large common stock to arise as true Afrikanders. In the fusion of the races lies the only hope for future South Africa. In glancing over a recent marriage register, I was gratified to notice the greatly increasing number of unions of Dutch and British names. While

pessimists despair, here is the rising star of South African hope. And Dutch men of all classes and creeds, and many a faltering Britisher as well, have learned new lessons of the empire of which they are an integral part. They have seen French and English Canadians shouldering their rifles with colonials of all climes for a common cause; they have realized now the fallacy of those who had so clearly outlined the rottenness of the solid fabric of the British empire. And the ignorant border-farmer, whose vote makes him an element of danger, has learned his lesson from the thousands of troops "that have swarmed up from the sea." Already I have noted a change in his tone, — he is prouder now of being a British subject, and has learned an infinite respect for those little pieces of paper with "V. R." and a crown as a heading, and "God save the Queen" on the last line.

Note this change, loyalist! As you stand in the ruins of your homestead, your furniture smashed to atoms, your bedroom turned into a dung heap; as you see your wife's tears for the ruthless destruction of relics of bygone days, for her home, once the pride and joy of her woman's heart, now a hopeless wreck; as you hear the childish sobs over the pets stolen by this rebel enemy, and rage and despair gnaw at your heart, — note this change! Revenge for these bitter wrongs would be sweet, but magnanimity can work the greater good. Magnanimity cannot now be mis-

taken for fear, and it will be the only salve for future peace in South Africa.

When equality for all men has been firmly established from the Cape to the Zambesi, and all South Africa has come under one flag, do not engender racial issues. Remember that any attempt to humiliate your Dutch neighbors politically for the acts of the more ignorant of their brethren must divide the colonies into hostile camps, British and Afrikander. Furthermore, it will consolidate the Dutch parties, now split into imperialists, anti-republicans, progressives, and Bondites, against you. The breach is wide now, but the Afrikander has learnt his lesson, and it rests greatly with you, British loyalist, to re-establish cordial relations for the sake of future peace and prosperity.

Remember in your bitterness that some high in authority (though, under less tolerant rulers than England, many would have been imprisoned or shot for high treason) did at the eleventh hour stand for Queen and country, and secured the loyalty of thousands of the Dutch, from East London to De Aar, who stood wavering under the subtle promises of the Presidents, and who in rebellion might have cost the colony dearly. Remember also the thousands of loyal Dutchmen, the "Progressive Afrikanders" in the colonial forces, who, true to the flag, went forth with you to fight the invader, and the thousands who deplored the war, disagreed with you

about it, but remained loyal — country, right or wrong — my country. *Bis vincit qui se vincit in victoria.*

To turn from the base political to the base military. Cape Town now is practically the headquarters of the largest army ever sent across the sea, save Weyler's horde so successfully outwitted by the Cuban "handful." After the Tampa fiasco, I was anxious to see the disembarkation of an army without a Shafter. During November and December, England, awakened to the peril of her supremacy in South Africa at the hands of an army of herders, poured her soldiers into the colony in thousands. But transportation in the British army — or I should say navy, since the control of the transports is vested in the Admiralty — has been reduced to a perfect system by lessons of long experience. Entire divisions were moved six and seven thousand miles without a hitch; the system proved capable of efficacious extension from the Indian drafts to an army corps.

In rapid succession great transports swung alongside the massive South Arm, the organization of the Army Service Corps was called into play, and as the living freight marched down the pier and entrained to the front, tons of stores were hoisted from the holds, every box of supplies, case of equipment, or bale of forage designated and apportioned. No confusion and no shortage; the great base, divided into depart-

ments for every military detail, filled the requisitions for the advanced bases, where supply columns were replenished, returns were sorted and checked with the dockets, by which every pound of food for horse or man, or stores from a traction engine to a head rope could be accounted for.

The first army corps, under General Buller, which left England as Dundee and Elandslaagte were being fought, comprised, —

FIRST DIVISION.

Lieutenant-General Lord Methuen.

First Brigade (Guards), Major-General Sir Henry Colvile, K. C. M. G.: 3d Grenadier Guards; 1st Coldstream Guards; 2d Coldstream Guards; 1st Scots Guards.

Second Brigade (English), Major-General Hildyard: 2d West Surrey: 2d Devonshire; 2d West Yorkshire; 2d East Surrey Regiment.

DIVISIONAL TROOPS.

One squadron 14th Hussars; 7th, 14th, and 66th Batteries R. F. A.; ammunition column; 17th Field Company Royal Engineers; 20th Company Army Service Corps; 19th Field Hospital.

SECOND DIVISION.

Lieutenant-General Sir C. F. Clery, K. C. B.

Third Brigade (Scotch), Major-General Andrew Wauchope: 2d Royal Highlanders; 1st Highland Light In-

fantry; 2d Seaforth Highlanders; 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Fourth Brigade (Light Infantry), Major-General Lyttelton: 2d Scottish Rifles (Cameronians); 3d King's Royal Rifles; 1st Durham Light Infantry; 1st Rifle Brigade.

DIVISIONAL TROOPS.

One squadron 14th Hussars; 63rd, 64th, and 73d Batteries R. F. A.; ammunition column; 17th Field Company R. E.; 20th Company A. S. C.; 3d Field Hospital.

THIRD DIVISION.

Lieutenant-General Sir W. Gatacre, K. C. B.

Fifth Brigade (Irish), Major-General Fitzroy Hart: 1st Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; 2d Royal Irish Rifles; 1st Connaught Rangers; 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

Sixth Brigade (Union), Major-General G. Barton: 2d Royal Fusiliers; 2d Royal Scots Fusiliers; 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers; 2d Royal Irish Fusiliers.

DIVISIONAL TROOPS.

Squadron 14th Hussars; 74th, 77th, and 79th Batteries R. F. A.; ammunition column; 12th Field Company R. E.; 29th Company A. S. C.; 7th Field Hospital.

CORPS TROOPS.

13th Hussars; P and G Batteries Royal Horse Artillery; 4th, 38th, and 78th Field, and 37th, 61st, and 65th Howitzer Batteries R. A.; ammunition column; Pontoon troop R. E.; Telegraph division R. E.; 26th Field Com-

pany R. E.; 1st Field Park R. E.; two balloon sections R. E.; 10th Railway Company R. E.; 1st Royal Scots; 21st Company A. S. C.; Field Bakery A. S. C.; 5th Field Hospital; ammunition and supply reserves, each organized in three sections.

Cavalry Division.

Lieutenant-General French.

First Brigade, Major-General Babington: 6th Dragoon Guards; 12th Lancers; 10th Hussars; R Battery R. H. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Alderson's Mounted Infantry; ammunition column; Field Troop R. E.; Company A. S. C.

Second Brigade, Major-General Brabazon: 1st Royal Dragoons; 2d Dragoons (Scots Greys); 6th Dragoons (Inniskillings); D Battery R. H. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel Tudway's Mounted Infantry; ammunition column; Field Troop R. E.; Company A. S. C.

A bearer company Field Hospital and Army Service supply column were attached to each brigade in the army corps. Besides the regular forces, the local colonial corps were mobilized for patrolling, scouting, and guarding the lines of communication.

In Germany and Russia one district furnishes an army corps complete in all its details, but under the scattered military conditions of Greater Britain the mobilization of such a force necessitated the gathering of its component parts from the four winds of the heavens. The expeditious scheduling of widely scattered units, at the distant point of mobilization,

should silence the would-be critics of the British military system.

A complete army corps consists of three full infantry divisions. A division contains two infantry brigades, each of four complete battalions; a brigade division (three batteries) of field artillery; a squadron of cavalry; and attached units, Engineers, Army Service, and Medical Staff corps and ammunition column. The corps troops comprise two horse and six field batteries, the balloon and telegraph sections, railroad company, pontoon troop, field park, and other units, Royal Engineers, one battalion of infantry, with Army Service corps, field hospital, ammunition and supply reserves. The cavalry division attached, now consists of two cavalry brigades (three regiments and one horse battery in each), a battalion of mounted infantry, mounted troop Royal Engineers, with Army Service, Medical Staff corps, and ammunition columns.

The mobilization comprises about 42,000 officers and men, 96 guns, 17,000 animals and 2,150 vehicles, in the fighting force alone. Add to these the men of the various departmental corps, the battalions necessary for sustaining and guarding the lines of communication, and the total runs toward 70,000 men. With the thousands of horses and vehicles required for the Army Service, supply and ammunition columns, hospital and cavalry remount service, and the bullocks and mules for the convoys neces-

sary to feed this mighty host, you will see that it was no mean feat to gather this body of men, animals, and material, six thousand miles from home, little more than five weeks after war was declared. Remember the difficulties faced at Tampa in sending Shafter's small army to a neighboring island; and since the British authorities have now triplicated this original force, you can obtain some idea of the stupendous task that has been so successfully accomplished during the past few months.

The army corps reached Cape Town in the middle of November. The plan of campaign had been conceived at the War Office and elaborated on the voyage by General Buller and his staff; but great things had transpired in the meantime, and he landed in Cape Town to find an entirely different and far more difficult problem to solve. When he left England, White's force was adjudged ample to keep Joubert occupied in Natal; the early British victories justified the belief. The army corps, mobilized on the Free State frontier, was to sweep upward through Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The rodomontade of the Boers had evoked contemptuous roars from the self-satisfied British public. The cry "To Pretoria!" was uttered as freely in London, as "À Berlin!" had been in Paris in '70; the awakening, if not so serious, was hardly less bitter. The army had been equally sanguine.

General Buller landed to find Ladysmith invested,

Natal practically at the mercy of the enemy, Kimberley isolated, Mafeking besieged, and strategical points of Cape Colony occupied. Miles of railroad were in the hands of the enemy, thousands of civilians were driven from their homes, their cattle lifted, their stores looted and destroyed. The revenues of the colonies were rapidly declining, and the serious aspect of affairs, especially in Natal, necessitated an entire and rapid change of campaign.

The dominating British idea is to get at the enemy by the shortest route and smash him. But if the foe has great recuperative powers and is not easily get-at-able, it is better to employ strategy that will enable you to draw him from the ground of his own choosing and inflict a blow that will be decisive. In the light of present knowledge the wisdom of the abandoned plan of campaign is evident. An invasion of the republics would have inflicted war on the homeopathic principle *Similia similibus curantur.*

The invasion of the Free State would have relieved Kimberley and lessened the pressure at Ladysmith by the rapid withdrawal of the Free Staters. The Transvaalers could not then have remained long in Natal, but would have moved northward to prepare the defence of their own country. With Buller at Bloemfontein, White would have been released in natural sequence, and the energy expended in futile attempts to relieve Ladysmith would have been reserved for decisive campaigns north of the Zand.

But the speedy relief of the beleaguered cities was decided upon for political reasons, — the effect on the Cape Dutch overruling military plans. Methuen took part of his division to De Aar to prepare for the relief of Kimberley, but Hildyard was detached with his brigade from this division and sent to Durban; Barton's brigade followed. French was despatched to Naaupoort to hold the important railway junction. Gatacre disembarked at East London to check disaffection in the Stormberg district, but Natal became the chief theatre of war. The stream of reinforcements was diverted to the Garden Colony, and Clery was appointed in supreme command south of the Tugela.

Transports came and went, troops were landed and sent to the front or were ordered on to East London and Durban, but Cape Town, the quaint, went on its way, apparently not greatly disturbed by the presence of 60,000 refugees from the republics and border towns, and the stream of arms passing by sea and land, with the reflux of the early wounded of the war. The batches of Boer prisoners attracted sympathy and attention from their local friends, and, from what I could judge, the soiled, repulsive-looking burghers found their prison quarters and prison rations anything but disagreeable. But there were others, too, survivors of the educated Johannesburg commando, interesting, intelligent men, many of Holland or colonial birth or educated Boers, who

liked neither the companionship of their wretched compatriots nor the inaction, though these were loud in praise of their treatment, their gratitude being voiced aptly by Colonel Schiel, "First these British tried to kill us by bullets, and now by kindness."

But later instalments had none of this refining leaven; typical Transvaalers, they were a sorry crew, — pitiful exhibitions of what men of fine races can sink to when removed from civilization, with an environment that negatives education or progress. Yet the Boer has had the same chances as the sturdy pioneers of the Western hemisphere. But while those whom fortune directly favored in the gold glut gave their sons education, of themselves the Boers do not beget Garfields nor the early traits of the many-sided Franklin.

The soldiers halted in or near the capital, whether volunteers from Fort Wynyard or the passing regulars detached, had a royal time. The best in the place was theirs; and wise indeed were the authorities to hold only necessary files at the base, rushing regiments right through, for the restraints of discipline were hardly proof against the excessive and often mistaken kindness of those who wished to show appreciation of the soldiers of their empire.

More practical than these donors of strong drink, the black citizens formed a patriotic league to supply all the strawberries and other fruit that could be used in the base-hospitals during the war; and as

their color forbade their fighting for their Queen, they volunteered to take the place of railway patrols, without pay, so that the white guards could go forth to fight.

And loyal Doctor Versfeld, to the horror of the Bond, called together the Dutch loyalists at Stellenbosch, and equipped a hospital with beds, doctors, and nurses for the wounded; and the moderator of the Synod called on the ministers to preach against the sin of disloyalty. Further yet, the Irish of Cape Town and environs held a mass meeting in their hundreds, and pledged their loyalty to the empire, adding that if British rule in the past had been hard for Ireland, there was the greater need for the Irish to-day to denounce like oppression in the Transvaal and further its suppression. An Irish Jenny Geddes hurled a rolling pin at "His riverence," who in her own house told her to pray for the Boers.

Politics figure somewhat in British religious life. The nonconformists are usually Liberals or Radicals, and those bitterly opposed to the war in England may generally be found in the ranks of the Dissenters. Hence the attitude of the religious bodies in South Africa are of moment. The Episcopalians, being of the Church of England, naturally are warm supporters of the Crown. The Presbyterians, who are less influenced by the power of Church and State, have also come out in full expression of imperial

support. The Methodists maintain that liberty and justice for black and white can only be maintained by the extinction of the Transvaal Republic. The Congregationalists and Baptists are of like opinion; and for once religious opinions of all denominations are agreed. The Catholics and Jews, save three rabid Irish priests of the former, have also taken the same ground. These people are on the spot, and are not all influenced by Rhodes and capital. Then the Americans in South Africa gathered at Cape Town and passed an almost unanimous resolution supporting the British policy, and a unanimous amendment advising the citizens of the United States to maintain individual neutrality in word and deed.

There was a touch of pathos when the local Mohammedans, the descendants of the East Indians shipped as slaves by the Dutch Company, had their meeting, and the patriarchs told the story of the horrors of the early days. They passed resolutions of gratitude to England for rescuing their fathers from slavery, and the *imaums* formed committees to aid the British wounded. And so it was up-country in the native *kraals*, where the ignorant blacks, despite the overbearing conduct of colonists to "damned niggers," had learned the equality of British justice for black or white, and were full of loyalty to "our mother the Queen," even as they expressed terrible hatred of the Boers.

But, to the war!

CHAPTER VII

NATAL. — THE INVASION SOUTH. — ARMORED TRAIN DISASTER. — BREAKING COMMUNICATIONS. — WILLOW GRANGE. — LADYSMITH DURING SIEGE. — FORMATION OF RELIEVING COLUMN. — BULLER'S ARRIVAL. — COMMISSARIAT OF THE BRITISH ARMY. — HOSPITAL SERVICE. — READY FOR BATTLE.

HILDYARD'S was the first brigade to reach Durban. The enemy was then ravaging the country around Pietermaritzburg and menacing the capital. Having shut in White but failing to take Ladysmith by an attack in force on November 9th, Joubert threw a column boldly across the Tugela. By moving round the flanks of British posts along the railroad, the advance guard started with a clear march to the coast, threatening the line at all points. The fighting of the Ladysmith garrison had disillusioned the least sanguine burgher as to the bravery of the hitherto despised British soldier, and caused this raid to be carried out with caution; though the surprise was mutual, for Natal was dumbfounded at the steady march south. Many who knew the Boer well declared that one salutary lesson would send the burghers home; but Talana, Elandslaagte, and Riet-

fontein had but served as spurs to urge them to greater effort. They had not planned with passion; they executed without haste, but without hesitancy. Factional exigencies at first marred their unity of purpose, but the short campaign had evolved decisive resolution and consecutive execution. In place of a horde of herders, an effective, well-armed enemy, with the advantage of choice of position unusually fitted for defence, was to be faced. The rapid arrival of the first brigade of the relief column disconcerted the advanced commandoes, and they planned at once to cut the railroad line at various points and stay the advance, abandoning their raid to the coast, though already the very heart of the colony was at their mercy.

But even at Durban there was some alarm until Hildyard arrived, though the presence of the fleet rendered such fears ridiculous. The Jackies were spoiling for a fight. The excitement of seizing prizes hardly sufficed, and there was little to be gained but hard work in overhauling neutral ships. British naval officers were amused at the howl of indignation raised at their "unprecedented" action in holding up ships going to a port directly connected with the enemy. For precedent they refer to the Civil War, when American warships held up vessels bound for neutral ports in the Bahamas and which contained only food and clothing, ultimately destined, but without proof, for blockade runners supplying the Confederates.

A Seizure of Sixty-Two

Toward the close of 1862, the British steamers "Calypso," "Ruby" and "Flora," bound for Nassau with supplies, coaled at Funchal, Madeira. While in port, thousands of miles from the scene of war, they were held up by the United States warship "Tuscarora," under Commodore Craven, who cleared for action and waited just beyond the three-mile limit. Forbidden to leave port at night, and capture being imminent by day, the steamers finally decided rather to risk the Portuguese guns, and they ran out under cover of the darkness. With the aim of their Spanish cousins, the gunners at Loo Fort failed to hit the mark; but their shots alarmed the "Tuscarora," which opened with a broadside on the "Calypso."

Unfortunately, Craven had relied on the Portuguese to hold the ships through the night, and was caught unawares, his three prizes finally escaping in the darkness, though enough shots were fired to have sunk the vessels had there been sufficient light for the Yankee gunners. These were British ships sailing from one English port to another, but the commodore was within his instructions, and the prize court would have sustained his captures. It was refreshing to hear that a certain politician now threatened war because a British warship seized the British steamer "Mashona," which happened to have American supplies on board, bound for the Transvaal, if without the knowledge of the shippers.

Natal is the most progressive country in Africa, thanks to a large preponderance of loyalists over colonial Boers, and the influx of a considerable number of German farmers who have proved excellent colonists. Leaving party squabbles severely alone, the progressive Natalians have expended their energy in the improvement of the colony, and it stands a monument to the British colonial system.

In South Africa the nationality of the owner of a homestead can be told at a glance. The Britisher takes some pride in his farm and dwelling, however humble. The Boer, on the contrary, fences in as much land as he can get, throws up a shanty, and is content. Trees, local improvements, intelligent irrigation are not for him—he squats like a Cuban *guajiro*, without one of the excuses of the latter. The refuse of years is scattered over the ranch, his stoop commands a muck heap, where the Britisher, however poor, insists on his flower-garden. I have been greeted in Dutch from farms the picture of neatness; I found the owners were Hollanders, retaining the inherent cleanliness of their race; and with such may be classed the Germans and Danes.

In the comfortable settlements in Natal the Boers found a land of promise, "flowing with milk and honey" and defenceless against their looting. Commandoes swept down from Helpmakaar through the Umvoti, annexing the districts, appointing one Vormack of Bœotian intelligence, *landdrost* at Umsinga.

Through local traitors, the homes of the absent Umvoti Rifle Volunteers, several of German extraction, were "marked with B" and ruthlessly looted. Their hapless wives and children were turned out in the storm with permission to enter and help eat out Ladysmith, or make their way down country as they might. These human locusts then swept south through the Highlands, where the unfortunate farmers from North Natal had driven their flocks for safety. Every ranch was filled with the stock of refugees, and the Boers made rich hauls, ruthlessly destroying the homes of loyalists, smashing the furniture and fittings, and killing poultry and such animals as could not be removed. The Cooper's sheep-dip stored at several of the farms was poured into the ponds and wells to poison horse and man drinking therefrom.

The wholesale commandeering from the neutral *keurlings* and summary execution of the blacks who opposed it only add to the injustice of the raid. The Catholic missions in northern Natal suffered severely. The peaceful nuns, many Irish Sisters of Charity, were forced to flee, and suffered great indignities. They gathered, however, to nurse sick and wounded soldiers at Eastcourt, Maritzburg, and Durban, and in common with the devoted nuns of Mafeking, Ladysmith, and Kimberley, they have earned the everlasting gratitude of the British army.

The Natalians had gathered at the stations on the

railroad, where they joined the volunteers mobilized to defend the colony. The Rifle Associations were also enrolled for defence under Symons and Ross; but these local forces and the small garrison at Eastcourt were only able to guard the towns and railroads, and could do little to check the raiders who dodged around them on the flanks, or Joubert and the centre commandoes advancing direct, through Colenso, from Ladysmith.

Colonel Long, commandant at Eastcourt, prepared to defend the township, though he must eventually have retired but for the tardy advent of two naval quick-firers from Durban. The navy had seemed not too ready to detach men and guns for land service, though, when the grave aspect in Natal was appreciated on the flagship, guns and sailors were landed, narrowly averting more serious disaster in Ladysmith, where the field guns were outranged and ineffective against the improved guns of the Boers. Incidentally, criticism of Admiral Harris for his delay in aiding the military led to the ducking of a certain well known Cape editor by a party of naval officers; who overlooked British fairness, and have been pulled up sharply for their folly.

The mountings of the naval guns for field service deserve special notice. Captain Scott, R. N., secured ordinary broad-tired wagon-wheels, bolted a stout pile to the deck gun-mounting for a trail, and thus rigged field carriages for the heavy 12-pounders.

Carriages for the 4.7 Lyddite were also constructed from piles. Though experts prophesied that the baulks would be splintered by the recoil, and the fastenings torn out, the guns, ranged for high-angle fire, threw shell 9,000 yards and 12,000 yards respectively, and equalled the Creusots of the enemy. Jack is a born wag, and ere the guns were despatched up country, inscriptions were placed on each. "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful. Oom Paul" and "Those who sup with me will require a devil of a long spoon" ranked with others more original if less pertinent.

The armored train, first used, perhaps, in war by the French in their successful sortie on the Saarbruck road, has played an important part in South African warfare without enhancing its value. It was used daily for reconnaissance beyond Eastcourt with slight success, and well earned its name "the death trap." On November 15th the train with one company each, the Dublin Fusiliers under Captain Haldane, and the Durban volunteers under Captain Wylie, went up the line to reconnoitre beyond Frere. Boer pickets were observed on the hills, but the train went recklessly forward to Chieveley, where it became engaged with the enemy and started to retire. It was wrecked on the steep gradient toward Frere, and the concealed enemy, bursting from the kopjes, opened on the overturned cars with guns and rifles. Under a terrific fire several men were shot before they

could extricate themselves from the wreck. The uninjured cars, cased in sheet iron and without entrance, were not shell proof, and the troops were forced to clamber out of the open tops to seek cover beyond the permanent way. Numbers were thus shot down.

Lieutenant Frankland was the only officer unhurt, and with the English Mr. Winston Churchill, who is, of course, American on his mother's side, and a few volunteers, he started to clear the wreck. The terrible Vickers Maxim poured in a continual stream of shells, its incessant phut-phut sounding like a freight-yard shunter, as it was directed first on the engine, then on the damaged trucks. Covered by the ineffectual firing of their comrades, the party worked with a will, however, and the line was finally levered clear under a hail of projectiles. The uninjured trucks were then pushed up; but a shell had destroyed the engine coupling, steam was escaping from the boiler in a dozen places, and delay in coupling the cars with rope would have sealed its fate. The dead and wounded, therefore, were loaded on the tender, and while the survivors held the Boers in check, Wegner turned on steam. Two parting shells burst among his freight of wounded, mangling them terribly, but the leaking locomotive finally ran clear, and dashed off to Eastcourt for help.

After aiding the engineer to run out of range, Churchill dropped off the cab and returned to assist the troops, who were now losing heavily. When

their last cartridge had been expended some stood by their wounded and were forced to surrender; others, who attempted to escape, were followed and shot down by Boer horsemen. The survivors were sent to Pretoria, only fifty of the entire party escaping scathless.

General Hildyard arrived at Eastcourt on the day of the disaster to prepare camp for his brigade. Native scouts, Basutos employed for this service, reported the Boers closing rapidly on the township. There were but 150 mounted troops in the command, a mixed force of volunteers and police under Colonel Martyn. They were soon in touch with Joubert's advance, but could do little to check the enemy, several patrols having narrow escapes. The Boers, however, fearing a rear attack from Weenen, which was unoccupied, détoured half their command from the railroad in that direction, and it was three days before they appeared in force before Eastcourt.

The West Yorkshire regiment and Naval artillery detachment had arrived in the interval, and as a commando moved from Gourton road and halted beside the railroad bridge beyond the town, which it expected to capture with ease, the naval gunners dropped shell into it, and caused a speedy retirement. The remainder of Hildyard's brigade was then hurried up from Durban, and Joubert decided against attacking. He moved his forces round the flanks, reinforcing the looting column that had moved

South through Umvoti to break communications with Maritzburg.

Handicapped by lack of cavalry, field artillery, and transport, the British commander was perhaps justified in delaying aggressive operations until he had prepared for the defence of Eastcourt. Yet, as the Boers marched in comparatively broken commands, looting an extensive district, it is open to debate whether some hard blows might not have been struck to check the unopposed march southward.

Barton's brigade, which had followed Hildyard's closely, was hurrying to the front, when the Boers who had moved round Hildyard's flank seized the railroad behind him at Highlands and Willow Grange, forcing the two companies of the Queen's holding the stations to retire. Thus, by what Mr. Young would call chessboard strategy, they checked Barton's advance at Mooi River and isolated Eastcourt. A strong force with artillery occupied Mitcheson's Cutting, tearing up the line. The Ermelo commando simultaneously destroyed the railroad from Eastcourt to Colenso through Chieveley and Ennersdale. Making bonfires with the tarred sleepers, the burghers brought the rails to a red heat and twisted them round adjoining telegraph posts, thus rendering the relaying difficult.

The Boers acted on the assumption, partly justified by subsequent fact, that the British would not or could not leave the railroad. With astounding

boldness parties of the mobile enemy shelled the camp at Mooi River, then passed rapidly on round Barton's flank, looting farms close to Weston and seizing much stock destined for the Mooi River abattoirs. The railroad at Nottingham road was then occupied, and Barton's communications with Maritzburg obstructed. Thus two important British commands, impotent through lack of transport and cavalry, were rendered temporarily ineffective by a body of raiders. The stock of the Natal Stud company proved a valuable remount depot for the Boers, who cleared every animal from the compound, including numerous chargers that would soon have fetched fancy prices from British officers.

The loyal farmers paid dearly for their loyalty. While they guarded the towns the Boers raided the defenceless homesteads as far south and west as Impendhla, shooting such as dared resist them. Mr. Rawlinson, a prominent colonial, was killed by Boshof; but most of the males were absent, and the defenceless women and children fled in abject terror before the invaders. Many plucky women, however, defied the enemy and remained alone to guard their homes.

Like the postmistress of Lady Grey, who tore down the *vierkleur* and hoisted the Union Jack in the centre of an invading commando, or Barbara Frietchie of earlier fame, one brave Scotchwoman, nailing a flag over the lintel, confronted a looting

party with a stout cudgel and sharp tongue. A lusty Boer, attempting to force an entrance to the house, was repulsed with a cracked pate, which raised a laugh against him. Some then suggested burning her out, but the *veldt cornet* intervened, and the simple Christians contented themselves with driving off her stock, looting the widow's mealies from an outhouse, and stealing her Cape cart to remove the same. (Matthew xxiii. 14.)

This wholesale devastation has proved a hard blow to plucky little Natal, which for its own defence has spent $150,000 a month on the local volunteers. The colonists have also contributed liberally to destitute Uitlanders, and in the final settlement some grant of land or special railroad concessions should be made to reimburse the colony.

Thorneycroft's Horse and Bethuen's Horse skirmished along the lines of communication, the former attacking the enemy as they looted the farms of Cope and Turner near Mooi River station, forcing them to release the two captured families, though the seized stock and furniture had previously been removed. Some Natal police also found the enemy looting along the incomplete Greytown line, through the thorn country, and drove them off with loss. But these forces were as effective as Dame Partington's broom. Ten times stronger numerically, these irregulars could have swept back the in-

vaders, inflicting salutary lessons with a mobility and tactics equal to the Boers. But unfortunately, with the material in plenty for the asking, England has not fostered her colonial auxiliaries, — a striking proof in South Africa that war was not anticipated.

Hildyard did not long remain idle at Eastcourt. Severely hampered by the lack of cavalry, he decided to make a night attack on the main Boer position to clear the line south to Mooi River. On the afternoon of November 22d the general felt his way forward toward Willow Grange. The West Yorks were on the left, the East Surrey in the centre, and the Queen's (West Surrey) on the right, the Border Regiment supporting, with the 7th Field Battery and a heavy naval quick firer hauled by thirty oxen. The force reached M'Konghlwani, or Beacon Hill, without opposition and by stupendous effort the naval gun was hauled up the precipitous sides of the "Hill of Mists," and placed in position commanding the enemy's main battery on Brynbella Hill. The Boer gunners under Krantz speedily found the British gun and opened very accurately with a heavy Creusot. This fire was silenced, however, before sunset.

The infantry halted on the hill in the most frightful hailstorm within Natal's memory, passing many miserable hours of that bitterly cold night until the order was given to advance, to sur-

prise the sleeping laagers. The West Yorks and the Surreys under Colonel Kitchener, guided by a local farmer named Chapman, advanced silently against the position, and commenced to climb Brynbella. The Yorks, who were assailing the western slope, losing direction in the darkness, crossed over a lower portion of the ridge, and were fired into by the Surrey men climbing up on that side; and the lines clashed with fixed bayonets, several being killed and wounded ere the mistake was discovered.

The Boers were thoroughly alarmed, however, and as the British turned and scrambled up to the higher portion of the crest they were met with a withering fire. Guided by the rifle flashes, and not waiting to reply, they closed in with the bayonet, the burghers flying *en masse* down the hillside, leaving their horses, hobbled in their brutal three-legged fashion, on the summit, and all their camp effects. The hill was captured just before daybreak.

Commandant Joubert, nephew to the general, was in command at Willow Grange, though the similarity of names led the British generals to report the commandant general as commanding in person, and General Buller's official despatch shows the same error. Realizing the danger of placing himself between two forces, the younger Joubert had secured a line of retreat through roads running to Greytown, from which he could circle round to Ladysmith

again. He had been apprised of a movement on the south of Mooi River, the commando at Nottingham road had been forced to evacuate before they had effectively destroyed the line, and the appearance of the naval gun before him led him to fear a concerted attack on both sides. The sailors' shells of the afternoon also had been ranged to a nicety, and the gunners desired no resumption at daybreak.

Under cover of the darkness they had made preparations to hastily change their position; the heavy gun had been taken to a place of safety, the five field guns were removed to a succeeding crest. The commandoes had just bivouacked on the two ridges, when the British attacked and drove them from Brynbella.

The mounting of the naval gun in broad daylight had thus marred the surprise which otherwise would have led to the capture of the Boer artillery and to a decisive rout. For a night surprise this gun should never have been mounted. Its appearance naturally interpreted an intended move to the watchful enemy, and its shells had hastened the change of position.

As the sun rose and the British prepared to follow up the retreating Boers, they were greeted by a terrific artillery and rifle fire from the succeeding ridge, and were gradually forced back over the crest. Other commandoes closed in. The luckless naval gun dare not shell with the British within

range, the field battery was likewise masked, and without artillery support the slender forces were obliged to retire. The hill that had been captured with a loss of four was evacuated with a casualty list of over a hundred. The regiments were steadily withdrawn under a dropping fire, the companies consecutively retiring and covering retirement. The Natal volunteers pluckily supported this movement, and carried down the wounded through a hail of bullets. While thus engaged, Chapman the guide, Fitzpatrick, brother of the author and reform leader, and other prominent colonials were killed.

Some British wounded were overlooked, however, during the retirement, every step of which was covered by the Boers. They received excellent treatment from the Free State ambulance before they were exchanged. Many of the burghers admitted their surprise that they had not been able to swoop down and seize Durban.

News now came that a force of Boers was menacing Eastcourt on the northwest, and Hildyard withdrew his troops to hold the town. The enemy soon retired, and plans for a second attack on Willow Grange were formulated; but Joubert, finding that a small column under the Earl of Dundonald was feeling its way from Mooi River, and another sortie from Eastcourt was imminent, withdrew his guns and wagons on the 25th. Circling round Hildyard within tempting striking distance, the entire Boer

THE LADYSMITH LYRE.

"Let him Lie"—*Old Song*

Vol. I No. 1 27th NOVEMBER, 1899. PRICE—6D.

PROSPECTUS

The *Ladysmith Lyre* is published to supply a long felt want [illegible] town, cut off from the world, is news which you can absolutely rely on as false. The rumours that pass from tongue to tongue may, for all you know, be occasionally true. Our news we guarantee to be false.

In the collection and preparation of falsehoods we shall spare no effort and no expense. It is enough for us that Ladysmith wants stories; it shall have them.

It is possible, however, even in the best regulated newspaper that some truths may unavoidably creep in. To save our readers the trouble of picking them out, these will be published in a special column by themselves. This division of news, into true and false, is an entirely new departure in the history of the public press. Whatever you read in the space devoted to truth, you may believe. The rest of the *Ladysmith Lyre* you may believe, or not, as you like.

LATEST LYRES

FROM OUR OWN DESPONDENTS

(BY WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY)

London, November 5.

A shell from Long Tom burst in the War Office this afternoon. General Brackenbury, Director General of Ordnance, accepted its arrival with resignation. Several reputations were seriously damaged. Unfortunately the Ordnance Committee was not sitting. A splinter broke into the Foreign Office and disturbed the siesta of the Prime Minister.

Mr. A. J. Balfour has prepared a third edition of "Philosophic Doubt." The work contains a new chapter on the doubts entertained by the Cabinet as to the probabilities of war with the Transvaal. The First Lord of the Treasury has dedicated the edition to his uncle, Lord Salisbury.

The artillery intended for the campaign in South Africa will be despatched as soon as the necessary ammunition has been received from the German factories.

The Lord Mayor has appointed a Mansion House Committee for the relief of Ladysmith.

Mr Michael Davitt, Dr Tanner, Mr Dillon, and Mr Swift McNeill have announced their intention of joining the Irish Brigade. The House of Commons, without demur, voted a grant in aid.

The Second Army Corps has been discovered in the pigeon holes of the War Office.

Omdurman, November 13.

The Khalifa has returned to his palace on the Nile. Lord Kitchener is at Fashoda. He is marching south to raise the siege of Ladysmith.

Paris, November 10.

Major Marchand has organised an expedition to the sources of the Klip River. It is rumoured that his object is to prevent the junction of the British forces north and south of the Tugela. The Government of the Republic has been warned that this will be regarded as "an unfriendly act."

The exhibition has been put off until the end of the 20th century in order that France may devote her energies to the subjugation of Great Britain.

Adis Adeba, November 2.

Menelik has declared war against France. He has appealed to Great Britain for assistance.

Later.

I am informed on the highest authority that Menelik has declared war against Great Britain, and has appealed to France for assistance.

Johannesburg, November 19.

Having learned through the medium of *The Standard and Diggers' News* that the Johannesburg commando are settled in Ladysmith with their wives and families, several hundred vrouwen left hurriedly for Natal this morning. New and interesting developments are anticipated.

St Petersburg, November 20.

The Czar has issued invitations to another Peace Conference. Pretoria is mentioned as the probable meeting place. President Kruger has intimated that the South African Republic will not be represented.

Vienna, April 1.

News has reached here from a reliable source that Lord Salisbury has agreed to the terms of peace proposed by President Kruger—the surrender of that part of Natal now occupied by the Boers.

—o—

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Clery has withdrawn his relieving column to the Mooi River. Maritzburg is almost deserted. Joubert has gone south with the greater part of his force.

General Buller is at Cape Town. General French is not at Dundee. Through cable rates from Ladysmith to London have been reduced to 3d. per word.

The Town Guard are undermining Umbulwana. They propose to blow up the enemy's guns with cyanide of potassium.

The resident magistrate at Intombi Camp has sent for his horses. He is deeply touched by the reception given to his sackful of letters and despatches.

Mr Schalk Burger has sent a protest against the Red Cross flag on the hospital at the Town Hall. He has since emphasised the protest by shelling the flag.

General Joubert has been invited to dismantle the forts on Pepworth and Umbulwana, and to send in as prisoners the gunners who hoist the white flag over Long Tom and his brother Puffing Billy, in order that they may load and lay the guns in safety.

Mrs Kruger, whose health is excellent, complains that the President is becoming too English. He no longer goes to bed in hat and boots.

—o—

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS! CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS!!

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

Do you want a Christmas pudding? You will! This is how you can get it.

This prize will be given for

THE MOST MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

from the shell fire of the enemy between the dates of November 2 and December 20. The competition will close on December 21st at 12 noon.

So if you want a Christmas pudding delay no longer. Go out and have a miraculous escape and send a description of it to

The Editor of the *Ladysmith Lyre*,
c/o the Manager of the *Ladysmith Lyre*,
c/o Mrs Haydon,
Main Street,
Near 21st Street, F.B.,
Ladysmith.

FACSIMILE OF FRONT PAGE OF THE PAPER ISSUED DURING THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH.

force fell back through Weenen to the Tugela, where they took up a strong position at Colenso. During the retirement the heavy Creusot became stuck in a donga, and within five miles of the British a small force of Boers worked a day and night extricating the piece, which would have proved a valuable prize had the proper cavalry complement been at hand to follow up the retreat. General Joubert was present during the retirement, travelling in a six-horsed "parish oven."

Hildyard's tiny mounted column could do nothing until Lord Dundonald's flying column pressed forward from Mooi River. The combined forces then started in hot pursuit, sighting the Boers beyond Frere. They failed to outmarch them, however, but "bit their heels" with artillery and rifles to within two miles of Colenso, where heavy Boer guns were in position, and the British advance was checked.

Hildyard now moved his camp to Frere, where General Clery assumed command on December 2d, to prepare for the immediate relief of Ladysmith. General Buller, leaving the direction of the western and central divisions of his army to their respective generals, had arrived in Natal to personally supervise the more important operations there. He established his headquarters at Pietermaritzburg.

The railroad bridge across the Blaauwkrans River at Frere had been carefully destroyed by the enemy, checking Clery's advance up country. The railroad

company had expected the military, and hurried their staff forward to repair the line. In an incredibly short period, under the direction of Mr. Shores, chief engineer, and Mr. Hunter, the general manager, a trestle bridge 200 feet long, in seventeen spans, was constructed beside the ruined structure, the rails were carried over the river and reverted to the original track. Guarded by an armored train, repair-trucks were pushed forward and rapidly relaid the line which the Boers had taken so much pains to destroy.

Colonel Girouard, one constructor of the Canadian Pacific, the famous Bimbashi Girouard, director-general of railroads in Egypt, the man who conquered the Soudan by steam engine, was acting military director of railroads in South Africa. He was ordered to Natal to supervise these operations, but the wonderful colonials were before him, and he could only inspect their work with a hearty "well done."

Trains now rapidly arrived at the front with troops and stores. Hildyard's brigade held the advance on some ridges beyond the river. They cleverly intrenched their position, masking their defences so that adventurous Boer scouts blundered into the trap and were her Majesty's guests forthwith.

The permanent camp soon spread, the General Staff occupying the ransacked house of the station master, the troops pitching their tents on the sur-

rounding veldt. The regulars, awaiting complete mobilization, were employed in extensive garrison, fatigue and outpost duty. The Natal forces, augmented by Uitlander volunteers, and the colonial scouts recruited from local farmers who knew every inch of the country rapidly checked the raiding parties, and by surprise visits to the outlying farms of suspected traitors, much looted stock and furniture that had been stored by the enemy was recovered. Without specific reason the splendid mounted volunteers gathered by Colonel Wolfe-Murray were disbanded when General Buller arrived; and on the assumption of military superiority, the relief column lost the services of a most useful force.

Little definite news could be gleaned from Ladysmith; occasional runners made their way through the lines with despatches, and winged messengers of the pigeon post organized by Mr. Hirst sometimes escaped the Boer rifles and brought down missives in safety. But after many attempts and repeated failure through the weather, Captain Cayzer of the Dragoons finally established heliograph communications with White, from Mount Umkolanda near Weenen. A naval searchlight of 40,000 candle power was also rigged to overcome solar reticence in flashing despatches to the besieged, though Ladysmith could not answer in kind, and the Boers sometimes spoiled the effect by a powerful acetylene searchlight.

The garrison was holding out bravely. The town

had been heavily shelled throughout November, but the losses had been comparatively small. On November 4th White had asked permission to send women and children south, but Joubert refused. He finally agreed to respect a mutual district near Bulwhana for non-combatants, though his indiscriminate gunners dropped several shells into the settlement, which the facetious "Tommies" named Funkumdorf. Despite continual protest the military hospitals were also shelled repeatedly, several patients and some nurses being killed. On the 9th the Boers had attempted to rush the town, but the attack was repulsed after severe fighting and loss on both sides.

After this, Joubert decided to reduce Ladysmith by investment, and detached many commandoes to carry the war south and prevent the approach of relief. On the 18th a shell killed Dr. Stark, the well known naturalist, who was overtaken by war while completing his history of South African birds. The continued shelling had caused remarkably small loss, however, but scarcity of food, dearth of pasture for the cattle and horses, and the contamination of the water supply by Boer camps higher up the Klip caused the only dread for the future. Many women and children were enduring the rigors of the siege, and several had died of disease and wounds.

The days in Frere camp passed quickly enough. Thomas Atkins at home and abroad is philosophical



THE SIEGE OF LADYSMITH: NON COMBATANTS TAKING A BREATH OF AIR.
From a sketch by W. T. Maud.

without reasoning. "Delightful ngs," said one enthusiastic American lady as the Dragoons passed through Cape Town. Perhaps a closer acquaintance would have toned her opinion, but Tommy is an institution to be admired, — in a degree, loved. He is a jewel in a crude setting, rough, impulsive, good-hearted, and generous to a fault, and the army is a school that fosters magnanimity. Rigorous discipline eradicates selfishness, and the communistic idea that dominates in the ranks is so prevalent in no other strata of society. I have known an entire battalion to suffer in silence for the wrong committed by one soldier, of which every man knew. The young recruit who thinks to win the favor of his superiors and release his comrades by betraying the culprit receives such a lesson that, if he does not desert forthwith, he will be permanently steadied and become a better and wiser soldier.

In the field Tommy is no longer a thing of beauty. The guardsman discards his cuirass and shiny jack-boots; the gunner's braid, the linesman's scarlet, and the fusilier's busby are gone. Khaki levels most distinctions, and attired in dust color, from helmet to undressed boots, close scrutiny alone reveals the difference between her Majesty's guardsman and the green *rookey* smuggled from the depot by the drafted veterans to become a "soldier and a man" and be added to the strength at the front, with a District court-martial to reward him if he survives the war.

But even he is content; he 'listed to fight, and fought he has, the penalty notwithstanding.

The British soldier is a glutton for fighting. At Eastcourt two worthies of the Dublins, veritably Mulvany and Learoyd, had lifted a bottle of "square face" from the captured laager at Willow Grange. A subsequent night's outpost proved cold and wet, and consequent nips to drive out rheumatism (their excuse was the gout) led two shame-faced full privates before a drum-head, with six months' hard labor apiece for "drunk on duty in time of war." They had nothing to say why sentence should not be pronounced, but asked (and received), as a favor, deferment in the execution thereof until after the war. Their main discussion then was the chances of their being incarcerated in British Pretoria or going home with the regiment to see "her" before they went to "clink." But one has expiated before a higher tribunal, killed at Colenso. The other, I believe, may yet serve out his sentence, though the day perhaps is afar.

When the column moved forward, and fighting was imminent, the quartermaster sergeants reported a number of sick men returned to duty without regular transfers. The pressure on the Medical Staff corps was adjudged an excuse for this negligence. Then a report arrived at headquarters from the P. M. O. at Pietermaritzburg, announcing wholesale desertion of patients marked "Up Bed down," many of them

wounded from Willow Grange. On the eve of battle there was no time to look up the defaulters; but after the action the P. M. O. reported that certain of the delinquents had been brought back, wounded again, from the front. The others were soon traced, and lined up before a gray-haired colonel as "absent from hospital without leave." There was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he rated them severely for their breach of discipline and the enormity of their crime, and he stopped to clear his throat once or twice. After a severe wigging these "desperados" were sent back to their wards.

I could fill pages to show the spirit animating the soldiers in Africa, and give the lie direct to the mistaken gentleman who visited the Transvaal when an official of the United States government. Overwhelmed by the attentions and private coach of President Kruger, he has anonymously libelled the British army by declaring that officers were forced to slash their soldiers with their swords to keep them in the trenches — as great a truism as the premature cartoon in "Don Quixote," that pictured General Miles on a donkey, lashing the American troops into line to face the Spanish foe.

With picket, outpost, and railroad guard at night, and fatigue duty by day, Frere camp was not a picnic. Much of the rough work was too arduous for white men to perform with safety under South Africa's sun. But a native contingent, enrolled by

Mr. Barnes, colonial engineer, afterwards saved the troops much toil, and the native compounds gave "Tommy" endless recreation when the tireless Kaffirs and Zulus squirmed and screamed through the intricacies of their war-dances or engaged in faction fights, when skulls were struck with the vehemence of Donnybrook, though hard is the blow that can harm the cast-iron native pate. Hunts for the abundant puff-adder, tournaments between scorpions, cricket and football, with the glass above 100, and dips in the sorry Blaauwkrans river redubbed at Frere "Margate Sands" served to pass the waiting hours.

Storms in Natal are common and various; the veldt is alternately soaring heavenward in a choking swirl of red dust, or drinking in the flood of periodic downpours to become a slough for man and beast. By day the South African sun beats down with a truly Gold Coast force, but without the fetid swamp to turn the heat to humidity; at night one shivers with a blast that chills to the marrow. Alternately you covet the furs of the esquimaux and the Ashanti's necklace.

Abnormal deflection of the southeast trade-winds to south and southeastern Africa made the summer an exceedingly wet one, though the rains produced ultimate good. But the deflection imposed a frightful calamity on another portion of the empire, causing one of the most frightful famines in India's

modern history, supplemented by the incumbent horrors of the plague.

Khaki, I believe, was used first in the days of the John Company's service. The official who adopted it for general campaign use deserves that his name go down with fame. In the curious sun-haze of the tropics it is well-nigh invisible, and since the reflection on spur or scabbard is visible for miles, everything was treated with the dust color, even to lance points, and the nose of a bibulous camp-follower who "groused" at the "Tommies," and was duly tried by them and treated with the prevailing color as a safeguard to the camp. The white horses of the cavalry and transport were washed in Condy's fluid, which gave the required tint without the fatal effect of the coating applied to the historical "white" elephant.

It is evident that, with the weapons of the present day, no attacking force otherwise garbed could live before the fire of intrenched defenders. With khaki, the lines in extended order on the sun-browned veldt are a poor and difficult target beyond five hundred yards, and this invisibility in a measure neutralizes the deadliness of flat trajectory and increased range and dangerous zone of modern warfare. The officers had learned the lesson slowly, for tradition dies hard in the British army, and not until unerring bullets had picked off some of the bravest and best did they perceive that polished buttons and regulation sword meant useless death before the Boer sharpshooters.

Now they carried carbines, and had little insignia to mark them apart from their men. The unwritten law that an officer must never duck, and, eschewing cover, should inspire confidence in his men by walking erect along the line, was sustained well into the war, and still has weight. Before modern rifles the risk is obvious and the rule calamitous, since the sight of officers falling demoralizes the finest troops.

Wellington found that the British army marched on its belly. Certainly with the Army Service corps of the last few years there is no reason why it should not. War, and not an expected war, was proved inevitable on October 1st, and in eight weeks an army corps fully equipped was operating nine thousand miles away, replete in every detail, as the advertisements say.

It is estimated, from the experience of the Prussians marching to Paris, that a force of 35,000 men and 10,000 horses can live, in an average country, off a district of six square miles for one day. With cattle driven off and farms looted, a force could exist in South Africa until it died of starvation. Consequently every ounce of food was necessarily sent from the Supply Depots. Before the extra divisions were mobilized, when most people bragged of Buller's Christmas in Pretoria, 12,000,000 pounds of canned meat had been delivered for the original South African field force.

Though Australian and some Canadian meat has

since been issued with great success, this was chiefly American beef delivered for a foreign army, which is very different from American beef for American soldiers. I have lived and thrived on this beef under the British flag in various climes at different times. But before and since Santiago, I have never met with the canned offal which there caused the death of many brave soldiers. The beef supplied to-day in South Africa bears little resemblance to the ration sent to Cuba.

Of biscuit, 12,000,000 pounds were shipped. A part of this ration was made from whole meal. The British army biscuit is harder to masticate than the finer grade of "hardtack" supplied to the United States army, and though it contains more nutriment, I believe too much of it is irritating to the bowels and produces dysentery. The wooden cases are lined with tin and the contents carefully protected, while in Cuba the gaping seams of the unlined boxes let in rain, imbibed the mud and spoilt tons of excellent ration ere it reached the front. The British field-bakeries also supply excellent fresh bread, which was a great though never supplied want in Cuba. 400,000 lbs. of coffee; 200,000 lbs. of tea; 2,200,000 lbs. of sugar; 800,000 lbs. of *erbswurst*, compressed vegetables, an excellent and healthful ration "made in Germany," used with success in the Franco Prussian War, and one the Quartermaster's Department should investigate without delay for garrisons in the

Antilles and Philipines; 360,000 tins of Swiss milk, 400,000 lbs. of salt, and 60,000 tons of forage, — were early items shipped for the initial campaign. This supply has been regularly sustained by the average weekly shipment of one and a half million rations.

I must also include in the first consignment 500,000 tins of the Machonochie ration of stewed beefsteak and vegetables. This has been tried successfully in several recent campaigns, and a similar or even better ration could be prepared for the United States War Department at a moderate figure. When a great and generous nation was ready to expend millions for its army in Cuba, the troops were starving on rancid pork and canned refuse from a beef-tea factory. The Machonochie is a full and luscious dinner of meat and vegetables for two men, in a portable can. The tin is self-opening and may be readily heated, or its contents eaten cold. In Cuba it would have proved a boon, even in a bi-weekly issue. It has been supplemented in Africa by other compound rations, chiefly Scotch. The square cans used for all rations in the British army have every advantage for portability over the round cans supplied to the United States Army.

One of the greatest hardships entailed on the American soldier has been the lack of anti-scorbutics when fresh meat and vegetables were not obtainable. 400,000 lbs.' weight of lime-juice accompanied the African field force. In Ashanti an experimental issue of jam was made on alternate days with lime-

juice, with excellent results. 1,450,000 tins were now shipped with the above consignment. The preserved fruit retains many useful properties of fresh vegetable food.

Eighty tons of alum for purifying water, 6,000 lbs. of carbolic-acid powder, and 20 tons of chloride of lime are significant items in the light of the frightful defilation at Siboney, where there was no means to negative the evil which induced yellow fever and typhoid to an alarming extent. The perfect latrine system of the British army deserves emulation. The sinks are deeply dug a safe distance from camp, layers of earth and lime being thrown over by sentries at regular intervals, and each sink filled in after two days' use.

Rum issued medicinally to every man before retiring, has been proved effective when troops are exposed on chill nights after great heat during the day. 80,000 gallons were sent. In tropical West Africa I have found this to be an effective safeguard against the deadly night-dew for men not addicted to spirits. Its effect is neutralized with habitual, even if moderate, drinkers.

The medical comfort panniers and boxes that accompany the British army on the march also deserve notice. The sick and wounded in Cuba had the choice of rancid pork and hardtack or nothing. The British "Tommy" when sick is moderately dieted on port wine, chicken broth, and beef tea,

though at times the demand exceeded the supply at the immediate front after important battles. By this means many men are rapidly nursed back to health at the field hospital, the sickness taken in its early stages being easily defeated without necessitating invaliding to the base for treatment. The M. C. panniers go on mule back with each bearer company and field hospital. They contain brandy, port, whiskey, arrowroot, sago, bovril, roast chicken, meat essence, special condensed milk, soap, candles, spirit lamp, cooking vessels, and matches.

Forty thousand pounds of tobacco were shipped to be retailed to the soldiers at a nominal figure. This is the only approach made toward the excellent American system of instituting a government store at the advanced base on the field, where necessaries, and at times delicacies, can be purchased at a moderate price. The regimental coffee shop hardly supplies this want. Tons of tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes were sent with other extras for distribution to each regiment by various patriotic persons and societies in England and the colonies.

The regulation daily ration per man is: meat, 1 lb.; biscuit or bread 1 lb.: tea $\frac{1}{4}$ oz.; coffee $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; sugar, 3 oz.; marmalade or jam, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.; salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; pepper, $\frac{1}{36}$ oz.; vegetables, 2 oz.; lime-juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; rum $\frac{1}{8}$ pint. The canned-meat ration is supplemented when possible by rations of pea soup, bacon, and a new preparation of powdered egg called ovo. Beef

or mutton on the hoof is also obtained when possible. United States Quartermaster General, please copy.

Each soldier also carries as part of his equipment an emergency ration so often advocated, apparently without effect, by General Miles. Such a ration will save many lives in every war. The regulation ration, packed compactly in a flattened oval tin with two compartments, consists of 4 oz. of compressed cocoa, honey, and Iceland moss, and 4 oz. of Australian pemmican, — beef dried, ground to powder, and compressed. It can only be opened by order of an officer or in extremity, and will maintain strength for two days.

Food for horse and mule forms an important item in South Africa. Three ordinary trusses of hay, each twenty inches thick, are forced by hydraulic pressure into an eighteen-inch bundle the original length of the truss. This mass, hard as wood, is then sawn into three sections for easy transportation. A full ration per horse is oats 12 lbs., forage 20 lbs.

To gauge the efficacy of the Woolwich Supply Department under Colonel Dunne, a single week's shipment early this year was —

Meat . .	1,209,392	rations.	Pepper . .	1,668,966	rations.
Biscuit . .	1,174,600	"	Vegetables	2,257,492	"
Tea & Coffee	6,109,296	"	Lime-juice	1,505,280	"
Jam . .	2,091,936	"	Rum . .	5,047,774	"
Salt . . .	12,615,680	"	Oats	1,825	tons.
Sugar . .	6,336,667	"	Hay	450	"

All these supplies were carefully inspected before shipment, and tons were rejected for trivial shortcomings.

As the army of deliverance advanced to the front a line of pain moved from up-country hospitals to make room for fresh casualties. It was pitiful to witness the difference between the stalwart men "going up," eager for the fray, and the shattered wrecks who had borne the brunt of early battles. But the examples of war raised desire for reprisal rather than fear in the hearts of the new-comers, many of whom were destined ere long to be stark on the veldt or a regimental unit C/-Medical Staff corps.

If war has increased in its horrors so have the means of mitigating its sufferings correspondingly progressed. A peep into the base-hospital at Wynberg, a high suburb of Cape Town, showed what might be accomplished in a short time. Some of the buildings sprang up or were improvised in a night, equipment was supplied with a generous hand, and Colonel Anthonisz, R. A. M. C., had the finest military hospital that war history records. Then there were hospitals at Durban, Maritzburg, and Eastcourt, besides the efficient field hospitals with the columns and various hospital ships, and several convalescent homes.

I do not wish to make invidious comparisons between American and British wars under modern conditions.

But in care and commissariat the British soldier is a pampered epicure compared to the American, and when one sees the egregious blunders of the British leaders and the faults of their system, the thought will arise, What would Shafter's army have done under such conditions? Spain's disabilities saved disaster in Cuba; but if another war should come, which God forbid, this nation should not again be found unprepared. Think of the handful of surgeons that landed in Cuba, and the frightful absence of equipment or common appliances. With Buller's army in its original form were, 282 medical officers, 68 contract surgeons, 56 nursing sisters, 28 quartermasters, R. A. M. C., 2,650 hospital orderlies. This staff has been proportionately increased with the South African field force.

As the fortunate recipient of three Mauser bullets I can testify to the merciful qualities of the modern rifle. The penetration and cleanly qualities of the nickel-plated bullets are too well known, perhaps, to need recapitulation. When Mr. Marshall, the war correspondent, was shot in the spine, such wounds were precedentedly fatal. A number of soldiers have surprised the British surgeons with similar recoveries. Men shot through the brain have also recovered. But unfortunately the Boers soon discovered the temporary disablement of the wounds that they inflicted, and they speedily remedied the "defect."

Prisoner after prisoner has been found with his

ammunition doctored by an incised cross on the nose of the bullet, which makes it spread far more terribly than the *Dum Dum*. Some also have been found with their bullets plastered with verdigris. Individual British soldiers have retaliated by filing the tips of their bullets, after the *Dum Dum* pattern, until detected and the men severely punished. But pause in your denunciations, good people. Your horror of Boer barbarism may be mitigated by the knowledge that the evil of poisoned bullets is greatly mitigated by heat generated in discharge and the rapid flight through the air. The incised bullet contravenes civilized warfare, but the Boer individually knows not of Geneva conventions. As to the British *Dum Dum*, though I can positively state that it has not been issued in South Africa, it is certainly less inhumane than the leaden bullets of the Springfield used in Cuba, or those of any other rifle used in war before the recent adoption of coated pellets.

The factory at Dum Dum, Calcutta, turns out several kinds of ammunition for Indian use, and the cases marked *Dum Dum* found by the Boers at Dundee contained regulation cartridges made there,— not *Dum Dum* bullets. Mr. Webster Davis is triumphantly exhibiting split bullets of English make, "therefore used by Buller's forces." These bullets are nosed sporting bullets made by Eley of London. Tons of these have been shipped to the Boers for hunting, and I have seen several cases of them cap-

tured after various battles. They cannot be used in the Lee Metford rifle, and the fact of their imprint by a private London firm rather negatives than proves the charge that they are used by the British.

Surgical science, indeed, is triumphing. With Röntgen rays in the field hospital, painful probing is obviated, shell splinters and certain bullets are extracted by magnetic contact, anæsthetics are administered for all painful operations, and antiseptic treatment reduces the risk of gangrenous complications to a minimum. Ice can now be supplied at the front, even in Natal's inferno. Hospital trains fitted on the American sleeping-car principle, carry the patients gently down to the base, and hospital ships with electric *punkah wallahs* and many a delicacy, take the invalid home.

The healthy reputation of South Africa notwithstanding, troops cannot sleep and march and fight for days, without shelter and often without food, in alternate pouring rain, blistering sun, and chilling wind. The strongest constitution will be broken down under the strain. Enteric fever, dysentery, and typhoid ensue, and, despite all precautions, they will outnumber bullets in their deadly claim for mess numbers.

Reinforcements were rapidly landed to augment Clery's force. The early and sometimes fatal disposition to mass troops at the base until the brigades

were completed was superseded, and single battalions were sent forward as soon as landed. During the mobilization the departmental corps were making preparations for an advance in force, and the infantry worked continually, unloading stores, while the staff completed the details of the component parts of the complex military machine that must work smoothly and in order, for effect in war and peace.

Major Elliott, R. E., taking his life in his hand, rode out daily to sketch the Boer positions beyond the Tugela. The colonial scouts scoured the country, and patrolled along the front, while Major Chichester, the provost marshal, rounded up a few disloyal farmers in the district and sent them to Maritzburg for safe keeping. These rebels had spied and looted, and sniped at the scouts. Perhaps any country but the United States and England would have shot them. The Germans summarily executed French civilians who operated in any way against them; but these Natal traitors were British subjects, and deserved no mercy under the rules of war. I by no means advocate extreme measures, but I have seen so much inexcusable treachery among the Cape Dutch that, while I admire British magnanimity as politic and humane, I wonder that some general has not hung a few as a salutary warning to flagrant disloyalty.

On December 6th a service was held over the

graves of the first heroes to fall in the relief of Ladysmith, — the victims of the armored train disaster. Over two thousand troops attended, with General Hildyard, Colonel Cooper, Prince Christian Victor, and many other officers. Doctrinal differences are forgotten in war, and since Dublins and Colonials lay together, Father Mathews, the plucky chaplain of the Fusiliers, and Rev. Mr. Twemlow, of the Colonials, combined for a simple and touching service, a possible tribute to the reunion of Christendom. As the farewell volleys echoed over the kopjes, the bugles softly sounding the "last post," distant minute guns boomed at Ladysmith as if conscious of the ceremony, and a salvo of heaven's artillery reverberated through the mountains, typifying the insignificance of man in all his martial power.

The commander-in-chief arrived at Frere during the early hours of the 6th, the eager troops turning out in the darkness to give their leader a welcome that must have touched his soldier heart. Sir Redvers Buller has earned no feather-bed honors; his V. C., G. C. B., and K. C. M. G. have been won with the sword in a literal sense, and "Tommy Atkins," who is a connoisseur of generals, had and has unbounded confidence in him as a leader. On the morrow he was to celebrate his sixtieth birthday; twenty years before, he had spent that anniversary in South Africa, at no great distance from Frere, fighting the Zulus to save the Boers from annihila-

tion. At the head of the Frontier Light-horse, he hacked his way through the victorious blacks, at the head of his men, and turned the tide of Chelmsford's misfortunes with the savage foe at Ulundi. Later he witnessed Boer ingratitude, and silently had to see the flag withdrawn from the Transvaal.

Now he was back in South Africa, sending a force to protect the Zulus from Transvaal aggression and leading an army to crush the power to which he had indirectly contributed in 1880. The army knew him as early as the Red River Expedition and the subsequent war in West Africa, at an age when few officers are known. It hailed him as the saviour of Graham's force from Dervish hordes, the hero of Tami, where he commanded a truly British square of Gordon Highlanders, Royal Irish, and his old regiment, the 60th Rifles. In '85 he dashed across the desert to take command of Stewart's decimated column, extricating the hapless force and bringing it to the Nile.

In the ranks General Buller is respected as a stern disciplinarian. Squire Buller, Lord of the Court of "Canon Fee" and of the Manor of Crediton, is loved by the sturdy Devon farmers, and receives a warm welcome when his military duties enable him to live at the demesne of Downes. Thus he combines the essential qualities for a commanding-general, — the strict discipline of the soldier, toned with tactful geniality as an administrator.



AN AFFAIR OF OUTPOSTS

Drawn by John Charlton, from a sketch by W. T. Maud

A few hours after his arrival in camp, General Buller accompanied Lord Dundonald's cavalry brigade in a reconnaissance along the Tugela. The force halted on a ridge within range of Colenso, and the staff carefully studied the Boer position, apparently unnoticed by the enemy. The fords of the river were carefully noted, and the party returned safely, to formulate the plan of attack.

On the 10th news was heliographed from Ladysmith of two successful sorties made by the garrison to destroy the enemy's artillery. The first assault took place on the night of the 7th. To preclude espionage, orders were only issued after "Lights out!" had sounded and the garrison retired. Two squadrons each of the Light-horse, Natal Carbineers, and Mounted Rifles, and sections of the diminished gunners of the 10th Mountain Battery and Royal Engineers were selected. Under General Hunter, with Major Henderson and twelve guides of the Intelligence Department, this force moved out at 11 P.M. against the Boer lines at Lombard's Kop, seven miles distant. They passed between the Boer outposts successfully, and reached the foot of Gun Hill without discovery. A squadron of the Rifles under Rethman covered the left flank, a squadron each of the three forces held the right, under Colonel Royston, to guard against advance from the main laager at Bulwhana. One hundred each Carbineers under Major Addison, and Light Horse under Major

Edwards then crawled up the position on their hands and knees, with General Hunter and the guides.

"*Wie kom daar?*"

The British halted for a moment, then crawled silently on, seizing the sentry as he peered into the darkness. He sobbingly begged for his life, and was led up with the troops. But his first challenge had awakened his sleeping companions and a voice cried, "Piet! Where art thou?"

The cold muzzle of a carbine pressed behind his ear secured the silence of the trembling Piet. The guard, blaspheming after the religious spirit of the Boer, clambered down to find Piet, passing over the silent line before they discovered the enemy. Greatly bewildered they then raced down the steep hillside screaming, "The rooineks! the verdomde rooineks!" arousing their comrades on the hill. The British scrambled on breathlessly, and the thoroughly alarmed commando turned out to find the enemy upon them. They fired rapid volleys, to which the colonials replied, and checked the advance for a moment. Though the volunteers carried carbines only, General Hunter, who was leading them, played on the enemy's horror of cold steel by the stentorian order, "Fix bayonets! Charge!" The line swept up with a cheer, the Boers flying precipitately to avoid the supposed "long knives."

Only Major Henderson and Godson, a guide, had been wounded, but the major was the first to locate

the famous "Long Tom," and the engineers were speedily at work. In these days of removable vents, "spiking the guns" is but a figment of the cheap romancer, and the glories effected by a tenpenny-nail belong to a past decade. Lieutenant Turner and two assistants, of the Royal Engineers, quickly removed the breech-block. "Long Tom" was plugged, and a charge of gun cotton placed in and around muzzle and breech. A 4.7-inch howitzer was simultaneously treated by Captain Faulk. The troops withdrew to a safe distance, Turner placed his cigar against the fuses, and three explosions announced to anxious Ladysmith that the first part of the enterprise was successful. The breech-fitting of the massive 40-pounder was torn out, the bore scored, the muzzle split, and the gun rendered useless. The Sappers completed the wreck with sledge-hammers, smashing the sights, recoil buffer, and elevating gear, removing the breech-block as a trophy. The howitzer was irretrievably ruined.

The enemy had advanced from Bulwhana, and poured in a few volleys, killing two and wounding four; but after the explosions they rapidly retired, and the victorious force descended the hill and returned to camp unmolested. As they left the hill-top, a trooper fell over a Maxim in the darkness. This was quickly secured, and on the following day it poured in bullets on its late owners.

General White, disregarding the moral of the

pitcher and the well, arranged a second sortie two nights later to destroy an annoying 4.7-inch howitzer on Surprise Hill, only three miles from camp. Colonel Metcalf with five hundred men of the Rifle Brigade followed Hunter's tactics, and two companies of stormers reached the hilltop unobserved. The Boers, however, were bivouacked in force close behind the gunpit, and though they were surprised and retreated hurriedly, they sustained a heavy fire from a further position.

Lieutenant Jones coolly placed charges round the howitzer under a spatter of bullets, and lit the fuse. It failed to explode, and other commandoes closed in, but the Rifles held their ground steadily while another charge was prepared and ignited, this time successfully demolishing the piece. The hill was now completely surrounded by Boers, and the protecting flanks were heavily engaged, but the Rifles charged with fixed bayonets and went through the enemy with a cheer, suffering considerable loss, however. An outlying picket, under the son of State Secretary Reitz, had taken refuge in the rocks close to the valley where the troops were re-forming. They inflicted further loss, killing Captain Paton and several men outright, but the British were soon clear, and leaving twenty men, without arms, to look after the wounded, they returned to camp. The storming party, two hundred strong, lost fifty-nine men during the operation.

Prisoners Sent to Pretoria

At daybreak the incensed Boers found the detached party searching for wounded. Despite their object, they were made prisoners and sent to Pretoria, the wounded being left where they fell. The ambulance despatched from Ladysmith was also seized, and the surgeon and bearer company arrested. Several Boer officers had been severely disciplined for their failure to repel the first sortie, and the burghers were in a tearing rage at the second loss of artillery through their dilatoriness. Several threatened to shoot the wounded in reprisal, and some of the Red Cross men were roughly handled, but Schalk Burger, who was in command, finally allowed them to depart.

While the pinch of the siege was only beginning to be felt, the garrison welcomed the news that the relief column was mobilized and ready to strike. Failure was not thought of.

CHAPTER VIII

REPULSES OF GATACRE AND METHUEN. — THE BATTLE OF COLENSO. — WITHDRAWAL OF BULLER. — LOSS OF LONG'S ARTILLERY DIVISION. — V. C.'S ON THE FIELD.

REVERSES to his central and western columns hurried General Buller to make a decisive stroke with the Natal Field Force. General Gatacre, known in the army as "Backacher" from the feats of endurance that he has accomplished with his forces, and with a high reputation from the Soudan, marched his column against the Boer position at Stormberg, intending to surprise the laagers in the darkness and reconquer the annexed district of Cape Colony. Such a surprise would be possible in the Soudan, but the risks of night operations in South Africa are stupendous, not tha least of which are caused by the falsity of compass bearings among the ferruginous rocks. Sir William Gatacre had only two thousand available men in his command, but as Boer aggression was terrorizing the entire north of the colony, the railway junction was in their hands, and disloyalty was spreading to the coast itself, heroic measures seemed justified.

With a reliable guide, Sergeant Morgan of the local police, the column moved out from Putter's

Kraal at 4 A.M. December 9, and by road and rail swooped down on Molteno, which was hovering between British and rebel control. Rapidly mobilizing in the town, the force pressed forward after sunset along the left road to Steynsburg, intending to turn off at right angles to take the Boer position in flank.

Unfortunately, the guide, missing the turning, led the troops sixteen miles instead of nine. Faulty bearings finally placed the force on a further turning from the main road, which ran directly parallel to the reverse of the Boer position. Day was just breaking, the general was urging on his worn-out men, expecting every minute to find the left of the position looming up on his direct front, when a sudden and furious fire burst at close range along the entire length of his column. After a moment of confusion the leading companies took a sharp right turn, and dashed up the enfilading ridge. But perpendicular rock surmounted by loopholed stone walls checked their onslaught, and the line was hurled back to the road as the British bugles sounded "Retire!"

Shot at every foot of the way, worn-out by twenty-four hours' continuous exertion, the column slowly extricated itself, fighting as it retired on Molteno, harassed by bullet and shell into the very outskirts of the city. When roll was called six hundred men out of the small column failed to answer their names —killed, wounded, or prisoners.

Under ordinary conditions the forced assault on

the reverse of the position would have been successful. But the long, rocky ridge, at the base of which ran the road, had been carefully and scientifically intrenched on the north side by the colonials, to repel invasion during the early days of the war. Before troops could be sent up to occupy the junction the Boers had swept over the border and seized the ridge, intrenching on the south side to stay a British advance. They had discovered the column, moving down as they supposed to assail their rear, and they had hardly taken up a position in the British trenches when the troops marched along their line in quarter-column. It is little credit to the Boers that Gatacre was not overwhelmed. Far superior in number, they had the column in a trap which simple tactics could have closed. But the Boer dislike to open fighting, even when great things might be accomplished thereby, enabled the British general to execute his masterful retirement with three-fourths of his force.

General French, at Naauwpoort Junction, gained rapid if small successes and held the railroad intact at that point, repeatedly outflanking the Boers with his cavalry and horse artillery, more mobile than the enemy.

On the western border Lord Methuen, after fighting severe but successful actions at Belmont, Graspan, and Modder River, hurling the Boers back at each step, moved against their main position at Magersfon-

tein on December 11th. The Boers had been located along a line of steep kopjes, strongly intrenched. But the advance, which had appeared clear on the previous day to the scouts, who were unable to inspect closely through strong Boer outposts, was intersected by a long, cunningly concealed trench running along the base of the kopjes, and strongly defended by an impenetrable tangle of barbed wire.[1]

For two days a terrific bombardment had been sustained against the Boer position, and the column advanced confidently at midnight, expecting to surprise and overcome a demoralized enemy intrenched as of yore along the ridges. The Highland brigade was in the van, the men marching in quarter-column to sustain touch and direction in the darkness, the order being to extend along the base of the positions at dawn, after crossing the open without loss, and then press the attack.

By 3.45 A.M. General Wauchope had led his men almost to the base of the kopjes, the Boer outposts were captured, sleeping quietly, and the men had even loaded without discovery. Then a rifle was discharged accidentally, there was a hoarse challenge from the long trench, awaking the Boers, who sprang

[1] The successful employment of barbed wire in Cuba led the Transvaal government to call for tenders early in 1899 for 950 miles of the fencing. Two weeks later one Pretorian firm placed an order with an American company for 1500 tons, and further shipments have taken place; so that an ample supply was on hand for purposes of defence.

to their arms and opened wild volleys into the darkness.

Individual soldiers fired back, their flashes revealing the brigade, caught in massed formation but one hundred and sixty yards from the rifles. Men fell in heaps, but Wauchope rallied and hastily extended his regiments, and then ordered a charge. In the face of terrific volleys, the Highlanders swept into the wire defences, and though officers and men strove to break down the obstruction, mesh succeeded mesh, and the attacking line melted away before the point-blank fire, the supports falling back. Wauchope fell riddled with bullets at the head of his men.

The supports rallied, reinforcements moved up, and, checked but undismayed, the British formed on the open veldt and lay pouring ineffectual volleys at the sheltered enemy from sunrise to sundown, exposed to a pitiless fire in return. At midday the Boer fire slackened, and again the Highlanders sprang up and dashed forward with the bayonet. Again the barbed wire checked them, the leading lines were swept away, and the remnant were driven back in dire confusion, their rout being covered magnificently by the guards. For the third time the survivors were rallied, the Gordons in the van, and pressed forward with short rushes. Backed by the Scots Guards the shattered brigade again drew close, ordered to hold on until sunset and then charge.

With the typical disregard either of Free State or

foreign allies, Cronje sent the Scandinavian contingent under Baron Faderscold to attempt a flanking movement on the open veldt. The contingent was wiped out, the survivors dragging their wounded to the British lines, declaring that they would fight for the Boers no longer. Cronje's line was wavering under the incessant shelling, and the burghers admit that the final charge would have succeeded. But Albrecht brought several guns into action at the close of the day and swept the utterly exhausted companies. Flesh and blood could endure no longer. Without food or water, under a terrible fire, their arms, legs, and backs covered with vesicles from the blazing sun, the troops were unable to make further effort, but lay where they had fought, far into the night, and then crawled back out of range. Reluctantly Methuen was forced to withdraw his command to the Modder River.

At Tel-el-Kebir Wolseley pursued similar tactics with success, and the world hails him as a hero. Methuen failed, and has to face wholesale execration. The street tactician blames him for making a frontal attack, but overlooks details of transportation which held him to the railroad line, a détour being impossible save with a much stronger force, with abundant transport. Weakened by successive battles, his two brigades could hope to accomplish nothing save by surprise. Had he détoured, he must have taken all his force and left a long line of communications ex-

posed. He could expect no reinforcements, and the fault lies rather with those who underestimated the enemy and gave him an impossible task. Remember what Lawton's entire division suffered at Caney from six hundred Spaniards without artillery, and you will sympathize with Methuen's two brigades opposed to nine thousand steadfast Boers with several guns.

And those who hold Lord Paul Methuen as a proof of the effete aristocracy of the army should first know their man. They should see "Saint Paul" Methuen, as he is sometimes called, earnestly conducting his class of young men in the East End slums. Would that all lords were like him.

There is as little favoritism in the British army as in the United States, and trained officers in time of war do not find themselves superseded by political appointees who have never shouldered a rifle, — a distinct hardship during the late unpleasantness with Spain. The social butterflies who adopt the army for a profession have to pass an examination as rigorous as in any country in the world. There is much snobbery in certain regiments; Mr. Winston Churchill, who has now completely vindicated his manliness, sustained a caste in the 4th Hussars, which incurred the contempt of all thinking officers, and thinking men, too, if they heard of it.

But fortunately for the army, a more democratic spirit generally prevails, and while it is absolutely necessary for a subaltern to have private means to

augment his pay,[1] *Of Ours* is all the social status needed to win popularity. A manly, well bred man can become a power in a regiment where a titled "dolt" will be the laughing-stock. The democracy of Rugby, Eton, or Harrow is carried through Sandhurst into the army. As a certain prince had to fag for young Astor, so the Queen's grandson in the Rifles, not long since, was subservient to the son of a wholesale draper, who boasted three months' seniority. What other army can show the fearless, clear-cut, intelligent type of men who officer the United States and British armies?

Carlyle wrote of the "usual manner" of British officers, "without knowledge of war or fear of death." But he spoke of the days of purchase. British officers may have known little of modern warfare, for field days make soldiers, but not generals. But for a ridiculous inattention to the lessons of the Spanish war, belittled by Toral's abject surrender, South African leaders might have made their initial plans differently. Their experience was costly, but useful to

[1] The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University recently invited applications for commissions, and pointed out that candidates must have sufficient means to support the same. That such conditions should debar suitable men from appointments in the hour of need shows the necessity for drastic change. Few can exist on the present pay of subalterns, and a poor man is forced to waste his energy in West Africa or on the frontier in native corps, because he cannot sustain his position in a line regiment. It is specially hard for the sons of officers. Born and reared in the army they are soldiers by instinct, but their fathers have seldom the means to place them in the service.

the military world. The common assertion, however, that leaders are chosen by social preferment, more competent officers being superseded through favoritism, is directly negatived by the present leaders. Wolseley, Roberts, Buller, Kitchener, Clery, French, and many others have won their rank and honors by sheer hard service in the army, which they entered as unknown subs. It is unfortunate that there are not more Hector Macdonalds, but when "Bobs" is commander-in-chief direct promotion from the ranks will be easier. To-day field-marshals' batons can hardly be said to lie in every private's knapsack.

The mobilization of the Ladysmith relieving column was completed by General Clery on December 11th, when General Buller reviewed the command, numbering 22,000 fighting men.

The column comprised: the Cavalry Brigade, the Earl of Dundonald, 1st Dragoons, 13th Hussars, Bethune's and Thorneycroft's Horse, three squadrons of the newly enrolled South African Light horse, Walter's composite corps of regular Mounted Infantry, and the detached companies of the Natal Carbineers and Imperial Light-horse, 2,700 mounted men. The infantry brigades were: the 2d Brigade (English), General Hildyard's, the Devon, West York, West and East Surrey regiments, 4th Brigade (Light Infantry), General Lyttleton, 1st Rifle Brigade, 3d Battalion

60th Rifles, Scottish Rifles, and the Durham Light Infantry, 5th Brigade (Irish), General Hart, Dublin and Inniskilling Fusiliers and Connaught Rangers, and the Border regiment which replaced the Royal Irish detached to General Gatacre, 6th Brigade (Union), General Barton, 2d Royal Fusiliers, 2d Royal Scots, 2d Royal Irish, and 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers. With the above force were the 7th, 14th, 63d, 64th and 66th field batteries R. A., two naval 4.7 guns (Lyddite), and six long-range 12-pounders under Captain Jones of the "Forte," and six naval 12-pounders under Lieutenant Ogilvy.

Barton's composite brigade made the first advance, honors being even for each country represented therein. Beside the union of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, the territorial system has not restricted the regiments in question, and it is safe to say that every county of the countries had its quota there. On December 12th the brigade escorted six naval guns to a kopje east of the railroad, dominating at 7,000 yards the intrenched ridges that menaced the wagon bridge crossing the Tugela. A heavy bombardment of the Boer position was sustained from 7 A.M to 1 P.M. on the following day, the Lyddite shells blowing great gaps in the opposite intrenchments. The enemy made no reply, and current rumor had it that they had become demoralized by the fire and had withdrawn.

On the 14th a general advance was ordered; camp

was struck and moved forward to a position beyond Chieveley, preparatory for an attack in force on the morrow. The naval guns advanced nearer the river and again pounded the enemy's position; but again the masked Boer guns were silent, and mounted patrols who ventured close to the river were not fired upon. When general orders were read that evening for the attack at daybreak, no one expected a severe fight, and most decided that the effective fire of the naval guns had taught the farmer foe a salutary lesson, and the general supposition was that the enemy had removed his cannon out of range, and would make little opposition. Strangely, the Natalian forces, who had lived with the Boers from childhood, were loudest in belittling the resolution of the enemy. But a few sagely shook their heads and talked of Dutch *slim*.

The Tugela (Startling) River rises on the Free State side of the Mont aux Sources in the Drakensberg and leaps into British territory in a sheer descent of 1,800 feet, the highest waterfall in the world. The river usually flows quietly through the picturesque scenery of Natal, but the melting of the snow on the berg, or a heavy and perhaps entirely local rain-storm, swells it into a turbid flood that sweeps down without warning, and woe betide the hapless traveller caught passing a drift. Its tributaries are numerous. On the north it is fed by the Klip River from Ladysmith and the Sunday River from Elandslaagte. Its first trib-

utary, the Little Tugela, flows in on the south bank from Springfield; the Blauwkrantz (Blue Cliff) joins it from Frere, the Bushman River from Eastcourt, and Mooi (good) from Weston.

Its largest tributary is the Buffalo River, which rises near Charleston and forms, first, the eastern boundary between Natal and the Transvaal, and in crude right angle with the Tugela marks the west and south border of Zululand. The Buffalo is joined by the historic Ingogo between Majuba and New Castle, and its course is marked by points of special interest, notably Rorke's Drift, Fort Northampton, and Fugitive Drift where the heroic Melville fell, the last of his ill-fated corps, with his regiment's colors wrapped around him. A monument marks the place of his death.

Like all South African rivers, with the short exception of the Umzimkulu, the Tugela is not navigable, and in the dry season its tributaries are miserable *spruits*. But for this it would prove a magnificent water way through the richest districts of Natal, with branches connecting the important towns in the colony. A Brobdingnagian feat of engineering can transform this water system with a series of locks and embankments; and if the future promise of Natal is fulfilled, a great South African canal may be projected along the Tugela and its branches.

The railroad crosses the river by a massive bridge at Colenso, where the Bulwer road runs north; and

a wagon bridge and drift also cross at this point. The Boers had taken up a strong position on the north side of the crossing, where the advance of relief for Ladysmith, following the railroad from the coast, must cross the river. Meyer's defeat at Talana led to the selection of Louis Botha, his junior assistant during the establishment of Vryheid, and a very young member of the older Boer party, as direct commander under Joubert to oppose the British advance. Disappointed at their failure to surprise Maritzburg, and disheartened by the rapid advance of Red Bull (Redvers Buller), whom a few had fought under in the Zulu war, but most supposed to be a brother of John Bull, the burghers, notably the Free Staters, were anxious to fall back to defend their own territory. They had been told that 40,000 men were the utmost force that England could gather for a foreign war. They had shut a fourth of this army in Ladysmith; here was one half coming to its relief, and yet each day they heard of 50,000 men marching up to relieve Kimberley and invade the republics.

But the quiet wisdom of their young general soon restored their confidence and they loyally assisted him in carrying out his plans. With amazing perspicuity this simple strategist, heedless of the advice of skilled European officers, argued out the position and acted accordingly. The topography of Natal must be studied to be appreciated. It is an ideal country for defence; it is the most difficult country

in the world for aggressive campaigning. Sustaining a strategical offensive with a tactical defensive, the Boers had every advantage on their side. But the consummate skill evinced by Botha in realizing and applying this advantage, with a prescience of British movements gained only by a logical deduction of the possibilities, probabilities, disabilities, and precedents of the force before him, caused him to anticipate and meet every manœuvre to cross the river.

The Boers destroyed the massive railroad bridge at Colenso, but left the road bridge intact, occasionally sending patrols over as if they had retained it for their own use, and afterwards occupying the houses on the right bank to lure on the force. On their side of the river, Fort Wylie, evacuated by the British early in November, dominated the bridges. It was greatly strengthened by earthworks. The drifts or fords over the Tugela, marked on the field map, were cunningly altered by throwing dams across at night, rocks abounding for this purpose. Rows and rows of trenches were erected before these drifts, the defences being masked by brush and the natural rocks of the kopjes.

From the left or Boer bank of the river successive kopjes rise in tiers, extending along the entire front and ranging backward toward the north in irregular groups to lofty eminences, Grobler's Kloof and Red Hill, which formed the centre of the Boer position, commanding the entire sloping plain on the line of

advance. On these heights they mounted their big guns. The Tugela near Colenso makes a sharp bend northward, winding between the line of kopjes and hills running east and west. With Fort Wylie to hold the approaches to the bridges, Botha threw up lines of trenches extending along the entire water front, at the base of the kopjes and around the irregular sides. The left of his line, stretching across the river where it flows north, rested on Mount Hlangwane on the right bank of the Tugela. Learning a lesson from Santiago, he planted his position with rows of barbed wire entanglements. The river bed and the long grass and brush extending up the open bank of the Tugela on the British side were plentifully strewn with barbed wire fences, torn bodily from surrounding farms and distributed in layers in the shallows and along the ground likely to be traversed by troops assailing the drifts.

The ground leading to Colenso from Chieveley is very open and traversed by dongas. The veldt slopes gently down to the immediate river bank, which is steep and covered with long coarse grass and scrub. You will thus see that a force advancing from Chieveley toward Ladysmith must cross the open in face of a terrific rifle and artillery fire from well screened positions. Still exposed, the advance across the river would be retarded by barbed wire and the artificial flood of the drifts, and if a command could live to force a passage, row after row of kopjes must be

stormed in succession on the opposite bank; the direct opposition supported by the heavy guns and reserve riflemen on the eminences in the rear.

In these days of modern warfare, the impregnable position certainly seems to exist, and with resolution a handful of men at Colenso could stay the advance of an army corps. Imagine two miles of successive positions like San Juan in Cuba, but seven times longer, covered with rocks, steeper, and a hundredfold more difficult to assail. Throw in front of them a broad, unfordable river, with an open, unprotected advance in place of the El Poso woods that covered the advance to within 600 yards of the Spanish blockhouses. Place in the position a foe a hundred times more resolute and thirty times more numerous than Toral's advanced forces in Cuba. Advance your column, but one brigade larger than Shafter's army, across the open, force a passage over the river under the belching of 15,000 rifles, tear your way through the entanglements on the banks, carry these twenty San Juans in succession while the commanding eminences in rear sustain a terrific fire on your advancing forces, storm those final heights, capture the enemy's guns, and you have won the battle of Colenso.

The wonder is not so much that the British failed, but that they accomplished so much without a greater loss. Before you attempt to criticise Buller, study a map of Natal and read Bloch.

On the night of December 14th the following general orders were issued:—

ORDERS BY LIEUTENANT GENERAL SIR F. CLERY, K.C.B., COMMANDING SOUTH NATAL FIELD FORCE.

CHIEVELEY, Dec. 14, 1899 (10 P. M.).

1. The enemy is intrenched in the kopjes north of Colenso Bridge. One large camp is reported to be near the Ladysmith road, about five miles northwest of Colenso. Another large camp is reported in the hills which lie north of the Tugela in a northerly direction from Hlangwane Hill.

2. It is the intention of the General Officer Commanding to force the passage of the Tugela to-morrow.

3. The 5th Brigade will move from its present camping-ground at 4.30 A. M. and march towards the Bridle Drift, immediately west of the junction of Dornkop Spruit and the Tugela. The Brigade will cross at this point, and after crossing move along the left bank of the river towards the kopjes north of the iron bridge.

4. The 2d Brigade will move from its present camping-ground at 4 A. M. and passing south of the present camping-ground of No. 1 and No. 2 Divisional troops, will march in the direction of the iron bridge at Colenso. The Brigade will cross at this point and gain possession of the kopjes north of the iron bridge.

5. The 4th Brigade will advance at 4.30 A.M. to a point between Bridle Drift and the railway, so that it can support either the 5th or the 2d Brigade.

6. The 6th Brigade (less a half-battalion escort to bag-

gage) will move at 4 A. M. east of the railway in the direction of Hlangwane Hill to a position where he can project the right flank of the 2d Brigade, and, if necessary, support it or the mounted troops referred to later as moving towards Hlangwane Hill.

7. The officer commanding mounted brigade will move at 4 A. M., with a force of 1,000 men and one battery of No. 1 Brigade Division, in the direction of Hlangwane Hill; he will cover the right flank of the general movement, and will endeavour to take up a position on Hlangwane Hill, whence he will enfilade the kopjes north of the iron bridge.

The officer commanding mounted troops will also detail two forces of 300 and 500 men to cover the right and left flanks respectively and protect the baggage.

8. The 2d Brigade Division, Royal Field Artillery, will move at 4.30 A. M., following the 4th Brigade, and will take up a position whence it can enfilade the kopjes north of the iron bridge. This Brigade Division will act on any orders it receives from Major-General Hart.

The six naval guns (two 4.7-inch and four 12-pounder) now in position north of the 4th Brigade, will advance on the right of the 2d Brigade Division, Royal Field Artillery.

No. 1 Brigade Division, Royal Field Artillery (less one battery detached with mounted Brigade) will move at 3.30 A. M. east of the railway and proceed under cover of the 6th Brigade to a point from which it can prepare the crossing for the 2d Brigade.

The six naval guns now encamped with No. 2 Divi-

sional Troops will accompany and act with this Brigade Division.

9. As soon as the troops mentioned in preceding paragraphs have moved to their positions, the remaining units and the baggage will be parked in deep formation, facing north, in five separate lines, in rear of to-day's artillery position, the right of each line resting on the railway, but leaving a space of 100 yards between the railway and the right flank of the line.

In 1st line (counting from the right): —

Ammunition Column No. 1 Divisional Troops; 6th Brigade Field Hospital; 4th Brigade Field Hospital; Pontoon Troop, Royal Engineers; 5th Brigade Field Hospital; 2d Brigade Field Hospital; Ammunition Column, No. 2 Divisional Troops.

In 2d line (counting from the right): —

Baggage of the 6th Brigade; Baggage of the 4th Brigade; Baggage of the 2d Brigade.

In 3d line (counting from the right): —

Baggage of Mounted Brigade; Baggage of No. 1 Divisional Troops; Baggage of No. 2 Divisional Troops.

In 4th and 5th lines (counting from the right): —

Supply Columns in the same order as the baggage Columns in second and third lines.

Lieutenant-Colonel I. Reeves, Royal Irish Fusiliers, will command the whole of the above details.

10. The position of the General Officer Commanding will be near the 4.7-inch guns.

The Commanding Royal Engineer will send two sections 17th Company Royal Engineers with the 5th Bri-

gade, and one section and headquarters with the 2d Brigade.

11. Each infantry soldier will carry 150 rounds on his person, the ammunition now carried in the ox-wagons of regimental transports being distributed. Infantry greatcoats will be carried in two ox-wagons of regimental transport, if brigadiers so wish; other stores will not be placed in these wagons.

12. The General Officer commanding 6th Brigade will detail a half-battalion as baggage guard. The two naval guns now in position immediately south of divisional headquarter camp will move at 5 A. M. to the position now occupied by the 4.7-in. guns. — By order

B. HAMILTON, *Colonel,*
Assistant Adjutant-General
South Natal Field Force.

At 3 A.M. on Friday, December 15th, the British camp was struck and the entire force moved forward. With some difficulty the two 4.7 naval guns were dragged by oxen to a low spur west of the railroad, where with four long-range 12-pounders they came into action under Captain Jones of the "Forte," opening steadily with the early dawn at 4.45, making Fort Wylie their objective. After thirty minutes' desultory shelling, which failed to draw the enemy's guns, that they might be located and silenced, a furious bombardment was opened on the kopjes preparatory for the attack.

Outposts and scouts advanced toward the river, but

not a shot was fired. A few burghers galloped madly across the bridge and away as Hildyard's brigade moved forward in open order beside the railroad. Skirmishers fired at the houses on the south side of the water, which had been occupied by the enemy on the previous day, but not a rifle replied, and there was not a sign of life on either side of the Tugela, save on the far kopjes at the north centre of the position, where a group of mounted burghers were apparently riding away for dear life.

"Afraid of our naval guns! They have moved their own heavy pieces out of action!" was the general comment. Thè troops stepped forward with an eagerness of action after long restraint, and the proud smile of victory assured. No one supposed that the farmer foe would be mad enough to place their advance across the river which would cut off their retreat, to face advancing columns that must hurl them back into the water. Perhaps such tactics were the result of Boer over-confidence, but over-confidence, if it invites disaster, sometimes achieves victory.

Down toward the Tugela moved the brigades, looking only at the positions across the water. On the right centre bombardiers rode right to the river bank crossing empty Boer trenches that led from a clump of woods. With Captain White-Thomson they found the range in the open without molestation, and reported the ground clear of the enemy. Colonel Long,

leaving the slower oxen to bring forward the naval 12-pounders, then led the two field batteries of his division at a smart trot far ahead of the infantry to within 800 yards of the river to sweep the kopjes on the far side. Sectional commanders gave the objective, Fort Wylie, the range 1,200 yards, and the guns swept down in line at 6.20 A.M. with neither sight nor sound of the enemy.

"Halt! Action front!"

The drivers lifted their whips as they drew up their sweating horses, the limber gunners were twisting in their seats, prepared to dismount— Bang! went a signal gun beyond the river. Then burst a sound like the anchor chain rattling through the hawse hole, a crash of thunder and a ripping, tearing, whistling and detonation as if all the fiends in hell were loosed.

Maxims and automatic 1-pounders had opened from the kopjes by the river, every gun on the hills behind had spoken. And from every ridge and the fort beyond the Tugela, and worse yet, from the trenches on the south bank of the river, which had been quickly reoccupied by the Ermelo commando under cover of the thicket, a terrific rifle fire burst in the face of the British.

The two batteries bore the brunt in the centre. Without direct support, they were suddenly assailed with a hail of bullets poured in at point-blank range, the terrible phut-phut gun across the river searched

them out with its cruel little shells, and ere the guns were unlimbered half the teams were down, gunners and drivers were writhing on the ground, and it was impossible to retire from the trap. The discipline of the artillery responded to the test. The wagons were somewhat sheltered in a donga, but the detachment high numbers, rushing forward, cut loose the tangled teams, dragged the limbers behind the guns, "changed rounds" to replace casualties, and served ammunition as if on a field day, the gunners working the guns steadily until Fort Wylie and the surrounding kopjes erupted with bursting shrapnel.

The Creusots on Gròbler's had the exact range, however, and their 40-pound missives of steel and balls ploughed their way through the devoted batteries. One shell wiped a subdivision practically out of existence, but the survivors, finding their gun useless, ran to augment the detachments on either side of them.

Colonel Long fell dangerously wounded fifteen minutes after the fight opened, and was carried to a donga in rear, shot through the stomach, arm, and back. Delirious from the sun and loss of blood, he continually muttered, "My brave gunners! my brave gunners!" The two battery captains, Goldie and Schrieber, were shot dead. Colonel Hunt fell next. Then Lieutenants Gethin and Elton were wounded, but they clung to their guns until a second bullet brought down Elton, and Gethin fainted from loss of

blood. Lieutenant Gryles was shot trying to aid Schrieber; the subdivision sergeants had suffered as severely, but the surviving subalterns, Holford, with his face gashed by a splinter, and Birch, distributed the depleted detachment through the batteries and slaved at the guns with their men to the last. Splendid fellows were these stalwart British gunners who grimly stood by their guns in the face of certain death. Hellas could not have produced greater heroes; Leonidas would have been proud of such.

"You must abandon the battery," shouted a sergeant as he sank wounded and the fire increased. But the idea was scouted. No. 3 of one gun was shot as he fixed the lanyard, but attempted to fire as he lay on the ground. The downward jerk lifted the friction tube and it snapped harmlessly above the vent, but supporting himself by the wheel, he managed to insert another tube and fired his gun before another arrived to take his place. At No. 5 gun, 14th Battery, Nos. 2 and 4 alone were left, but they ran up, laid and fired their piece, alternately fetching ammunition from the limber. One fell, and the solitary No. 4 served that gun until the limber contained case shot alone. Pressing home double charges he flung out the tins of balls at an extreme canister range, searching the enemy skulking along the near bank; then a bullet marked him, and he sank across the trail of the now silent gun. Wright and Hinton worked two guns alone until they could get no more

shell; other subdivisions reduced to three or four men also fired on until their last charge was expended; then the remnant crept into a rut to await a fresh supply. The adjutant Thomson crawled out for a blanket for Colonel Long, and was shot down as he returned.

Meanwhile Hart's brigade had advanced in quarter-column to force Bridle Drift on the left. Dornkop Spruit, which joins the Tugela at an acute angle, lay in front of part of the brigade. These companies were preparing to cross to deploy beyond; the leading battalions had advanced in close formation into a salient loop of the river, when the firing burst forth. The van-guard received a terrific cross-fire from the bend, besides the frontal fire from the kopjes, and a share of the gunnery from Grobler's Kloof. Maddened by the surprise and consequent loss, the impetuosity of the gallant Irish was restrained with difficulty, while the companies deployed in open order. At every point rose piles of white stones by which the Boers had previously marked out exact ranges, and their fire with gun and rifle was absolutely accurate; but the troops swept forward with a yell of rage and defiance, rolling back an advance guard of the enemy intrenched in a donga, and forcing them into the river, where several were shot or drowned, though many escaped along the wooded bank.

On, through the wire entanglements, surged the lines of Dublins, Inniskillings, and Rangers, closely

supported by the Borderers. The leading lines of skirmishers were swept away as the Boers, on flank and front, strove to hurl back the assault; but delivering steady volleys, advancing in short rushes, taking advantage of every bit of cover, the devoted Irishmen finally reached the river bank. Two of Lyttleton's battalions now moved down to support, closely followed by the 63d and 64th Batteries, which were splendidly handled by Colonel Parsons, but narrowly escaped envelopment and were forced to withdraw further back.

Many, wounded in the earlier advance, struggled to their feet and came into the firing line, but nothing could be seen of the intrenched enemy save the pale smoke rising from the Mausers, blending with the sun haze on the kopjes circling the river bend. Pretorius, with his Boer and Irish gunners, turned on "Long Tom" from Grobler's, and the first shell ploughed into the Inniskillings, leaving a furrow of mangled flesh and agony; a second sought out the Rangers.

"No use being torn up like field dummies," shouted a Dublin officer, as he scrambled down the bank and felt his way into the drift. He fell, but a few men were following. Then a little bugler of the Dublins named Dunn, who had been ordered to the rear but had trudged on with his company, ran in the lead, sounding the advance. Several companies immediately fixed bayonets and dashed down to the water.

They were met with a heavy fire, but the shrill notes of the boy rang above the volleys, until a shrapnel burst over him, mangling the brave young body which was swept down stream.

With a shout of rage the baffled soldiers plunged into the river and dragged[1] him to land. Then they swept through the merciless hail into the drift and started across to rout out the hidden foe. But they stepped into ten feet of water, where had been a ford of three. Weighted down with ammunition and equipment, many sank, were caught in the barbed meshes and rose no more; others, struggling vainly for a footing, were swept into mid stream, and drowned where the water surged over the artful dam.

But holding their rifles over their heads, swimming as they might, some soldiers struggled on. The water sizzled with bullets, which dropped around them; one after another sank with wounds or exhaustion, and a mere handful reached land. At the glint of steel the Boers along the bank scurried away to the kopjes like rabbits, pursued by British volleys from the other side; but the little party gazed round in bewilderment, the target from a thousand hidden rifles above and around them — then, finding they were unsupported and that nothing could live to face such a fire, they turned sullenly to the water again and struggled back, a meagre few surviving to rejoin their comrades

[1] Dunn survived his injuries, and has since been decorated by the Queen.

on the south bank, who were sustaining steady volleys. Here the regiments lay along a vast cabbage field, without a vestige of cover, stormed at and hailed at, but grimly waiting for the order to retire.

The advance of Hildyard's brigade in the centre, prepared by the silenced batteries, was covered only by the naval battery of Long's division under Lieutenant Ogilvy of the "Tartar," who had brought his guns into action, 400 yards behind the field batteries, and escaped much of the fire that had mowed down the gunners. Ogilvy concentrated a terrific fire on the trenches surrounding Fort Wylie, which the 4.7-inch guns in rear were doing their best to demolish. The Boer volleys did not perceptibly decrease, however, though the Queen's and the Devons forced their way down toward the river, the former occupying Colenso station. The Wylie kopje was then in part subdued. A number of skirmishers pressed on to the water and attempted to cross by the bridge and main drifts, but these were immediately swept away.

The commander-in-chief, with General Clery, who was in immediate command, had followed the advance closely. Realizing the impossibility of forcing the crossing without direct artillery support, he diverted a portion of the brigade to attempt to cover the withdrawal of the silenced batteries. Colonel Bullock with two companies of Devons managed to reach the guns, and two companies of the Scots Fusiliers crawled along to a donga near by; but this

infantry advance revived the diminished fire from the environs of the fort, and a general movement toward the guns had to be abandoned. Buller and Clery had ridden along the line to try to avert disaster, fearlessly exposing themselves. Both were slightly wounded, — Buller by a shrapnel ball, Clery grazed by a bullet, — and several officers of their staff were killed around them. They now called for volunteers to try to extricate the guns.

The ammunition wagons were sheltered in a water course, 700 yards behind the batteries. By great exertion, Captain Schofield, R. A., Captain Congreve, the press censor, and Lord Roberts' son, Lieutenant Roberts, all of the general staff, assisted by Nurse, Taylor, Young, Petts, Rockall, Lucas, and Williams of the 66th Battery, took out two wagon teams to bring in the guns. Before they were half way across, a shell blew Roberts' horse to pieces, and he fell badly mangled; Congreve was shot down 100 yards from the batteries, his horse was killed beside him, and he was twice wounded, ere he could crawl to cover. But the others limbered up two guns, and though they lost one entire team and several men fell, the animals were redistributed, the dead horses cut loose, and the two guns finally dragged to cover.

The dead and wounded, however, had to be left, many being killed as they lay on the field. Congreve managed to drag himself into the donga in which Long and the surviving gunners were lying. At



this juncture Surgeon-major Babtie, waving a white handkerchief, galloped out to attend the wounded. The Boers fired heavily at him, however, his horse receiving three bullets ere it fell, he being slightly wounded as he dashed for the donga on foot. He dressed the wounds of the party, and turned to find that Congreve had crawled out to aid Roberts the moment his wounds were dressed. Seeing the former, faint from loss of blood, trying to bring in the lieutenant, he dashed out to the guns to aid him, and together they carried in the mangled body of "Bobs Junior," the bullets swishing up the dust around them until they reached shelter.

An ambulance that started out to try to bring in the wounded from the donga was driven back by a heavy fire, and after that attempt failed, the limbers again tried to go out to the guns, but horses and men fell so rapidly that the second attempt was abandoned. At this juncture Captain Reed of the 7th Battery, operating on the right, heard of the difficulty and called for volunteers from his battery to make a final attempt. Thirteen responded: Money, Reeve, Clarke, Musgrave, Robertson, Woodward, Wright, Ayles, Hawkins, Lennox, Nugent, Warden, and Felton.[1] They took out three teams and limbers.

[1] Major Babtie, Captains Congreve and Reed, Lieutenant Roberts and Nurse were awarded the Victoria Cross. Roberts only survived his wounds a few hours, but his name will long live on the roll of honor, a worthy son of his father. His Cross was given to Lady Roberts by the Queen, after this true soldier-wife had said

Of the 21 horses, 14 were killed ere the party had covered half the distance from the donga, and though with the residue of his men Reed extricated three horses, the firing grew so heavy that he was forced to retire, carrying in most of his wounded, but leaving the dead on the field. Until night he did not report his own wound, a bullet in the hip.

Ogilvy's naval guns at this time had lost half their oxen and were also in danger. The sailors offered to hold their ground, however, and keep the enemy from the abandoned guns before them until dark, when all could be withdrawn. But Buller, anticipating the risk of envelopment from the flank, and unable to bring up infantry to support, would not further endanger this more important battery. It was retired with great difficulty and loss; the native drivers refused to approach, and the depleted teams of oxen driven by sailor-gunners responded obstinately to their strange masters under a heavy fire. An improvised ammunition-wagon was abandoned, but this was finally saved by a Natal farmer named Pringle,

farewell to the General and was left to face her sorrow and suspense alone. The nineteen volunteers who had assisted were awarded the medal for Distinguished Service in the Field, an honor second only to the coveted V. C. Captain Schofield, whose gallantry was equal to any of the above, was not recommended for a V. C., and was forced to be content with special mention in despatches. The points of discrimination in bestowing the Cross are necessarily fine. The gallant Schofield did not receive the decoration because it was in line of his duty to rescue the guns, and the other officers had followed their own initiative, — a hardly fair distinction.

who inspanned a team of oxen and brought it in, though the mark of a thousand rifles.

On the extreme right, Lord Dundonald, dismounting his irregulars and mounted infantry, had assailed Hlangwane Hill. The South African Light Horse received their baptism of fire on the left. Walter's composite corps advanced in the centre while Thorneycroft's Horse attempted to turn the extreme Boer left. But the mobile foe adroitly turned the British flank, and Thorneycroft was forced to withdraw down a narrow valley with heavy loss.

The enemy pressed their advantage, closing in force on the right of the British line. With a single section of the 7th Battery and his practically raw Colonials, Dundonald fought stubbornly, and a portion of his force clung tenaciously to the side of Hlangwane, while a message was sent to the centre for reinforcements. Half of Barton's brigade might have been detached with ease and the position taken. From Hlangwane Hill the entire Boer line could have been enfiladed, and its capture would have turned a reverse to an advantage, though nothing could have achieved instant victory. But the infantry could not be detached without direct orders from headquarters; the galloper was killed looking up Buller, and no help was sent. The risk of individual initiative in a planned battle is great, but a regimental or brigade commander who had acted on his own authority and sent a battalion or two of the supports to aid Dun-

donald might have had the *kudos* of success on a day of universal disaster.

Along the whole British line, the checked regiments held their ground. The midsummer sun blazed down furiously on the unprotected men, for the December heat on the parched veldt runs the Soudan a close second. But continued exposure was futile, and after eight hours' heavy fighting a general retirement was ordered.

The brigades of Hart and Lyttleton were being searched out in their scanty shelter by light Boer guns, which had been moved back under cover of the kopjes and circled round to take a position on the military crest of a ridge nearer the river. But even at this range these guns could not be located, and inflicted severe loss. When the "Retire" sounded, there was no panic. Hildyard's and Barton's brigades fell back very steadily, pursued by a heavy rifle-fire and an effective shelling from the quick-firers. Hart's suffered still more terribly as they fell back across the open, Lyttleton's Rifle regiments receiving their share of punishment as they covered the movements.

At 1.30 P.M. the worn troops were out of rifle range, and plodded their way into camp, pursued by heavy but fortunately inferior shelling from the hills. The Boers then crossed the bridge, reoccupying their position along the south bank, which had taught a costly lesson that day. Dundonald was hardly pressed, and it was two hours after he received

the order to retire, before he could disengage his force.

Through the fatal wound of an orderly, Colonel Bullock with the twenty survivors of the artillery escort was not notified of the general retirement, and remained in the donga with the wounded. The Boers hurriedly crossed toward the guns and were greeted by a scattering volley from this plucky handful. Lieutenants Birch and Holford of the artillery volunteered to rush out and fire case shot at the burghers, but this would have courted death and could not save the guns, so it was forbidden. The surviving gunners unfortunately had left their carbines with the limbers, and the slightly wounded artillery men were unable to assist in the defence. But Boer tactics were now reversed, and though commando after commando crossed to seize the guns, the twenty sheltered British kept them at bay until sunset, when an enfilade fire was poured in among them, and Bullock arranged an armistice, pointing out that the donga was a dressing station, and it was only fair that the surgeon with the wounded officers and men should be removed to a place of safety, when he and his heroes would fight on to the end.

During the parley a number of Boers crept close in and swarmed into the donga. "Surrender, you brave fool!" shouted one in English. The colonel emptied his revolver at the crowd that rushed at him, and

then went down under a terrific blow with a clubbed rifle. The party were at once made prisoners by the Johannesburghers; a British ambulance was hailed, and filled with the wounded, but the remainder were sent to Pretoria. Though wounded, despite Article 2 of the Geneva Convention to which the Transvaal so proudly subscribed, the Boers refused to release Colonel Hunt, because he had commanded the guns; and in face of his agony and protests, he was taken from the stretcher and packed off with the rest.

The withdrawal completed, the burghers swarmed over the bridge or swam the river at all points, and commenced to strip the wounded and dead. The veldt was strewn with helpless forms, and near Bridle Drift the dead lay in heaps. Their need of clothes and outfits may excuse the Boers, but brutes alone would strip wounded men and leave them naked under a blistering sun. Ghouls also hacked fingers off to secure rings, and some mocked and maltreated the stricken men. The Roman Catholic chaplain of the Irish, who remained on the field, reported that one Boer deliberately smashed in the face of a wounded private of the Rangers with his heel, shouting that he would end all d—n *rooineks*. A veldt cornet, bettered in appearance by an Arkansas hobo, kicked a dying soldier who struggled to retain his boots.

Yet there was another side, for a fair-haired Boer

laddie swam the river and moved naked over the hot veldt, giving water to the wounded. And indeed there are so many cases of Boer humanity on the field, that the frequent instances of their ferocity are offset.

In the war of 1881 the burghers behaved with utmost brutality in every instance, and I fear one can give little credit to the Transvaal burghers. But the present army has had a leavening of intelligent Free Staters and aliens, and the younger generation of Boers have learned good as well as bad from their contact with the despised Uitlanders. An army must be judged as a whole and officially. There has been too much disposition to quote individual acts against the republics, but they have treated prisoners humanely [1] and have shown every disposition to carry on the war in a civilized manner. Courage, magnanimity, and self-abnegation are attributes of the soldier fostered by war. Yet some men will be turned to savages by the thought of carnage. They become

[1] Back-country commandants like Snyman, who held Lady Sarah Wilson close prisoner and finally exchanged her for the convict Viljoen, the man who deliberately shelled the Mafeking women's laager, thinking their condition would induce the men to surrender, and cut native women to the bone with rawhides for attempting to leave the city, are brutes beyond the pale of civilization. The black-list of Transvaalers would not be a short one — and the brave Cronje is in the category — but their deeds are overshadowed by the actions of more intelligent leaders. Joubert, Botha, Meyer, Prinsloo, Coster, and others were foemen worthy of the best steel. If we do not believe their cause just, let us at least credit them with fighting, and fighting bravely, for what they deemed right.

hardened, brutalized; for homicidal appetite is created, and seeks unnecessary gratification.

The looting was stayed by the approach of the ambulances, which were greeted by two field guns and several volleys fired at close range. The bearer companies were recruited from the Uitlanders, and several Americans were enrolled therein. They advanced steadily with a large Red Cross flag at their head, and the emblem itself was torn by bullets. In vain the surgeons galloped to the Boer lines waving their handkerchiefs and pointing to the flag. Eighteen of the ambulance men were killed or wounded ere a Boer officer, more humane than his fellows, rode down the line and checked the firing. It is said that the burghers knew this rôle of the hated Uitlanders, and shot them down determinedly. Many individual shots were fired afterwards and one surgeon was killed. This shooting was deliberative and inexcusable.

Major Barton of the Rangers had been cut off with several men, whom he disarmed and detached to aid the wounded when the ambulances arrived. Collecting their water-bottles, he went to fill them at the river to revive the stricken men on the veldt. He was surrounded, and an Austrian officer in charge of the party, seeing he was a combatant officer, saved him from the charge of being a spy, and to satisfy the burghers placed him on parole ere he was released. In striking conscientiousness, he reported

this at headquarters, and General Buller relieved him from duty and sent him down country so that he should not break his word. This trivial incident is a significant tribute to the code of honor of the British officer.

By sunset over 800 wounded had been collected on the field, passed through the Field Hospital, and been sent by train to the permanent hospitals at Eastcourt, Maritzburg, and Durban. Sir William MacCormac and the celebrated surgeon, Mr. Treves, superintended the treatment and transportation.

During the evening an informal truce was arranged to bury the dead. The naval guns in rear had been trained to cover the abandoned batteries, and volunteers were ready to extricate them at night. Operations were suspended by the truce, however, under cover of which Buller could have brought in his guns. He forbade the attempt as a violation of the armistice; but the Boers, having no such scruples, and covered by the truce, hooked up teams and took the pieces over the river. The guns were fairly theirs, however.

CHAPTER IX

RE-ECHOES OF COLENSO. — THE QUESTION OF ARTILLERY. — LYDDITE. — EFFECT OF REVERSE IN ENGLAND. — LORD ROBERTS. — CHRISTMAS AT THE FRONT. — EFFECT OF VICTORY ON THE BOERS. — THE ASSAULT OF LADYSMITH. — A BRAVE DEFENCE AND A BRAVE ATTACK. — TREACHERY. — BOER POSITIONS ON THE TUGELA. — DIFFICULTIES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

"WAS there no way round?" ejaculated the United States military attaché, as he was shown the positions at Colenso after the reverse. And civilian tacticians of two continents have taken up the cry, with bitter criticism of General Buller. But with Ladysmith the centre of a circle of very difficult positions, intrenched at all assailable points by an enemy in uninterrupted occupancy for forty days and nights, the radius marked by main road and rail had advantages that overruled the consideration of radii that might have been drawn from weaker points of the circumference. Wide détours could have been made and a passage forced through at some more assailable spot, but to relieve Ladysmith, communication had to be reopened with the South. Ammunition and supplies cannot be taken over continuous kopjes with a mobile foe on either flank, and for the

relief of the city, possession of the railroad or an accessible route to the coast was essential.

Granted, however, that Colenso was the point to attack, the method of its delivery is open to criticism. "It is pardonable to be defeated, but never to be taken by surprise." The attack was planned according to text-book, but the task was impossible, and the fault lies not so much with General Buller as with individual leaders, who were completely tricked by the Boer silence until the whole battle opened and was decided by a virtual ambuscade. The commander-in-chief knew the Boer better than his generals, and did not expect to sweep all resistance directly before him. His plan was to effect a lodgment beyond the Tugela at the foot of Fort Wylie, and by Hart's flank attack, seize the row of kopjes along the direct front. The successive ridges held by the Boers would then mask each other, and from these intrenched kopjes he hoped to shell out and take the succeeding positions ridge by ridge. The plan of operations was skilful, and deserved to succeed.

Had Hart been able to force the ford on the left, and had the frontal attack been supported by artillery, the river might have been crossed. But the wisdom of the Napoleonic maxim, "Never do what your enemy wishes, for the reason that he wishes," was unfortunately exemplified. The Irish brigade advanced in quarter-column just where the enemy desired, and attempted to cross the drift that they had

flooded. On the right they lured Long's field guns into the trap that they had prepared. The Intelligence Department should have discovered all this, you will say. But scouts cannot walk up to the enemy's guns, and little that ordinary scouting could accomplish was left undone. While the Boers completely misled the British as to their disposition and resource, they did not attempt to give the impression that they had entirely evacuated the position. They sustained patrols and outposts that kept scouts well on the south bank of the Tugela, but their trenches were accurately located, though nothing more was known.

A cunning secret service is adverse to the British idea. Many a foreign mercenary or Dutch farmer could have been bought or spies enlisted. But while Transvaal gold has been spent like water on Machiavellic service, ranging from the efforts of Leyds to create international complications by sending bogus British recruiting agents to foreign capitals, and disseminating stories that led to unnecessary seizures of mail vessels for carrying contraband, to the corruption of Johannesburg barmaids, as suggested by Mrs. Kruger, and the enlistment of colonial traitors in the volunteers to poison army horses and send out reports through disloyal farmers, British secret service has been practically nil. But the bloody lessons were not lost, and only by costly experience can tactics be evolved to suit modern warfare. A

frank recognition of mistakes should not impair confidence in the army or its leaders, and a close study of past errors is of greater importance than a review of previous successes.

And now for a word of praise for the "army of herders" and their leaders. For three days they had rested in their bombproofs, resisting the invitation to duel with the naval gunners, who so thoroughly shelled the position without reply. They had marked every range with white stone heaps; to the efforts of skirmishers to force them to unmask their position they vouchsafed no reply, and challenges that trained armies would rapidly have answered were disdained. The artillerymen taking the range and locating a position for the guns were unmolested. Then they saw the confidence which they had inspired impel the British onward, Long's batteries sweeping forward on the right centre, Hart's brigade in quarter-column on the left, — both seemingly irresistible targets for the outposts. But not a shot was fired; they awaited the approach of their victims into a certain and unfailing zone, when they loosed the restraint and achieved a brilliant success.

It was partly accidental. Hart had first to cross a spruit and donga at accessible points, and could not deploy until he had passed beyond. Long had explicit orders to keep his field batteries with the 6th Brigade. But he took a gunner's initiative, and after superficial investigation led his guns forward

to within 300 yards of the reoccupied trenches, relying, however, on a portion of Barton's brigade to scour the woods in which the Boers were hiding. The order for this miscarried.

The drill-books need revision. As laid down, 1700 yards is the limit of artillery vulnerability from rifle fire, but the Mauser can be effective to 2000 yards. This rifle is the best extant. The Spaniards and Boers have demonstrated its superiority against the Krag-Jorgensen and Lee-Metford respectively. Eventually, I think the British arm will be rated second and the Krag third, though the detached magazine has many disadvantages.

There was another combined fault and accident of war. Hlangwane Hill, on the near side of the river, was a key to the situation. The Boer left was strong, and covered some stiff hills and country, but there was no river to cross, and the northward trend of the Tugela here cut off the Boer retreat. The hills dominated the Colenso position in flank at extreme range, but well within reach of the naval guns.

The importance of gaining a position across the river, and a fatal underrating of the strength of the enemy led its value to be minimized, and its capture was left to the Colonials. Dundonald soon realized both the importance of the position and his inability to take it single-handed, and through the lack of initiative of officers of Barton's brigade and the death of the galloper sent on to Buller for orders,

the Colonials were unsupported until the order for retirement, which they executed unwillingly and with difficulty.

The South African campaign has furnished glaring instances of excessive initiative and the lack of that quality, of debatable value in war. In the extended formations of the day a spirit of initiative unknown and unnecessary in the massed formations of the great Frederick must be fostered not only in officers, but in the men. The commander of an army now cannot hope to achieve success unless he can rely on the anticipation of his desire by subordinate commanders even to the least degree, and count on an intelligent initiative by which they will meet the exigiencies of the situation in a manner calculated to further the general plan. Unlooked-for contingencies must arise in a modern battle, when the delay of forwarding a report and receiving direct orders would prove fatal. The Boers have given many practical illustrations of the value of collective individuality at critical moments. Pedantry has established defined rules for every occasion and emergency in the British army, but the spirit of forethought and individuality of officers leads more often to success than does rigid observance of rules. But initiative that ends in failure may have a court-martial sequel.

General Buller's weakest arm was artillery. The recognized proportion of three guns per thousand infantry is an estimate that will now be very consid-

erably augmented. Long range and barbed wire rather resolve field into siege operations; they are no longer widely separate. In a difficult country the need of howitzer batteries is paramount. Under what I will now term obsolete rule, Buller should have had at least sixty-six guns. He had but thirty-six field guns, — one battery of which was operating as horse artillery with Dundonald, — and the naval contingent, which in an attack like that of Colenso were worth more than the two brigade divisions.

There is much hysterical gush written about the outranging of the British field guns by Boer artillery, the critics overlooking the conflicting claims of mobility and range. The Boers had ample time to place heavy guns into position which naturally outranged the field pieces of their opponents, built chiefly for rapidity of movement. The field artillery is satisfactory for its own work. It is not intended for siege purposes; and the fault lay in the tardy despatch of the howitzer batteries which could operate effectively against strongly intrenched positions. Since naval guns are not always available, there is a distinct need also of heavier cannon, which can be detached and mounted for effective field service from the garrison artillery.

That the field guns could and should be improved, I do not deny. The War Office for several years has shelved the question of improving the field batteries. They realized that the practice of warfare was

in course of revolution, and with an economic wisdom that has caught them napping, they were waiting until the best gun on the market had been evolved, when they could re-arm the batteries according to a developed situation. Experimental batteries have tried new guns, but England does not share the feverish apprehensions of war suffered by the Continental Powers. In waiting to profit by their demonstrations, she suddenly found herself a principal in a war with one of the most difficult opponents in history. She had to face the most retrogressive, yet one of the bravest, of the world's races, who had purchased fine military brains and weapons in Europe, and in a country built by nature in impregnable fortresses, they applied them in combination with their own singular methods and steadfast courage.

Both Germany and France observe absolute secrecy with regard to their weapons. In 1897, Germany expended forty-four million marks on a quick-firing field-gun. France then at once equipped one hundred field batteries with a new quick firer. Russia, of course, was next moved to action, and General Engelhardt devoted himself to perfecting an improved field gun, which was supplied to the field batteries by the Alexandrousk and Pontilov works.

The French and German field guns outrange the British 15-pounder by 1000 yards. The French weapon, which is the more perfect, I believe, has a calibre of three inches; its recoil is entirely nega-

tived, and it can thus deliver fifteen shots per minute. This is nearly five times as many as those fired by the United States field gun, and three times as many as the British field gun with spade attachment. The Russian gun is a 14-pounder (calibre 3.42), with a muzzle velocity of 1,950 feet per second, and a stated record of sixteen shots per minute, the recoil being checked by hydraulic buffers, and negatived by india-rubber springs and an attachment similar to the telescopic spade of Sir George Clarke which is now fitted to the British field guns.

The Transvaal had quietly purchased an ample equipment of Krupp and Canet quick-firers, and vicious little Vickers Maxims (.37 mil.), which spit out a demoralizing stream of 20-oz. shells. The 75 mil. Creusot, that is, the Schneider-Canet (14½-pounder), of which the Boers have four eight-gun batteries, is 1 cwt. lighter than the British 15-pounder; its shrapnel has 234 bullets (24 more than its opponent), and its recoil is checked by the Engelhardt (Russian) attachment. It sustained a fire of ten rounds per minute at its trial at Le Creusot[1] on behalf

[1] The celebrated Le Creusot works were founded in France by an Englishman named Wilkinson in time to furnish arms for the sea and land forces when France was affording not wholly disinterested aid to the American colonies. The founder was one of the many Britishers who sympathized with the revolted colonists, who were fighting for the very principle that English people had striven to maintain against the Stuarts, and which Anglo-Saxon Uitlanders have demanded in vain from President Kruger. Wilkinson could

of the Transvaal government. Its shrapnel range is 4,500 yards, with a muzzle velocity of 1,837 feet per second. Besides these, the Boers have several Creusot and inferior heavy guns, 4, 4.7, and 6 inch, mounted on specially built carriages.

By dint of long practice in moving loaded wagons across their frightful country, they have infused miraculous mobility into their massive Creusots, and by means of blocks and tackle and the simple introduction of ordinary ploughs, requisitioned from the farms and fixed to drag-ropes to retard descent, 40-pounders and large calibre howitzers have been moved from hill to hill with astounding celerity.

But for the naval guns, the British army would have been in sore plight. For field guns to come within possible range of the main artillery position was impossible, since the former was chosen far in rear, and the opposing gunners would be within easy rifle range of the foremost trenches. To pit field guns against intrenched riflemen is futile. The Boers have fuses timed for 5,200 yards; the shrapnel opposing them is limited to 4,100. Beyond 5,000 yards the fire of the British field guns is precarious, and 5,500 is their limit unless the trail is sunken, at extreme risk to mountings.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of the insidious danger of

not obtain a settlement, and was ruined. Singularly, a British company which was working Le Creusot during the Franco-Prussian war was also ruined when its bills on the imperial government were rejected by the Commune.

small debts, said, "Big debts are like big guns; they make much noise, but do little harm." Until the perfection of the elongated projectile and flattened trajectory, the effect of artillery was rather moral than material. Before assaulting the Düppel redoubts, the Prussians prepared the advance by firing 11,500 shell in less than six hours. These inflicted small loss but great demoralization on the plucky Danes. Artillery is now a strong deciding factor in reducing the fire of an intrenched enemy and making assault within the realms of possibility. Moral effect remains, however, and five minutes' furious shelling will generally be more efficacious than an hour's desultory fire.

The early British successes in South Africa were not helpful, inasmuch as they gave false hypotheses for a general plan, and caused loss of life and time pending rectification. The howitzer batteries were delayed to the last, adjudged useful perhaps in reducing Bloemfontein, necessary only for the fall of Pretoria. The authorities overlooked the miles of natural fortresses to be overcome ere Natal was cleared or the enemy's country invaded.

The siege train consisted of fourteen 6-inch, eight 5-inch, and eight 4-inch howitzers. The 6-inch has a range of 10,000 yards, the others firing 9,000 yards. Their high-angle fire of 35° to 40° enables them to lob shells over the heads of advancing infantry, to cover assault almost to the point of the final rush with

the bayonet. Field guns must usually cease firing when the lines of attack are within 500 yards of the position, though this rule is governed by the configuration of the ground.

Lyddite, the bursting charge of the shells fired by the howitzers, is an improvement on the French melenite. A secret invention of Woolwich Arsenal, it is named after the gunnery range at Lydd, Kent. Its explosive force may be judged from Omdurman, when one shell, penetrating a hard clay bank, exploded and blew its base over the heads of the firing battery, 3,000 yards distant. In the present conflict it has neither upheld nor disproved its reputation. The shock of explosion is said to kill at a radius of forty yards, but the Boers declare it a harmless explosive. Since they have chiefly experienced it against their bombproofs, and the thousands of shell that they hurled into Ladysmith produced such slight loss, the rough statistics gathered from prisoners show that its effect is at least threefold greater than that of their melenite.

Half a century ago a French chemist found that cotton wool treated with nitric acid was inflammable to an extent that ranged its force with gunpowder, suddenly developing a volume of gas, combustible in the presence of oxygen. Few thought that this discovery would revolutionize warfare. It was many years before the tremendous advantages of a slow-burning explosive were recognized, but finally from

gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine mutual solvents have been found, producing cordite, melenite or lyddite, all of which obviate the fibre and clogging of gun-cotton. In the two latter, however, used mainly for bursting, not impelling charges, pure carbolic acid is treated with nitric acid, picric acid being the result. This can be poured into the shell in liquid form and has none of the risks of dynamite in exploding with the shock of discharge. It is detonated by fulminate of mercury and picric powder, one acting on the other, and thus on soft ground the shells are liable not to explode.

Reverse at every point aroused the complacent British public to the magnitude of the operations in South Africa. The Little Englanders and the "agin the governments" of all denominations who had charged Mr. Chamberlain with inciting the war now found it necessary to alter their tactics.[1] The government that they had charged with undue belligerence was now arraigned with lack of preparation for war. But the nation, which has cried out if the army estimates were excessive, not the government, was to blame for the shortcomings that would have been far greater in any other country, Germany excepted.

[1] Most of the shortcomings were unavoidable in a great mobilization where only a small standing army is maintained. The blatant criticism from the ex-Secretary of War was in specially bad taste, since his niggardly policy when in office was notorious, and even smokeless powder was not of his mind. The country should congratulate itself that his party was not in power.

And leaving recrimination to petty politicians, the people, shouldered the responsibility, providing money and men to press the war to the end.

Reverse was salutary for the arrogance of national spirit, strengthened in the British race by their power and progress. Illogical patriotism is a fault of Americans and British, as well as of less favored nations. National histories are too apt to minimize defects, obscure defeats, and glorify successes beyond proportion. Centuries of success in warfare account for British pride; but insular prejudice, common in the Englishman, causes a universal dislike.

In history the Dutch have cost England dearly, and blood will tell, even if it is mixed and traits are perverted. But since vast resources must eventually win, let us give glory to Kruger for two things, — uniting the vast British empire and teaching British pride a salutary lesson. Assumption of invincibility begotten by victories of the past is liable to foster a self-complacency of the present that is dangerous. Armaments must be adapted to foreign policy, or the policy to the armaments, and the country has lived too long on Trafalgar and Waterloo.

Like the North in the Civil War, the British commenced by underrating their opponents and the task before them. Bad practice in war is worse than none, and successive campaigns of civilization against savages taught British officers much that they have unlearned in South Africa. Fortunately, Anglo-

Saxon level-headedness came to the rescue in the hour of trouble; and where Latin races would have overthrown the ministry, the British took Lincoln's advice and did not "swap horses when crossing the stream," only augmenting the leadership of the army to make it commensurate with the increase of strength.

Ere the stop-press insertions in the lightning *extras* were printed announcing Buller's defeat, the Cabinet was in session, orders had been issued for the sixth division to start at once, and the remaining reserve was called up. Five hours after the official despatch was received, the calls for mobilization were speeding over the wires, and troops were equipped, provisioned, and embarking ere the week closed.

Now the war touched home. Roberts and Kitchener, popular idols, were to direct, and the great cities, towns, and countryside gave up their youth and manhood for the reserve, militia, and auxiliary forces. The volunteers left the counting-house and counter to form the selected contingents from the auxiliaries, enrolled only for home defence but rallying readily for foreign service. The Yeomanry (volunteer cavalry) responded with like alacrity, and the farm-helps relinquished the plough for the rifle, swelling the militia establishment until every battalion was over strength and besieged with applicants. And every London police court was filled with deserters, many of long standing, surrendering to face

the long averted punishment, only to be with the old regiment on active service.

The regular army, if not at war, is on foreign service, and the soldiers' friends and families are used to parting: regulars are paid to fight, they are "absent-minded beggars,"[1] with whom sentiment is not allowed. But the conservative British public was now called upon to give up its sons; the honor of the country was at stake. War no longer meant paying men 12 pence per day to do the fighting; it entailed giving up some near and dear one, a break in the sacred home circle. Yet nobly did the women of England answer the call. After all, women rule the world, for what man went off to fight but through or for "her"?

Responsible political parties were now united, and even dear old Ireland imbibed the enthusiasm, to the chagrin of the New York intransigents. The gallantry of her sons at the front stirred their warm hearts, and while frothy spellbinders waved Boer flags and raised counter demonstrations, Ireland forgot past wrongs for the nonce and shared in the pride and fear for the empire of which she is an integral part, and to which she has contributed so many soldiers.

Ireland disloyal?—and for the Boers? I can only turn you to the subscription lists as they stood in the war's infancy. The "Irish Times'" fund for soldiers'

[1] An army sobriquet immortalized, but not originated, by Mr. Kipling.

widows stood at £9,307 a few days after opening; Lady Roberts' appeal to the Irish netted £6,038 for soldiers' families, in as short a time; and strenuous endeavor by the Irish Nationalist Transvaal Aid Committee collected £83 from three million nationalists in a whole month. Reverse, I hear, increased the disparity. The war with Spain united North and South, and to-day the British empire stands unified as never before.

In the Travellers' Club, members were crowding round the ticker as the sparse items from Colenso filtered in and were read aloud by the nearest members. Most had some relative or friend at the front, and in their eagerness few noticed the hero of Kandahar. A meagre account of Buller's lost guns — heroism of the officers — the sufferings of Lieutenant Roberts, recommended for the V.C., but gone beyond earthly honors. — Then they noticed the quiet, well-knit figure standing in their midst. "Bobs" aged twenty years in as many seconds. Every head was bared in an instant, but none could speak. Quietly the old soldier stood to the bitter end, a tinge of pride illuminating the ashy gray hue of grief as he heard how his boy had died. Then he gravely saluted, and turned to break the news to the wife and helpmeet of forty-one years of peace and war.

A true soldier usually makes a devoted husband; the opinions of those who know not army life notwithstanding. "To the country to which I am proud

of belonging, to the army to which I am so deeply indebted, and to the wife without whose loving help my forty-one years in India could not be the happy retrospect it is," writes Lord Roberts in the dedication of his greatest work. And from the day that the young hero of the Sepoy Mutiny recuperating from his wounds met Miss Nora Bews of Waterford, the soldier and his wife have been inseparable. Aligarh, Lahore, Bombay, Waterford, and Portsmouth are but points on the long routes that sing their praise.

"My desire to have him near me must never stand in his way," said the young wife to Lord Clyde ere the honeymoon was over, when Hope Grant had been "considerately" selected for China in "Bobs'" stead. And from that day they have shared hardships and perils together, until to-day Lady Roberts and her daughter are nursing wounded near the firing line, following the general closely to the front. Would that I had the space to tell more of their life from early Waterford days to Bloemfontein. The death of their first-born at Simla, the care of the soldier for his stricken wife, camped alone in the wildest country, the death of their second child on shipboard, the attempted murder of the baby boy by his Hindoo nurse, whom destiny foiled to provide posterity with the Colenso hero — all these are episodes in their eventful career. Of "Bobs'" military glory you know, and he is going far to prove his ability to rank with the greatest generals of serious wars.

With Lord Roberts in command, the conqueror of the Soudan, with his vast administrative ability, made an ideal chief of staff, and for rank and file no more popular men could have been selected to level "old Krewjer" and his "Paulies," as Tommy dubbed the Boers. Their confidence in Buller was unbounded, but Kipling has not exaggerated their love for "Bobs." He is their idol, and they rejoiced exceedingly when the general, who had landed in 1881 to uphold the British flag, only to find a mistaken magnanimity had forestalled him, was selected to undertake the task that he prophesied would be necessary when the halt was called nineteen years before.

The failure to force the Tugela had but whetted the appetite of the army for fighting and stiffened a determination for victory. The combination of races in the regiments and the empire is a happy one. The fiery impetuosity of the Irish, fully restrained by discipline but always available when necessary, the dash of the Scotch combined with their unusual staying powers, the cool patience of the plucky Welsh, and the stolid perseverance "never-be-beat" qualities of the English, make an effective combination.

Many of the Boers expected that the British would desist after Colenso. "Chamberlain has had his Majuba, and will now cry for peace," said well informed leaders to their prisoners of war. General Joubert returned to the front on the 18th to find the

fighting resolved to affairs of outposts, and the brigades withdrawn to Frere. On the 20th a Hussar patrol was ambushed as far south as Weenen, and surrounded, cutting its way out with loss. The Colonials were rapidly on the scene, the Boers retiring on their approach, just before dark. Instead of returning to camp, the Colonials bivouacked, hiding in the kopjes at sunrise. A force of Boers soon returned, making an eager race to secure the clothes and equipment of the dead Hussars. While the burghers were stripping the dead and quarrelling over the spoils, the Colonials swooped down on them, killing and capturing some and dispersing the rest.

Christmas day was observed by an informal truce at Colenso, but the ringing of the church bells in Ladysmith, announcing the era of "peace on earth and good-will to man," was the signal for a terrific bombardment by the Boers, the Town Hall Hospital, as usual, being the target. The beleaguered garrison had little cheer for feasting, but the relieving column tried to forget recent losses, and made exceeding merry on camp fare.

The naval detachment was first awake, and enlivened the camp with the Yuletide chorus, "God rest ye, merrie gentlemen," that made many a soldier pause 'twixt sleeping and waking, to prolong the dream of past festivals at home with waits, carols, and the family reunion, ere they roused to face the realities of war and the thermometer.

Many a home o'er the sea had a vacant chair. Some of the absent ones were sleeping beside the Tugela; the others thought sadly of the home circles many were destined never again to see. Ah, aching hearts of mothers, wives, and sisters! It is hard consolation that your dear ones gave their lives in sustaining reverse. Yet those brave young lives were not uselessly expended; and remember that they died bravely, fighting as they retired even as they had fought to advance. Their lives were not in vain, little as the battle gained.

And you, stricken Boer women! They tell us that your feelings are not deep, that you widows soon take new husbands, and sweethearts new beaux. But if you have your failings, can they tell us that a mother yearns not for her son, or a wife for her husband? The finer feelings of life may be blunted by environment, but can that change a woman's heart? May the God you worship sustain you in your hour of trial. Your loved ones have died fighting for the cause they believed just — sacrificed by a misunderstanding fostered and made an open breach by whited sepulchres among you whom the Almighty will judge. They have called upon Him recklessly. Let Him be arbiter; but if you find in a happier era that your leaders and their aliens have misled you, think not that their wrongs sully the honor of your humble dead, for they fought for high ideals — duty and country — and will be held guiltless.

Christmas Dinner

The gloom of homesickness, which so easily develops into a dangerous nostalgia, was soon dispelled in the camps on Christmas day. A military tournament for all arms was arranged by the officers, and of course Jack had a mule race, though why the two enjoy an incongruous affinity no one can tell. The sailors' discipline was the more relaxed, and they rigged an international procession for the edification of "Tommy," in which Kruger, John Bull, and "Rule Britannia" were to the fore.

Then came the Christmas dinner. The tons of supplies despatched by absent friends had not arrived, but the officers arranged for beer for their men, extras from the commissariat were lavishly issued, some fine fat oxen were captured from the Boers, and the veteran correspondent, Bennet Burleigh, carted up cake, tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes *ad lib.*, and arranged a camp fire for all hands, the day being closed with topical songs, chiefly referring to good things in store for Uncle Paul, — "When next we travel to the Cape, by gum! we 'll go via Cairo" making a great hit.

Then ensued days of quiet. Picket firing and skirmishes on the flanks closed up the old year, — I was tempted to say the century, but 't is a disputed point. The Boers announced 1900 to Ladysmith with a terrific bombardment, to celebrate Hogmanay and the anniversary of that hour, four years before, when Dr. Jameson marred the peace of South Africa.

Reinforcements were coming to Buller. General Warren, the Free State's friend, whom past experience in the country made a useful ally, brought a division. Howitzers made their tardy appearance, and field batteries replaced the lost guns and strengthened the arm. The Boers felt round the flanks at Frere and were thrice punished for their temerity. Then an unexpected flood of the Túgela isolated all on the south bank, and many were rounded up. The force at Hlangwane should then have been rapidly attacked. The bridge they had rigged was swept away, and a Roosevelt would have "clipped in," and perhaps succeeded in inflicting a salutary lesson. But elaborate operations were planned, and the river fell before execution.

Botha continued to strengthen his position, laying a light tramway, so that his guns could be rapidly concentrated at desired points, and constructing bomb-proof alleys leading from trenches, in which a horseman could ride in perfect safety. At Ladysmith the Boers were forming a colossal dam across the Klip, that it might overflow and flood Ladysmith. They perhaps overlooked the fact that such a flood would have swept away the sick and neutral camp at Intombi. Such a course would have outrivalled MacMahon's plan to burn out the Prussian skirmishers and sharpshooters from the woods at Weissenburg. Napoleon then refused permission, on humanitarian grounds, and lost hundreds of men thereby; and it is

a pity that Joubert, who gained universal esteem of friend and foe, lent himself to this plan which he at first opposed. Fortunately the dam was built slowly; the impressed Kaffirs constantly deserting from Boer lashes to the English lines, where they had free rations and were unmolested, — and Ladysmith was relieved just before its completion.

Hundreds of blacks who escaped from the enemy arrived in camp with their backs wealed to the bone by *sjamboks*. The unfortunate Natal natives were forbidden by the government to take up arms in their own defence, and then found their mealies and cattle looted by the invaders, and themselves impressed to labor day and night while their unfortunate wives and children starved. There is a terrible story also of violation of their girls; but mercenaries and dissolute young burghers were to blame for this, and it should not be laid to the Boers, though their exegesis allowed such things. I have heard the charge of official cruelty by the British to the blacks. But I have seen much of British administration of black and brown men, from chicken-hearted rice-eaters to West African cannibals. The uncivilized black should not be treated like a pampered child, but I have always found that the British government errs in that direction; and white men who treat a native severely find to their cost that all are equal under the law, and an unlawful killing means a lawful hanging, — eye for eye, tooth for tooth.

The natural elation of the Boers over their stupendous victories led them to formulate plans for peace, which revealed their colossal ignorance of British spirit and resource. The cession of Natal and Kimberley and an indemnity of $100,000,000 did not seem preposterous terms after three reverses and the fall of Mafeking and Ladysmith, which was now assured.

The peace conditions were prepared and only waited for the final acts in the British tragedy. To expedite these, the bulk of the forces were withdrawn from Colenso, where the flooded river held Buller, and concentrated to storm Ladysmith. Matt Steyn, the President's brother, and several Free Staters, declared, however, that it needed a Colenso to rouse the British, and Ladysmith's fall would only start the war; and while the Transvaalers were predicting speedy triumph, he and a number of his compatriots demanded leave to tend their crops and thus prolong supplies. Thirty of them deserted to the British lines.

In a driving rain at two A.M., January 6th, four columns of Boers crept up against the Ladysmith defences. White's garrison was decimated with fever, and since they had to hold a perimeter of over thirteen miles, outposts could not be strongly sustained at any one point. The enemy had quickly detected the weak spot in the encircling defences. Cæsar's camp, a broad plateau 800 feet above Ladysmith, guarded the south side of the town. This

eminence had proved easy to defend, but on its western end it merged after a depression into a lower position, Wagon Hill, the connecting nek and dry water-courses making possible breaches in the British line.

The Boers first waded up Fourier's Spruit, and dividing in two parties started to crawl up each side of Wagon Hill. The outlying pickets, composed of Colonials, challenged the Boers, but receiving the reply "Town Guard" in perfect English, they allowed them to advance close, and were knocked down with clubbed rifles and killed ere they could give the alarm. Lieutenant Mathias of the Light Horse, walking down to visit his guards, suddenly found himself among the enemy, but he coolly turned and crept upward with them, unnoticed, springing in the lead on the summit and giving the alarm. Shouting to the guards to turn out, he sprang to the head of his detachment. He was joined by a working party of sappers that were fortunately constructing a gun pit in the darkness, to strengthen the very point of assault. But this little party was assailed on both flanks and swept back over the ridge.

The Heidelberg commando under Van Wyk and the Harrismith Free Staters under De Villiers formed this forlorn hope which had penetrated the British lines. The main force was to hurl itself into the breach at dawn. But the pickets resisted the Free Staters' assault stoutly; the expelled outposts rallied,

and the enemy found their advance along the nek to take Cæsar's camp in flank was stoutly opposed by less than thirty men. Young MacNaghten of the Scots led this sorry handful to the crest, where a squadron of Light Horse was surrounded in a sangar, and only shared in their annihilation, the Boers temporarily obtaining Wagon Hill. It was soon evident that the assault was more than an affair of outposts, and reinforcements were hurried out ere the sun rose.

The Boers then retired to the cover of the outer crest, and reversed the use of the empty sangars. The British clung to the inner crest, sheltered by boulders and depressions. A space of twenty-five yards divided the two forces. The Light Horse clung to a rocky position rising on the nek, and poured in a cross fire; but they suffered very severely and changed commanding officers seven times during the day. Their officers were practically wiped out. Lord Ava galloped along the line to find a point from which the *spruit* could be covered, along which Boer reinforcements were pouring. He was instantly killed. The burghers then attempted to rush round the flank, but they were met by seven troopers, who were shot to pieces but held on long enough for reinforcements to arrive, and did not vainly sacrifice themselves.

Thrice detachments tried to sweep across the open to sustain the hardly-pressed Light Horse; for with Boers in their position the entire hill would be enfiladed and untenable. Major Mackworth, then Cap-



tain Codrington, and finally Lieutenant Todd, led these rushes, and in each case the officers were killed with most of their men.

A mile away on the other flank the Heidelberg commando had surprised Hunt-Grubbe and the outlying pickets, wiping out the outposts resting in the first line of defences. But on a narrow portion of the ridge sixteen of the Manchester regiment, without an officer, clung to a narrow trench and fought to the end. Boers crawled up on either side of this isolated force and poured in volleys the entire day, shouting at intervals to the survivors to surrender. A continual but diminishing fire was their answer, and after fifteen long hours' continuous resistance relief came and the Boers were driven back. As the Devons with fixed bayonets cleared the enemy from the hill at sunset, they heard the regular cracking of two Lee Metfords easily discernible from the Mausers. In the trench where the picket had been surrounded fourteen lay dead, some killed after many wounds. And of the two survivors, one sorely wounded loaded the rifles as he lay on the ground, handing them to the other as he fired in quick succession. The latter powder-grimed hero coolly saluted, reported his picket to the relieving officer, and fell senseless from exhaustion.

Reinforcements were urgently needed at both places early in the day, but at 9 A.M. commandoes were seen hovering on the Helpmaaker road and before

Observation Hill, and their diversion prevented concentration at the assailed points.

By 10, however, the Boer fire had dwindled, and the burghers fell back to cover in the bush and behind rocks. Every inch of the assailed positions was then searched by a terrific shell fire, against which the British field batteries could not reply until they were advanced into the open, where they put in splendid practice.

Beyond Intombi, at midday, swarms of horsemen appeared in full view, riding fearlessly in the open, for their advance was screened by the women in the neutral camp, and the hospital tents upon which the British could not fire. Leisurely dismounting, they disappeared like rabbits among the rocks, and began to stalk their way in, the movement of the mimosa, or a glimpse of a ragged coat scuttling behind a boulder, being the only indications of their advance in Zulu tactics.

Taking what cover they could, the soldiers fired when they saw a head, and were shot when they exposed themselves above the ridge. Then suddenly from a tiny watercourse hidden by rocks, some one descried a force of the enemy creeping close to the summit. As the alarm was given, De Villiers and a picked force of desperate burghers leaped into a gun pit and swarmed over the ridge, firing as they advanced, the tired troops falling back rapidly. Many were trying to lunch under fire when surprised, and

the confusion amounted to panic. But as the troops broke and retired, Major Wallnutt rallied a few men and held to the crest. De Villiers blew the Major's brains out with his own hand, his men were swept away, and the victorious Boers were rushing forward, when Lieutenant Digby Jones and six sappers sprang from the gun pit and resumed the fight. De Villiers killed Jones and fell mortally wounded himself; the sappers clung to the rocks and kept the Boers at bay until reinforcements came, and the ridge was saved, Lieutenant Dennis, Jones' mess chum, being killed as he bent over the body of his friend.

A burgher now appeared walking slowly to the ridge with a white flag. The firing ceased, the men keeping well to cover to avoid treachery. But the Light Horse on their eminence could see the trick, for as he advanced a line of burghers squirmed like snakes through the brush on the hillside and would have swept over the crest but for this timely discovery. The "truce bearer," shouting, "Run, brothers!" dropped his flag and fled, and heavy volleys drove the treacherous foe to their lines. Later two wounded prisoners of war were brought forward and deliberately placed as a screen by three Boers, who stood up and shot at leisure. A Light Horse sharpshooter crawled forward and disposed of two of them; but the third was more difficult, and shots from other quarters, ere they brought down their man, riddled the wounded, killing one, though the other was res-

cued alive with six bullets, British and Boer, in him. Though paralyzed, he stands a chance of recovery.

The Devons now arrived on the scene, after a long march from a distant outpost. Fixing bayonets, they swept through the battered lines of defenders and cleared the Boers from the side of Caesar's camp, losing very heavily, however. The Gordons also advanced on the eastern slope, having lost their leader, Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., early in the day and being eager for revenge. Thus again the defences were cleared.

But the enemy swarmed among the rocks and woods at the foot of the position, and shot off those who showed themselves on the crest. A frightful thunderstorm burst in the late afternoon, and the lashing rain proved the cover for the last Boer advance. Water courses and rocks were not needed now. It was nearly dark, the rain masked their advance to close quarters, when they swarmed in hundreds over the hill, yelling "Majuba!"

Never made they greater mistake than to thus attack in the open. Troops who are wary to charge in face of the potting of a lurking foe are brave as lions when facing a disclosed enemy. With a hoarse cry and fixed bayonets the British dashed forward. In distinct crashes were the magazines emptied — then they plunged in with cold steel. The burghers, crying for mercy, retreated like a stampeded herd.

The spruits lay before them, but the storm had

swelled streamlets into turbid floods. Before the rushing line of steel they were forced into the seething waters, many being swept away. Those who gained a crossing were pursued with rifle fire back to their hills, the field batteries harrying them when infantry were outranged. The diversions against the northern positions and Helpmaaker road tried to press in but were rapidly repulsed.

Seldom has modern history recorded a more prolonged or desperate duel between two bodies of resolute men. Boer gallantry was never more evinced than on this day, though they outnumbered the British; and one can only regret the universal treachery they exhibited and which is beneath such brave men. The British loss was 43 officers and 320 men; the Boer loss, for once in the war, was the heavier, and 132 bodies were collected on the hills alone. Of the engaged regiments the casualties of the Imperial Light Horse were four-fifths of their entire strength, 38 men answering roll-call that night. It has been stated that the Uitlanders were scheming cowards, unwilling to strike a blow for their own redemption. The incessant gallantry of this Uitlander corps, throughout the war on their behalf, belies the calumny; they were fighting for their liberty, homes, and property in the country of their adoption.

Thoroughly disheartened, the Boers returned to their positions along the Tugela and resumed the investment of Ladysmith. White, during a brief spell

of sunshine, had managed to heliograph Buller that he was hard pressed. The mounted troops and advanced infantry brigades at once made a demonstration at Colenso to relieve the pressure. But for the Tugela flood a successful assault might then have been delivered, as many guns and the bulk of the forces had been taken to Ladysmith. The guards left in the positions were lounging in clear view, and were severely mauled by the field batteries ere they could get to cover. Gallopers were then despatched to recall the absent forces, but they were too engrossed in assaulting the city, and it was an unfortunate combination of circumstances that Buller was not prepared with pontoons to force a passage.

Joubert now reoccupied his position on the Tugela in full force and strengthened the defences at every point. Along twenty-one miles of natural fortifications the Boer front extended. A kopje is practically a vast stone heap: the boulders have only to be piled up as required, and it is a jagged fortress: the mountainous kops are Titanic editions of the same. Burghers and impressed natives slaved night and day, building gun pits and epaulments with prodigious bombproofs, which negatived the possibility of effective bombardment.

For the defences of the Boers, imagine green and iron-brown eminences covered very thickly with massive rocks. A hollow scraped behind a convenient

stone, three smaller rocks piled above, and the burgher has prepared his individual castle. The big rock shields his body, the smaller rocks — an interstice between two, through which a rifle can rest, with a third placed above to complete the loophole, — protect his head. Even at close range there is little to detect these shelters from the thousand surrounding boulders; the thin vapor of smokeless powder is hidden by the sun haze. Visible trenches are then thrown up to attract the enemy's fire to unoccupied ridges; tents are placed on prominent but safe places to draw shell fire.

Of the thousands of bullets that ricochet harmlessly against the rocks, units find a billet. To render these shelters shell-proof, boulders are piled around with apparent carelessness, to form a rough enclosure; and shrapnel are useless, and common shell must burst with a rare nicety or waste their force on the hillside.

Gun pits are sunk on the reverse of the ridges and a chamber dug forward to within eight feet of the frontal ascent. Through this protecting wall of earth only a necessary embrasure is cut to the front of the ridge, so that the gun is worked in practically an underground chamber, served in absolute protection, and exposed only to a minimum of danger during the interval of discharge. Against such defences the British have had to advance across an open valley, exposed to the last to a fire before which troops cannot live.

I have frequently scanned South African kopjes signalled as "occupied" by some wary scout, and with strong glasses it has been impossible to detect a sign of life or defence; the hill looked like its neighbor which we had just passed. Reconnaissance may fail to detect or locate the enemy, advance guards pass unmolested, and suddenly the advancing regiment is greeted by a thousand rifles bursting from apparently nowhere. Besides an abundance of such positions beyond the Tugela, the heights and ridges were systematically intrenched, covered or protected passages were cut from the rear at all exposed points, some trenches were blasted in solid rock, and a more formidable position can scarcely be found in history.

CHAPTER X

A QUESTION OF SUPPLY. — TRAITS OF THE AMERICAN OFFICER. — AUTOMOBILE TRANSPORT. — DUNDONALD'S DASH TO SPRINGFIELD. — CROSSING THE TUGELA. — BOER BRAVERY. — DISASTER OF SPION KOP. — VAAL KRANTZ.

NAPOLEON once said that no army marched with as much baggage as the British. This is true, and in part creditable; for it may be attributed to the rigid desire to respect private property, and neither live on the land by commandeering local foodstuffs nor shelter or billet troops on the inhabitants, and to the care bestowed on the creature comforts of the army to preserve its health and sustain sick and wounded. There are wars that could be named where personal luxuries of the officers crowded out necessities for the men, and transportation of champagne and wine for the mess was provided when transport for soldiers' rations was meagre.

I have seen nothing more touching than the care bestowed by American officers on their men, when they themselves lacked common essentials. I have always found that if the men were suffering privations, the officers were certainly suffering greater ones. I stayed in several camps in Cuba, and in

Tampa also, where the officers apologized for providing water for meals. The men had secured an allowance of coffee, but "we did not wish to sponge on their ration." I have stayed in camps of many nationalities. I think I may safely say that the compeer of the American officer in relation to his men does not exist. I have seen him die, I have seen British officers die, and many others. None die as do the sons of the two great liberty-loving countries, and in bravery they are equals. But in his consideration of his men, the American takes highest rank. A certain foreign attaché told me that the American officer had the "foulest mouth" in the universe. He had seen much of a certain general who is the exception that proves the opposite rule. No officer uses more temperate language, or has more inherent tact to extract a willing obedience.

It was a relief to me after some previous experience with the British officer in the field, to note that the South African campaign developed similar traits. Officers who proved so fearless and men who were brave to a fault naturally engendered a mutual respect, and it was refreshing to note the altered relation after a few weeks' campaigning, and to find how much the officers suffered with their men, when face to face with death and impending disaster and a foe that needed much beating.

When Buller decided to try a way round Colenso, he forbade unnecessary baggage; tents and person-



[illegible] B[illegible] crossing the T[illegible] Valley
[illegible]

alities were barred in the preparations made to divert the line of communications from the railroad across an indifferent country. But though every ounce was essential, ammunition, rations, and hospital supplies for 30,000 men made an imposing train.

With the advance divisions alone were 232 ox-wagons, 98 ten-span, 107 six-span, and 52 four-span mule-wagons, beside artillery and traction draught. Oxen prove satisfactory for transport in South Africa, and can readily be turned to food in emergency, but they are limited to two miles an hour over an ordinary track, and if overdriven they speedily become galled, footsore, and useless. In rain storms at night they require a measure of protection, or pneumonia will carry them off in scores; and unless pasture is carefully selected, red water or tulip poison will decimate the teams.

The horse and the mule, though capable of greater effort, must carry a considerable proportion of their own forage. Native animals can live on the veldt, but the British were forced to import their cattle and were at great disadvantage, where the Boers have no fear. The animals are also very susceptible to horse-sickness, the dreaded *paarde ziekte*, which annually makes its appearance throughout southern and central Africa. This plague develops suddenly, and either attacks the respiratory organs like a severe form of hay fever, developing into a cough, the head swelling rapidly until the animal dies after eight

hours' agony, or appears in the digestive organs, when internal fever develops, which proves fatal within twenty-four hours. The disease is evidently a species of malaria, which is contracted by inhalation of the miasma or assimilation of the poison, probably in the dew, partaken when grazing.

For animals exposed on the veldt there seems neither prevention nor cure. Experts expected that three-fourths of the British horses would contract the disease — the rate of mortality being 88 per cent. But the worst season has now passed, with the lightest epidemic in fifteen years. In case of recovery, the South Africans procure a certificate, and the "salted" horse is worth three times his old value.

General Buller anticipated the risk of transport by importing military traction engines, famed on the Long Valley, where they have astonished all beholders during the manœuvres of recent years. Animal traction is expensive, slow, cumbersome, and troublesome, and it is a painful tribute to "circumlocution" methods of the British War Office that the question of mechanical traction has so long been shelved. The Indian government experimented with specially built road engines just before the Afghan war of 1879. Through the whole campaign they proved their extreme usefulness; but when they were worn out they were not replaced, and the British War Office made no great progress in the matter of steam traction. The Foreign Office has found the engines

of immense service beyond railhead in the construction of the Uganda Railroad, and home service should have demonstrated their utility for South Africa without waiting to experiment, before finally shipping a regular supply.

The advantages of the iron horse are many. In speed it can sustain eight miles per hour on a tolerable road, and travel night and day with no great delay. An engine requires less care than a single span of mules, and it will do the work of 100 mules or 160 oxen. On arrival in camp, where animals must be groomed, rested, and fed, with light labor the engine works a dynamo, pump, or freezer, thus supplying the camp with electricity, water, and ice, if necessary. Coal for one engine is a small matter compared with fodder for 90 to 120 draught animals, and during halts, while the engine is resting, the beasts continue to need forage.

In bogs or on difficult ground, where animals would flounder hopelessly, the engine drops its load, crosses alone, and then draws the wagons over with a cable and drum. If the engine sticks or the ground is steep, anchors are fixed ahead with cables attached, and the road locomotive draws itself clear.

Its greatest advantage is the tremendous shortening of transport trains. Major Crompton, Consulting Traction Engineer to Lord Roberts, computes that 100 tons' load, to be transported fifty miles in South

Africa, with fodder or fuel for the return journey empty, would require: —

		Time.	Length of column.
169 Ox-wagons (2,360 oxen)	127 tons fodder	6 days	5,910 yards
14 Engines	14 tons fuel .	4 days	410 yards

A much less number of men are required either to drive or guard, and the risks of capture in the latter are reduced to a minimum, especially if the engines are protected by bullet-proof plates, whereas in a narrow road a single bullet may kill an ox and delay the whole train until captured.

But the present military engine is too heavy for practical purposes at all times, especially where pontoons have to be crossed or roads are bad. Since macadam is not found everywhere, it should be largely supplemented by lighter traction. Two light engines or automobiles that can each carry and haul three tons under all conditions are obviously better than one that can transport seven tons with limitations. Messrs. Thorneycroft have constructed an automobile transport wagon which will carry a gun or a three-ton load two hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and it will also drag a trailer of two tons at a slightly decreased speed. Who could limit or estimate the possibilities of war with such a transport train?

By night and by day the mounted troops had scouted and patrolled before Colenso, pending fresh operations. Officers with tiny escorts risked death a

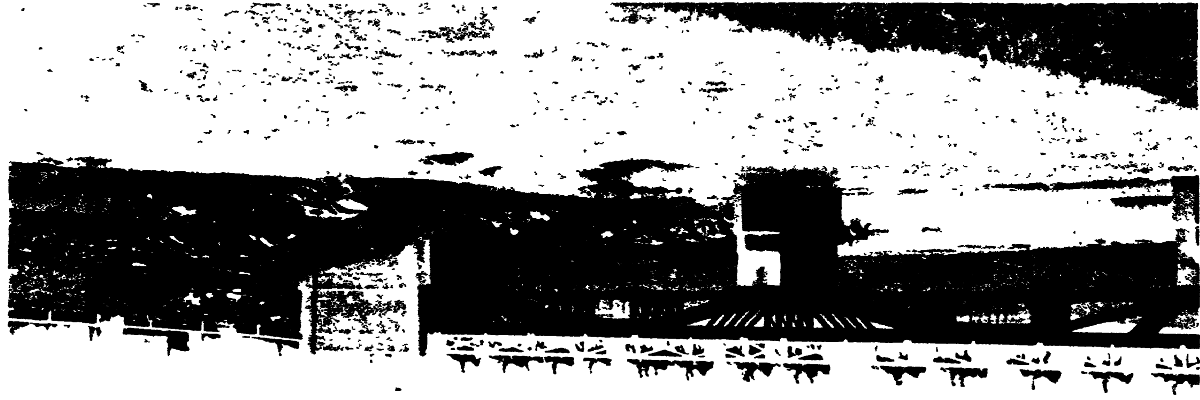
hundred times to sketch the Boer positions, and the Colonials marched, counter-marched, and demonstrated, misleading the enemy or attempting to do so. On the chess-board of Natal the skilled players, Buller and Joubert, anticipated each move of the other. A feint in force against the Boer right led Joubert to strengthen his left, and *vice versa*. For a time the Boers were in ignorance of British intentions, thanks to the provost marshal, who sent disloyalists to cool their heels in Maritzburg, despite the paternal solicitude for these gentry urged by the government.

Closely guarded reconnaissance on the extreme right, covered adroitly by bombardment at Colenso, and the general report that Clery would advance via Weenen were anticipated by Joubert in the opposite direction; the Johannesburg commando under Viljoen and a force of Free Staters were sent to occupy Springfield. And when the need for concealment seemed less, and more open preparations for an advance by this western route were made, the Boer general detected a second ruse, and withdrew Viljoen, sending part of his force east. This, of course, facilitated the main advance. But marvellous shelter and commandeered forage enabled the burghers to keep their horses practically in the trenches; and with their marvellous mobility and British immobility, no permanent advantage could accrue from their fallacious reasoning.

After continuous rain, which again swelled the Tugela and in part shut the Boers from the southern bank, on January 10th Buller gave his first orders for a definite move, and moved quickly. On the previous night a dummy battery was rigged to replace the lyddite guns, supply columns with rations for a working week, paraded, and as the earliest dawn was breaking, the brigades were ordered to move west on Springfield. To the last moment conjecture was rife as to destination, and since popular sentiment favored an advance to the eastward, for once a movement was started without the Boers receiving warning in time for anticipation, their excessive cunning foiling them.

Dundonald, with the scouts and Colonials, was first off. These irregulars, the Uhlans of the column, pressed forward in a forced march to Springfield, surprising the small Boer guard, and seized the iron bridge crossing the Little Tugela. Sending back men to announce that the objective was unoccupied, and leaving a guard on the bridge, the Earl pressed forward to the Tugela proper, taking the 78th Battery in lieu of horse artillery.

Potgieter's Drift, by which Buller hoped to force the Tugela, lies 22 miles west of Frere. The crossing had caused serious apprehension to the staff. Among broken ground the river forms an S at this point, the fords being dominated by Swartz Kop, on the south bank, strongly intrenched, with the impregnable ridges of Brakfontein running east and west



on the north bank, along which the main Boer line extended.

Dundonald marched all night toward Swartz Kop, hoping to surprise it, and hold on until the main column arrived to sustain his effort. His initiative was dangerous, and his dash with the Colonials reminds one of the exploits of the English irregular Winslow and his troop of Baden cavalry at Lauterburg. But as his vedettes rode cautiously forward, no enemy developed, and he found the position unoccupied.

Trusting to the surprised outpost at Springfield, Viljoen had withdrawn his force to the east, leaving a small guard on the north side of the drift. Keeping his men under cover, Dundonald led a picked force down to the ford, where the cable ferry-boat had been hauled high into the slip on the far side. The horses of the outpost were grazing on the bank, but the vigilants were sleeping quietly at their post. Lieutenant Carlisle at once volunteered to swim the river and cut out the ferry-boat "under their noses." Turner, Cox, Barkley, Howell, Collingwood, and Godden, all of G Company of the newly-fledged South African Light Horse, one of them an American, were selected from the entire company that stepped forward when volunteers were asked for. This little party swam across the broad and turbid river and dragged the boat into the water. As they commenced to work it across, the tackle fouled, a

dog on the bank commenced to bark, and a volley from the bank told the volunteers that they were discovered.

Carlisle was wounded, and his assistants sprang into the water with him and commenced to swim back. Cox, however, with amazing gallantry, returned to shore on the far side of the pontoon, and squirming up the bank, severed the tackle with his jack-knife. The enemy were so engrossed in firing at the escaping men that they saw nothing of his action, until he turned and dived back into the water, and the freed float began to move slowly across, hauled by the men on the opposite bank. They then rushed down to shoot him, but were checked by steady volleys from the other side; and by clinging to the lee side of the pontoon, Cox escaped their fire and safely rejoined his cheering comrades.

The main column had left camp shortly after the Colonials. To their inexpressible regret, Barton's brigade was left at Chieveley to guard railhead and keep the Boers occupied in the centre. And well they performed their thankless task. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

In the advance Hart's Irish were in the van, Hildyard's brigade wheeling in behind them from Chieveley. Behind this division under Clery came Warren's division, consisting of Lyttleton's brigade of Rifles and Woodgate's newly arrived brigade of Lancashires. Coke's brigade formed a command with the corps



troops, thus making practically five independent commands, with the field force, under Clery, Warren, Coke, Barton, and Dundonald respectively. The artillery had been considerably strengthened by the howitzers and additional field batteries, but did not reach the full ratio for the augmented force.

The rapid advance would have been impossible but for the traction engines. The tracks, misnamed roads, were quagmires, dongas were filled and drifts flooded, and at several points mules and oxen died of vain exertion in trying to haul the 650 wagons across. The traction engines made a new reputation. Sliding down the steep banks of the fords, ploughing their way through torrents before which draught animals could not stand, they effectively solved transport difficulties. Their weight and broad, flanged wheels pounded down the mud, the flanges gripping hardened soil, and at every difficult spot one of these "puffing Billies" was dropped to haul over strings of wagons by steel cables, the oxen and mules crossing unimpeded, and the troops passing streams dry shod by a span of wagons stalled in mid stream until all were over. By nightfall Clery had bivouacked near Springfield, Warren had pressed on into the town to take up a position on the right, Hildyard camping at Pretorius' farm, within easy reach of Deel Drift and the fords at Tugela junction.

With the first gleams of morning sun a heliograph on Swartz Kop blinked the welcome news that Dun-

donald held the ferry. It was a complete surprise. In less than twenty-four hours the army had been jumped far to the westward. All divisions were on the Tugela when the crestfallen picket rode to the *Hoofdlaager* and apprised Joubert and Meyer that the British had captured the ferry and were crossing the river. Botha was not then in command, having secured leave of absence a day previously.

Warren took his division westward against the extreme Boer right. In the centre the naval guns and howitzers were mounted on Swartz Kop and an adjoining crest, Hildyard moved off the road and held the drifts at the Tugela junction, and the cavalry pressed on to Acton Homes on the extreme northwest. Buller established his headquarters at Spearman's Farm, and on Saturday his right and centre were only awaiting the development of Warren's flanking movement ere they attacked.

Rapidly connected by telegraph, Barton then made a feint at Colenso, keeping the Boers occupied another day; and it was late on the 15th before they made a decided movement toward the ridges before Buller. Howitzers and naval guns greeted the burghers from a commanding position, which enabled them to search the Boer trenches and cover both centre and flank attacks.

On Tuesday, January 16th, Warren was before his objective, and Buller ordered a general advance. Lyttleton's brigade was first across in the centre.

The Rifles, crossing the flooded drift at Potgieter's by a continuous chain, formed along the bank in skirmishing order, sweeping the Boer outposts and advance guard back to the main position. They also kept down a vicious fire from the flanks until a pontoon ferry was fixed and the howitzer and field batteries sent over.

Seven miles further west Sir Charles Warren threw his division over the Tugela, at Trigaardt's Drift, the Engineers erecting a pontoon under a heavy fire. He bivouacked at night toward the flank of the main Boer line, which extended southeast to Potgieter's along a series of ridges dominated by a great bastion, Spion Kop, on which the Boer right ostensibly rested though their flanks were "in the air," and they rapidly extended west along ridges through Acton Homes into the spurs of the Drakensberg, beacons being lit for reinforcements.

Excessive caution seemed to have seized the British generals. Unwilling to repeat Colenso tactics, they clung to the outer works of the enemy while the artillery made a thorough preparation for assault, in which the kopjes suffered severely, the Boers resting securely in their bombproofs, or in rear of the ridges, awaiting developments. Under ordinary conditions all this was regular, but since the enemy was not in force, it afforded them time to bring down reinforcements with their guns, which they mounted at night, and prepare for defence. If the assault had been quickly

pressed it would have stood greater chances of success.

But Buller's idea was to engage the enemy along the front while Warren's division forced its way by a détour through Acton Homes, passing round the Boer right and striking across the more open country to the hills surrounding Ladysmith. For this purpose he delayed until he had seventeen days' rations in reserve to send to Warren. With a division in their rear, the Boers would be forced to withdraw at least from the right half of their line before the Tugela, and Clery could throw his division forward, thus co-operating with Warren in raising the siege.

But while the troops in the centre had established themselves in positions that would keep the line of communications clear to the westward, Warren, who was allowed great initiative, found it would be impossible to extend a line of communications round the extreme flank. He sent the following despatch for the commander-in-chief: —

"LEFT FLANK, 19th January.

"TO THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF, — I find there are only two roads by which we could possibly get from Trichardt's Drift to Potgieter's, on the north of the Tugela; one by Acton Homes, the other by Fair View and Rosalie. The first I reject as too long; the second is a very difficult road for a large number of wagons, unless the enemy is thoroughly cleared out. I am, therefore, going to adopt some special arrangements which will involve my

stay at Venter's Laager for two or three days. I will send in for further supplies and report progress.[1]

"WARREN."

A council of officers confirmed the impossibility of getting round with transport for only three days' rations, and it was decided to force back the Boer line until the division could break the cordon and press through to the rear, via Rosalie, to raise the siege, with haversacks and emergency rations in lieu of transport.

On January 20th, the first hard blow was struck. Hildyard moved from Deel Drift on the right to support Warren, and the irregulars covered the left flanks. The Light Horse rushed recklessly into the fray on the left, carrying all before them, and storming a sugar-loaf kopje in face of a heavy fire. Several Americans serving with this force behaved with especial gallantry. Corporal Tobin, one of the coolest, and a trained athlete, outstripped his squadron in the ascent, and as the burghers clung close to cover, he reached the ridge unperceived. Disturbed by the shouts of the stormers below them, whom they could not assail, his hoarse voice rising suddenly from the

[1] Sir Charles Warren had formulated his plans on the basis of 3½-days' rations. He had misunderstood Buller's intention of keeping his supplies filled up as required, only burdening him with such transport as was necessary for the short period. Buller's ability to do this has not been clearly demonstrated, but the possibility alone places a different aspect on the alteration of plan. With supplies assured the détour round Acton Homes could have been made.

crest itself, "Now, boys, in with the bayonet!" decided the burghers, and they swarmed down the reverse. Tobin seated himself nonchalantly on the summit, and announced to his breathless comrades that the hill was his. His fame spread from drummer-boy to general.

The regulars closed in swiftly, Hart's Irish in the centre, Woodgate's brigade on the right. Their charge was covered by the concentrated fire of the field batteries, which disconcerted the burghers, and the entire row of intrenched ridges were brilliantly carried with the bayonet. But the disheartening topography of Natal killed the triumph. A second row of kopjes, even stronger, lay beyond; successive positions dominated the captured ridges, which became the objective of every gun in the vicinity. But sunset brought relief. When the next day, Sunday, was very young, the Boers, preparing their matutinal coffee, were sent to shelter by a sudden bombardment, under cover of which the irrepressible British charged across the intervening valley and carried the next position, despite heavy stone breastworks and a cross fire. The burghers did not appreciate the breach of the fourth commandment, and left their breakfasts cooking. But some of their gunners were "foreign infidels," and thus their guns could be worked with immunity on the Sabbath.

On Monday, 22d, the British rested in the trenches under a heavy shell fire from the eminences in rear.

The naval guns and field batteries strove all day to silence the artillery, but those splendid Boer gunners sustained a fire that could neither be silenced nor excelled.

General Buller visited the position on the 23d, and was dismayed at the exposed condition of the division. He strongly advised Warren to retire gradually and revert to the original plan of détouring on the left. He refused to sanction further delay — the assault must be pressed, or abandoned for the former manœuvre. It was pointed out that the massive eminences beyond must be taken by surprise, and that all preparations had been made for a night attack on Spion Kop. He then waived his supreme authority and left the operation to develop, that the previous days' sacrifices might not be in vain.

From Spion Kop to the hills against Ladysmith were sixteen miles of tolerably level veldt. With a hostile force there, the holding of the Tugela would have been impossible, and the Boers fully realized their weakness by making the Kop their strongest point. Once the British worked beyond the Kop to the open ground, sustained defence would have been impossible.

On Spion Kop trenches had been blasted from solid rock, and gun emplacements constructed on approved plans. The Kop is about four miles long, very steep on the western side, and with two high peaks on the northeast, and innumerable cuts and depressions in

its gnarled, irregular summit. It completely bisected the Boer line. Held with artillery, it would become a pivot on which the right wing could be forced back, opening thereby a clear route to Ladysmith. The strong ridges of Brakfontein would also be exposed to artillery fire on their left rear, and rendered untenable.

On the evening of January 23d, at 6.30 P.M., General Woodgate, with the Lancashire Fusiliers, Royal Lancashires, 17th Company Royal Engineers, and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, with two companies of the Connaught Rangers and the Imperial Light Infantry in support, advanced quietly to surprise the position. The stormers had a long and difficult advance in the darkness, but finally reached the Kop and commenced the ascent. After nine hours' hard climbing, the treacherous summit, 1600 feet above the river, was gained. General Woodgate led the assault, guided by the fitful gleam of the Boer camp-fires. The camp was taken completely by surprise; the burghers, awakened from sleep, turned and fled in confusion, pursued by rapid volleys from the British, who gained the position with a loss of three men.

The Engineers hastily constructed a trench, the rocky nature of the ground making it impossible to dig effectively. Rain had fallen the whole night and the troops were thoroughly exhausted by their long march and the ascent, but there was little time to



rest. A crash of Boer artillery announced the early dawn. In the darkness the trench had been constructed across a gentle slope, so that guns from three sides could rake the position; and the defence was commanded by high spurs and irregular rocky eminences on the Kop itself, all of which could be reached without risk from the plain below, the approaches being entirely covered.

Despite a heavy fog, the guns quickly found the range and commenced to search out every inch of the sorry breastwork so hurriedly constructed. And ere means could be taken to strengthen it, a rifle fire was opened by daring marksmen, who had crept up unseen in the fog and completely enfiladed the position. A few of their own shells burst near, but they were safely ensconced among the rocks, and faced them with impunity. From Taba Myama, less than a mile distant, the enemy was able to sustain an incessant shrapnel fire. In two hours the Boers had fired over a thousand projectiles against the exposed summit held by the thin line in khaki. The automatic 1-pounder then added to the horrors, searching out the trench repeatedly, and despite all efforts of supports, it became choked with dead and wounded.

Attempts to strengthen the breastworks were repeatedly defeated by the resolute Boer riflemen, who pumped their Mausers incessantly all day and forced every one to cover, though they were less than 500. But they knew the position, and thus were not so

troubled by the fog, which completely baffled the British and negatived any strong artillery support from the batteries before Potgieter's. And when the fog lifted, an advanced party of infantry, moving down to clear a connecting nek, were exposed to a a rain of projectiles from a British field battery firing under a misapprehension, to accomplish the same task.

When Warren commenced his operations Botha was on his way to Pretoria, and the first British success led the President to order him to supreme command on the Upper Tugela. The burghers were hard pressed and disorganized when he arrived, and the subsequent loss of Spion Kop on his right centre was a hard blow to his plans. But this brave young farmer-general, whose modesty deserves the world's respect and his compatriots' emulation, had rapidly directed operations to retrieve the loss. The mist favored him, and though it lifted, it soon gathered again. Covered by this fog, he led small parties of burghers to the summit and placed them in various points of vantage, where they could sweep the British exposed on the flat and lower portion of the eminence. "Despair, the last weapon that sometimes achieves victory," stimulated the Boers to heroic exertion.

In the fog some burghers crept within two yards of the advanced British position; others crawled behind rocks, where they could enfilade the shallow trench;



Reinforcements scaling Spion Kop

Drawn by René Bull

then they opened simultaneously. More than half the soldiers had been killed or injured by shell fire, and the survivors were soon forced to surrender. Shalk Burger sent a portion of his command to the spurs on the far side of the Kop, and they soon assailed the British rear, getting splendid cover among the irregularities of the vast summit.

General Woodgate was shot through the head at this juncture, and most of the officers had fallen, but a company of troops in the main position fixed bayonets and attempted to expel the enemy from the ridge that they had gained on the crest. They were thrice forced back with loss, however; but British reinforcements arrived, climbing the ascent enfiladed by the automatic gun. They then drove the Boer riflemen from their lodgment, but found it impossible, from the formation of the ground, to get any cover from the shelling.

Lyttleton's brigade strove to relieve the pressure by a frontal attack, the 60th Rifles gaining a footing on the northern spurs and the Scottish Rifles obtaining a ledge on the other side. They were exposed to severe rifle fire from the surrounding kopjes, but hung on tenaciously until dark. The gallantry of the regulars was equalled by the stolid bravery of the burghers, who showed the courage only inspired by intense devotion.

When General Coke rode out to assume command of the Kop, darkness had stilled several of the Boer

guns, though an intermittent shelling was sustained. The condition of the men on the summit was desperate, however. The ground was littered with dying and dead, the men had been without food or water, and were in no condition to sustain a further defence at daylight. Leaving Thorneycroft in charge, Coke rode back to confer with Warren as to the best means of strengthening the position, and Sir Charles at once arranged for artillery and engineers to be sent to the summit. A proper system of defence was devised, and preparations were made to hold the Kop at all hazards until resistance could be swept away on the flanks.

Unfortunately, General Warren had remained on the extreme left to guide the turning movement. Coke took long to reach him, and ere fresh orders arrived, the surviving officers on the Kop held a council of war, at which a large majority favored evacuation to save extermination at daylight. A desultory cannonade started later, giving the worn men no chance to eat or rest. There is also a story of a despatch, intended for Colonel Riddell, ordering him to withdraw his force, the 60th Rifles, from the exposed position where they would mask the fire of the British artillery. The colonel had been killed prior to its delivery, and Thorneycroft receiving the despatch, as next senior officer, applied it to the entire force. This incident is not mentioned in the reports of either Buller or Warren. The former says

that Thorneycroft used a wise discretion, but Lord Roberts severely censures him for taking the initiative when he could have sent to consult Warren. The Divisional Commander is also blamed for remaining on the extreme flank and not visiting Spion Kop in person, when the entire success of the movement rested on its retention.

Much may be said in Thorneycroft's favor. His worn men could not face the emergency. They had been battered and shot at until few had escaped injury, and the nocturnal shelling started a panic which an order to retire alone averted.

Carrying all the wounded, leaving the dead on the field, the shattered commands quietly evacuated in the darkness, and were returning to the main British line when they met Colonel Sim with the Mountain Battery, two naval guns, a strong force of Engineers, and 600 men for a working party, going up to thoroughly intrench the position. Explanations followed. Officers on the spot had decided that the position was untenable in any case, and not as useful as supposed, being in turn dominated by other hills. With the time that elapsed to get a galloper to Warren and receive his reply, dawn drew near, and it was too late to retrieve the blunder. Certainly no one could accuse Thorneycroft of cowardice or lack of resolve. He had far more dead, and wounded men who could not fire a rifle, than men able to fight; few had escaped splinter wounds. The exposed portion of

the Kop was solid rock and could not well be intrenched, and he was not apprised of the reinforcements destined for him. To save his wounded, it was necessary that the retreat should not be delayed. The only surviving staff officer, General Coke's Brigade Major, the Colonel of the Middlesex, and other officers strongly protested, however, against withdrawal.

The loss of Spion Kop points to the need of a stronger force of mountain artillery in the British army. Elephants have now been discarded for the carriage of mountain guns; these pachyderms are too clumsy, at least for South African warfare, and camels are unsuitable. But further mule batteries will be very helpful for the future garrisoning, and past experience should have taught the need of them when war first broke out. The home training battery, improperly equipped with mules, the service battery held in Natal, and eight batteries mobilized with the native artillery on the Indian frontier constitute the permanent establishment. Even Spain can make a better showing, and she has no vast extent of frontier to sustain.

These ten batteries are manned by the garrison artillery, and though only men of the highest character and physique are detached for this service, the authorities have neglected nothing that could make mountain service distasteful. All pecuniary advantages are lost on transference; the work is much

rougher and entails arduous marching, and there are stable duties to perform, — drawbacks which are entirely outside the service for which a garrison gunner enlists. There is the additional disadvantage of studying cavalry drill in riding, marching, sword, and carbine exercises, after learning infantry drill for the garrison branch. Men taken from the field batteries would be far better fitted for these duties, which make the mountain service distasteful to the garrison gunners. The Mountain Artillery should be entirely reorganized and strengthened. With properly equipped mountain batteries, the story of the Natal campaign would have been brighter. A mule battery sent up with Woodgate would have done much to make the Kop tenable.

The withdrawal was accomplished without the loss of a man, but the ambulances could not get in close, and many wounded were not moved from the vicinity until the next day. A prejudiced writer could fill a chapter of incidents which would either prove the Boer a barbarian or a saint. Evidently the burghers vary greatly. Many of the dead were found with fingers hacked off for rings, a few abandoned wounded were robbed, and some murdered in cold blood. Yet Boers with tear-streaming faces gazed on the shattered bodies rent and mutilated by bursting shell, and many showed kindness to the wounded.

The retirement was a heart-breaking experience for the British. It seemed that the precious lives

had been uselessly expended. For once Tommy was depressed, and his curious mixture of gaiety and serious determination became blended with a surly moroseness. Truly the companies on the Kop were heroes, and had fought to a clean knock-out. Yet there were hundreds of fresh soldiers ready to take their place, and in the end they might have licked the Boers. The "swaddy" is a clear reasoner, and if he expressed his disgust at the whole operation in unparliamentary language, who shall blame him? He knew *bis peccare in bello non licet*, and here twice was the British army checked by an army of farmers.

The famished garrison in Ladysmith, so eagerly waiting for relief, were naturally despondent at this second failure, and the men who had long combated disease, wishing to keep off sick report to the end, could control themselves no longer, and the hospitals received a great influx of patients who had buoyed themselves up with a hope which long deferred made heart and body sick.

Buller now withdrew his forces across the Tugela, and the army had a week's rest. Spirits and resolution were alike restored in the interval. Three thousand reinforcements arrived opportunely to replace casualties. With them came a horse battery and more cavalry, and no one doubted the success of the third attempt to cut a passage.

On Saturday, February 3d, the heavy guns were

hoisted to the highest point of Swartz Kop, from which the guns the Boers had rapidly mounted on Spion Kop and Doorn Kloof were outranged. The artillery also had clear play on the frontal ridges of Brakfontein, and for once the British gunners answered the Boers on equal terms and showed Pretorius, in keen duels, that under such conditions his fine shooting could be matched if not surpassed, while the maximum of bursts was greater than with the Boers. But the effect of lyddite on the massive defences was trivial, and unless a shell exploded right in a trench the splinter-proofs sheltered the Boers from harm.

For the third attempt to pierce the line of rock, steel, and brawn that barred the Ladysmith Road, Buller decided to make Vaal Krantz his objective. This position runs almost at right angles to and east of Brakfontein, and its capture, it was thought, would enable a wedge to be driven from ridge to ridge until the reverse of the frontal position was assailed. A frontal attack pressed home at that juncture would crumble the defence of the line and open a wide gap to relieve White.

On Monday, February 5th, the advance began, the augmented cavalry division being divided, Colonel Burn Murdoch taking the 1st Brigade (regulars), Lord Dundonald retaining his Colonials. Covered by a terrific bombardment, Colonel Wynne led forward Woodgate's old brigade against the centre to cover

the assault on the Krantz. For a time the Boers held their fire, but the infantry finally unmasked their guns, allowing a steady artillery duel, when their splendid gun pits alone kept their pieces in action. Shell after shell fell right against the epaulments, but failed to silence the guns.

The long grass on the hillside was speedily lit by shrapnel, but the war balloon, ascending high above the smoke, carefully located the Boer trenches, and by telegraph the positions were so dusted out with shrapnel from the concentrated field batteries that the rifle fire in the main position was practically silenced. A shell from the Vickers Maxim managed to reach the balloon, however, and temporarily ended its usefulness.

Covered by this assault, the Engineers bridged the Tugela lower down, at the dangerous Munger's Drift in direct line for Vaal Krantz, and half of Lyttleton's Light Brigade was over the river ere the flanking movement was discovered. But the ubiquitous burghers were soon in force, their guns were slewed round to meet the new attack, and the final movement was anticipated. But the regiments deployed along the river bank, and after a brief delay, during which the infantry and batteries covering the feint against the front were skilfully withdrawn under a heavy fire and the artillery diverted to the flank, the word was passed to fix bayonets and charge.

Men of the Two Armies Respect each Other

Covered by a shower of shrapnel, the Light Infantry sprang forward from their shelter at a note of the bugle, and went straight against Vaal Krantz. In vain the burghers strove to stem the rush, and leaned over the berm of the leading trench to fire at their assailants crawling up the steep ascent. The British drew closer and closer, and ere they saw the glitter of the dreaded bayonets, the defenders fled panic-stricken, though the leading company of the Durhams caught a number as they ran and cut through them, capturing many who surrendered.

Ferocity stirred by war develops harsh brutality in many natures, and to the credit of the British soldier stands the number of prisoners taken during charges, when passions are heated and excitement impels. It is poor consolation to see a comrade fall by your side, and as revenge tightens your heart-strings and you prepare for vengeance, to find his executioner throw his hands up and be obliged to hold him guiltless.

And in these captured trenches unselfish Tommy sat with the shaggy heads of Boer wounded in his lap, giving up his scanty share of water. The fury of combat and thirst for reprisal was softened by pity even for a wounded and very dirty enemy. Common suffering knit a curious bond of sympathy between the wounded of the two races who were treated side by side. Even the fighting men of the two armies learned to respect each other. The Boer farmers

were the prey of rumors foisted by Kruger, and which they could neither disbelieve nor examine; and it will be well if allowance is made for this in the settlement. There is no reason why the Boer cannot make an excellent British Afrikander if his confidence is fostered after his respect has been forced. With tactful administration, I do not believe that they will hate the British for generations. For ten years all that is progressive in the Transvaal has been advancement on British lines, and despite the efforts of irreconcilables, the present generation of Dutch South Africans has been greatly influenced by English manners, customs, dress, and, in part, language.

Afrikander South Africa has not the foundation upon which successful nations must be reared; the fundamental principles of liberty and democracy are wanting. But if the Boer has hated the British unjustly, misstatement has not all been on his side, and the better understanding of the races will be productive of future good.

The capture of Vaal Krantz accomplished, a general concentration of guns was made, that the wedge of troops might be pressed further in. But again the configuration of Natal foiled a most able plan. Like most eminences in South Africa, the Krantz had a difficult face to assail, and it was found impossible to place artillery on the summit, but it sloped down gently on the reverse, and could be swept by Boers



with gun and rifle. It did not extend far enough to cut into Brakfontein, as desired. A deep donga also enabled the Boer riflemen to advance within effective range, covered by their guns on the surrounding heights; and though ten thousand men might have carried out the movement, the risk of failure and the heavy loss that must be entailed without artillery support did not justify a further movement.

Despite the agreement, a number of armed Kaffirs were seen with the Boers, and from armed blacks dead in the trenches and native deserters who came in with arms, it was evident that the need for men had overcome other scruples in impressing the natives. The burghers ranged from old men to beardless boys, who had gladly joined to drive out the reds. Commandeering had pressed heavily on a willing people, and still more men were required. But this can hardly excuse the enrolment of blacks, and had England said the word in reprisal, her battles in her invaded territory would have been ended, and the Boers must have hurried to protect their homes from hordes of chafing Basutos, Zulus, Bechuanas, and Matabili, eager to wipe off old scores and only too willing to again taste the blood that had been withheld by the strong hand of the White Queen Mother.

As Lyttleton's brigade held to the captured position, a Boer ambulance drove quietly over the plain, a Red Cross flag flapping proudly. It reached a

ridge a mile beyond, and coolly and in clear view unshipped a Vickers Maxim, just out of rifle range. Rocks were piled up before it, and soon the demoralizing shells came buzzing over the British trenches. An individual rifle fire from the donga also tried the troops severely, and they were unable to leave the trenches for food or water. Until the second evening they held out, suffering terrible privations. After sunset Lyttleton quietly evacuated, and Hildyard replaced him with the West and East Surrey and the West Yorks.

Counting on the fatigue and demoralization of the British after long exposure, the Boers gathered in force to surprise and recapture the position. Crawling up the donga, they were able to form an extended line, and almost gain the crest before the outposts discovered them. But they found fresh troops awaiting them in the trenches, and were driven back with heavy loss. Hildyard then maintained his position with ease, while the cavalry scouted in every direction with the hope of finding a weak spot assailable from the Krantz.

Hart's Irish demanded that they should be allowed to retrieve the disaster of Spion Kop, by attempting its recapture on the 7th, pointing out that with the occupancy of the Krantz the Boer forces could not be concentrated. But after a council of war all attempts to force the line on the west were discarded as impracticable, and by midday on the 8th the entire army

was again south of the Tugela, wending its way back to railhead at Chieveley. On Sunday, February 11, the old camping-ground before Colenso was reoccupied, and hapless Ladysmith settled down in despair to further fight starvation and disease.

CHAPTER XI

A Battle of Fourteen Days and Nights. — Capture of Pieter's. — Majuba Day. — Ladysmith Relieved. — Horrors of the Siege.

General Clery had been wounded and injured in the previous operations, and was forced to relinquish his division to Lyttleton. This necessitated some alteration in commands, but Buller, after a few hours' supervision at Chieveley, and without waiting for sleep, made a reconnaissance toward Hlangwane, the possibilities and inducements of which had been hitherto overlooked. His light force was greeted by a warm fire, which enabled the British to locate the guns and their position to a nicety. The Colonials and artillery were followed up on retirement, and were forced to fight their way clear.

The map of this position proved misleading; Hlangwane was one of a series of hills all strongly occupied, though the capture of any one of them would in a measure render the others untenable. Buller realized now that he must risk all for a final attempt. hard as were the conditions that he had to face, a fourth repulse would mean his recall. The soldiers still had confidence in him, and his failures could

hardly be designated defeats; but public opinion was adverse — Sir Redvers became "Sir Reverse" alias the "Tugela Ferryman," and hostile powers pointed a finger of scorn at the baffled British army.

On February 14th the army moved eastward toward Hlangwane. The advanced Boer works rested on Huzzar Hill, extending along the irregular spurs and foothills on either side. Mount Cingolo and Monte Cristo, succeeding eminences, were also strongly occupied, besides Hlangwane, the main position, with its defended lines of communication extending across the river. Huzzar Hill became Buller's first objective. Hildyard and Norcott made a night march and gained positions on the extreme right of the position. Coke and Wynne led their brigades against the centre, and Barton assailed the left.

Three new 4.7 guns and one 6-inch gun, which had been sent up from the fleet, accomplished some very effective shelling from Colenso. This combined fire, supplementing the field batteries, shook the Boer position severely; but the burghers held their reply for three hours, allowing the British lines to advance within effective range before they opened. Then, in repetition of Colenso tactics, they loosed their entire force. Six guns, including two heavy Creusots on the hills in rear, and numerous automatic and machine guns, besides successive rows of riflemen intrenched on Huzzar Hill and spurs, swept every inch of the advance.

But anticipation is a great power. This outburst was no surprise; the troops were prepared for it, and as the positions were unmasked the infantry clung to cover, and a howitzer and seven field batteries, held out of rifle range, drove in the advanced lines, while the naval guns pounded the artillery to silence at extreme range. And ere the burghers had recovered from the demoralization of the effective shelling, the infantry crawled through the brush, and stormed Huzzar Hill with the bayonet.

The battle now evolved new tactics for overcoming the resistance of an intrenched enemy. Previous reverse had proved the impracticability of sustaining assaults on successive positions, against an intrenched foe with modern arms and smokeless powder. Despite effective artillery preparation, operations against bomb-proof trenches are too hazardous and costly to be long sustained, and it is seldom that an attack according to the present text-book can succeed.

Counter trenching is now the laborious but only method of overcoming strong field defence. Siege tactics must be applied, counter positions being maintained, and extended gradually forward until the enemy is driven from his trenches. This necessitates a large force of sappers, or, better yet, the employment of infantry to throw up their own defences. The United States troops with mess tins and tomato cans threw up crude earthworks before Santiago that saved hundreds of lives. The British

soldier, relying on the Engineers, who are not always available, has not emulated his American cousin in arms, in the matter of hurried intrenchments, and frequently both Engineers and soldiers have suffered severely; while the former built defences, the latter fired from exposed positions, unable to aid in intrenching, through lack of utensils or implements.

The spades issued experimentally as part of the soldier's equipment found disfavor because of the additional weight for marching. A number of such implements would not prove difficult for transportation in bulk. They could be distributed to the leading companies at the front, and carried into action in a frog, without greatly impeding the soldier, and would prove invaluable. The new steam sapper, that cuts out trenches in face of a deadly fire, will revolutionize field intrenching when it is further perfected.

Huzzar Hill was occupied in force during the night, the naval guns being placed in position, protected by sand-bags, and in a few hours the eminence was a fortress that could have defied the entire Boer army. From its summit a terrific artillery duel raged with cleverly screened Boer guns on Hlangwane. The cavalry skirmished on the flanks, and cleared Boer guerrillas from the trees, though several officers fell victims to these sharpshooters.

Despite the scouting, however, a strong commando managed to détour and sweep in between the pickets

and the main position, masking the British artillery with British outposts. Used to riding across country in the darkness, the burghers captured a few sentries, and rode away from the strong party sent to cut them off.

Buller's entire force advanced on the 17th, the troops, in continuous line, sweeping forward from ridge to ridge against Cingolo, while the cavalry worked round the extreme flank unseen. The Boers made a stout resistance, and the Queen's suffered severely during the frontal attack. But the cavalry suddenly rode hard against the reverse of the position, dismounted, and clambered up, carbine in hand, taking the Boers in rear. Finding the British upon them, the burghers evacuated, escaping by the connecting nek to Monte Cristo as the troopers charged. By sunset Cingolo was cleared of the enemy, guns were in position, and the early relief of Ladysmith seemed again within the bounds of reason.

All day on Sunday, 18th, the guns pounded Monte Cristo and Hlangwane at a close and effective range, and before night the resistance on Monte Cristo had been subdued. The infantry then closed in on either flank, gaining the eminence with little loss.

With Monte Cristo held, Hlangwane could not be long defended. After a few hours' rest, the tireless British again fought their way forward, the Fusilier brigade and Thorneycroft's irregulars sweeping over the outlying spurs, and storming the summit of the

main position while the Boers were preparing breakfast. The burghers fled in confusion; the laagers were captured intact, with the entire camp equipment and tons of ammunition. But the guns had been mysteriously spirited away, having been moved out of range in the darkness and hauled over the drift during the morning.

The Transvaal flag waved over Breytenbach's abandoned laager and fell trophy to the colonials, and amid loud cheers the British flag proclaimed from the summit that the enemy had been driven beyond the Tugela, leaving their strong but filthy camps behind them.

The capture of the Boer left has a moral. It seems that many colonials who knew the district well had advocated a movement against Hlangwane at the outset. They had been well snubbed for their pains in pointing out the advantages of the position which, after weeks of delay and costly fighting, was finally chosen, and with success, to turn the enemy's line.

Though Botha clung desperately to Fort Wylie and the positions before Colenso, the naval guns on Huzzar Hill soon told him that the line he had striven so manfully to sustain must give way at last. The Dublin Fusiliers reoccupied Colenso village after fifteen weeks' absence, and as the burghers pressed down to the river, in face of a heavy shelling, to hold the main drifts, the Engineers had

pressed forward on the right before Hlangwane, and threw a pontoon across the river there. On the 21st three brigades crossed to the north bank of the Tugela. The passage was hotly contested, but Coke's brigade swept forward, and moving against the Boer flank forced the commandoes to withdraw from the fort and kopjes before Colenso, the Somerset Light Infantry losing 100 men during the operation.

Botha now rallied his forces for a final stand on the higher eminences of Grobler's Kloof and Pieter's Hill, but by the evening of the 22d, three brigades — the 4th, 6th, and 11th — had bivouacked before the position, prepared to make the final stroke in a battle that had raged continuously for eight days and nights.

The foreign contingents now dribbled away before the continued British attack. "They were not greatly missed," Botha grimly reported. An alien company that had attracted some attention was a Russo-Franco *entente cordiale*, — the Corps of "la Belle Otero," commanded by a cashiered Russian officer, who had lost money and honor when a satellite of that brilliant lady in Paris. Abandoned for a more affluent lover, he had marched forth to fight for liberty, sheltering the sacred name under the notoriety of the fickle Andalusianne. The simple burghers knew nothing of this dancer, and the Otero contingent had their implicit confidence, though it left them to their own

devices at Pieter's. Later these foreign lovers of liberty sent in their bill for personal services to President Kruger, and found that his promises were violable, though backed by quotations from the Bible; and after weeks of arduous service they found themselves with no share in the Rand gold that had fired their ardor for upholding the rights of the Boers.

Botha, Burgers, and Meyer concentrated their strength, however, on the main eminences, and made a stupendous resistance. From the ring of hills around Ladysmith down to the river bend is one succession of kopjes, seams, and wooded dongas, with steep and mountainous kops blocking the way, extending across Onderbrook to Pieter's. After crossing the Tugela at Colenso, where it suddenly flows due north, the railroad runs parallel to the river toward Ladysmith, with hills on either flank. When the Tugela again bends eastward, the railroad runs on through a steep ravine into Pieter's Station. The final Boer line extended across Grobler's Kloof over the heights before Pieter's, and small companies were extended to delay every step of the advance through the broken country, chiefly along the railroad line.

For a distance of four square miles the British fought their way onward, harassed by sharpshooters and detachments that lurked in the rocks, and ambushed from the dongas and brush. By midday, on the 23d, after a night and morning of continuous fighting, the Lancashire Brigade, with Hildyard's

regiments and the Rifles, had forced their way between Grobler's and Pieter's at great cost. They soon proved the impossibility of forcing a road directly through such a country.

While his left centre hung on before Grobler's, Buller determined to throw his right forward toward Ladysmith, round the Boer left. But the burghers were concentrated on the eminences before Pieter's, and from the left of their line could command any turning movement in the plain below, with rifles and artillery. It was necessary, therefore, for a successful advance, to clear the enemy from the hills on the eastern end of his line, where it rested on three eminences that dominate the railroad before Pieter's Station. The Irish were ordered to advance up the track and along the river bank, to seize the foothills at the river bend where the Tugela and the railroad part company, and endeavor to oust the Boers from the hills east of the line, which is here built through a deep ravine.

In face of a terrific fire the Inniskillings seized a kopje at the foot of their objective, where they were strongly supported by the Dublins and Rangers, and part of Colonel Norcott's Light Infantry. The honor of the day was intrusted to Colonel Thackeray. It was one hour before sunset when the first advantage was won, and he determined to rush the position before dark, hoping to intrench during the night, when the hill could be permanently held.

The southern half of the eminence was stormed in magnificent style by the Inniskillings, and, supported by companies of the Dublins and Rangers, they strove to clear the entire crest along which successive Boer intrenchments were cut and strengthened by stone breastworks.

With amazing tenacity the Boers held to cover, blazing away from their trenches on the higher portions of the ridge, until the Inniskillings were practically exterminated. When darkness fell the survivors threw up a rude breastwork of rocks, but lay exposed to fire from both flanks during the entire night. Reinforcements went forward at daylight, but the British could advance no farther, and the order was given to withdraw, an armistice being arranged to bury the dead and gather the wounded. When the Inniskillings were extricated, three successive commanding officers lay dead on the field. Corporals brought back shattered companies; and when roll was called one officer and forty-three men answered for the battalion that had gone in 500 strong.

But while the gallant Irish had held their ground at such appalling cost, Buller had been preparing for a skilful movement on the extreme right. Already Boer deserters came in with stories of demoralization. Lines of wagons were reported moving back toward the Drakensberg, and Ladysmith heliographed that there was every indication that the Boers were pre-

paring for a general retirement. During the armistice, while Buller again withdrew his troops south of the Tugela, the laagers were being broken up and the disheartened commandoes decided that they could never withstand another attack.

On the 26th the general British retirement was apparent, and inspirited them for fresh efforts. They remounted their guns and remanned the trenches. But Buller gave them no rest. He moved his entire force back to Hlangwane, and then advanced across the river, due northwest from that position. Covered by an effective bombardment the three brigades crossed the pontoons safely, and moved slightly to the north, against the hills before Pieter's. Barton closed in first. General Wynne, wounded, was succeeded by Colonel Kitchener, the Sidar's brother, who led his brigade after Barton; Colonel Norcott with his regiments was on the flank.

The Scots Fusiliers stormed the farthest mount of the triple position. Kitchener then loosed his brigade, and the Lancashires and Yorks climbed over the low foothills, two battalions remaining sheltered beside the railroad to turn the flank. Finally these brigades, taking advantage of every inch of cover, reached the skyline of the hill beside the tracks, and taking the Boer trenches in flank they drove the enemy to the further spurs of the position. Colonel Norcott then closed in, the Rifles and East Surrey clambering up the southern and eastern slopes of the



triplicated eminence, and finally forcing the Boers from the summit.

While speaking of these positions in Natal it may be as well to call attention to the vast size and irregularity of these South African kops. The seams, ridges, and chasms, and the neks connecting one hill with another, make the summits formidable battle-fields on which entire divisions can be manœuvred, or a Waterloo fought.

For hours the fighting raged fiercely; every foot of ground was hotly contested, and many fierce struggles were waged ere the burghers were cleared from the outlying spurs. Briton and Boer proved their bravery a hundredfold, and over 100 bodies of the latter were collected and buried by the British, whose losses were also very heavy.

It was Majuba Day,—an anniversary that in future will be celebrated by the Boers with sackcloth and ashes. Driven from the railroad, with the hills before Pieter's lost, Botha could no longer hold Grobler's. A fairly open plain led up to Bulwhana, and beyond was Ladysmith. Their strong line was broken through at last, and the commandoes mounted and retired sullenly, sadder and perhaps wiser men.

Checked by weak rear guards, the main column was soon at Nelthorpe, the cavalry forcing the Boer detachments back and capturing some belated wagons. Captain Gough of the 16th Lancers, with troops of

Light Horse and Carbineers, followed closely by Lord Dundonald with the Colonial Cavalry, détoured to the west, driving the Boers from an isolated laager.

In the gathering darkness a plateau loomed before them. A camp-fire gleamed fitfully, and an outpost challenged.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Ladysmith relieving column!"

The ragged, emaciated British outpost gave a quavering cheer. Then discipline had its way, the guard turned out and presented arms. The troopers pressed on, and the bearded "Tommies" leaned wearily on their rifles and cried, from the effect of sheer excitement on their weakened constitutions.

"Halt! Who goes there?" from the main guard.

"The relieving column!"

Cyclists had scorched into the famished city by this time with the news, the gunners fired two signal rockets, and men, women, and children loosed their emotions, pent up by one hundred and twenty weary days and nights of siege, pestilence, and starvation, and rushed forth to greet their deliverers.

The prolonged siege had pinched Ladysmith to the last extremity. After the disaster at Spion Kop despondency had seized the plucky garrison. Food was then terribly scarce. The continuous shelling of the small city had proved trying to soldiers and civilians; but it was the women and children who suffered most. Over two hundred little ones were

shut within the ring of cannon. By day they were forced to hide in bomb-proofs; by night few dared undress, for at some hour the alarm would sound at the flash of a Boer gun, and they were forced to fly through the night to again take refuge until the flight of projectiles abated. These shelters after heavy rains were frequently half filled with mud and water, in which they must perforce stand for hours together.

The garrison was ragged, shoeless, and hungry. Meat soon disappeared. Unfortunately, few vegetables had been planted in the vicinity; even Kaffir mealies grew terribly scarce, and the starving horses and mules soon became the staple diet. Disease grew apace. The neutral civilian hospital camp was overflowing, and 181 officers and 4,833 soldiers had passed through the hospital during the first nine weeks' siege. These figures were doubled during the final eight weeks and the proportion of deaths grew larger.

In the native quarter there was real starvation, for though the unfortunate people crowded in by the Boers to help eat out the town, received regulation allowance, the same as every soldier of the line, mark you, the unfortunate Hindoos preferred to die rather than risk damnation by eating cow's meat; and curiously their scruples were extended to horse flesh, though some votaries finally accepted this ration in last extremity.

The considerate treatment of natives at all besieged towns in South Africa should silence those who speak of British injustice to inferior races. The godly Boers impressed Kaffirs as slaves at all points, and when rations were short allowed them to abjectly starve.

Colonel Ward had to provide for 16,000 Europeans, most of whom were in regular or volunteer service, though 2000 old men, women, and children were on the "inutile" list. There were also 2,240 Kaffirs and 2,460 Hindoos in the city. Even on restricted rations this vast number of people soon ate up available supplies. But necessity fosters invention. Tons of carcass were daily buried beyond the town: the horses and mules grew so thin that little meat could be cut from them. Then Lieutenant McNalty of the Supply conferred with Colonel Ward, the Commissariat General, and after many experiments pure essence of horse was concocted, the locomotive house being improvised as a factory. The animals were shot at one end, emerging from the front door in jars and bottles labelled CHEVRIL. This horse-extract, trade-marked "Resurgam" and issued under the code-signal appellation of Colonel Ward, caused hearty laughs where merriment was scarce, and provided a nourishing liquid food for the besieged, who declared it outrivalled Bovril.

Rice-powder for the face, bran, bird-seed, and washing-starch were taken from the stores and con-



RELIEF AT LAST: THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE DELIVERERS.

Drawn by Frank Dadd, R. I.

verted into food. A plague of locusts happening in the outskirts proved a three-day feast to the blacks, who gathered them in thousands and found them a palatable dish, though the wild honey was lacking. But still, people were hungry.

Water was a serious question. Wood was too scarce for continual fires for boiling, and *eau de Klip River*, seasoned by dead horses and Kaffirs which the Boers tumbled regularly into the stream to be washed down toward the city, was neither tempting nor healthful.

Buller's guns sounded wondrous close during the first attack before Pieter's. Then again they died away in the distance. But despondency was turned to hope when the Boers were seen hurriedly inspanning their teams and removing their guns. The naval gunners drew heavily on their scanty store to sustain farewells to the last, and then a thunder of battle drawing closer and closer gave the reason of the Boer retirement.

But the north of the town was strongly invested, and the end was not speedily expected until the slouch hats of the Colonials were seen approaching, and relief became an accomplished fact.

The eager townsfolk raced madly out to greet their deliverers. Their number was swelled by the soldiers off duty. Strong men clung to Dundonald's battle-scarred troopers weeping like children, women kissed their deliverers hysterically, or thrust their children

on the saddles of the Colonials. Then the bugles sounded at headquarters, and General White and his staff rode into the Market Square to greet the relief.

The starved, fever-stricken, ragged garrison, the no less emaciated townfolk crowded round. There was dead silence as General and Earl grasped hands. Then with a voice thick with emotion, White turned, pointed eloquently to the British flag, and lifted his hat.

"Three cheers for her Majesty the Queen!"

The band was formed by the well musicians from various regiments — the voices were weak, and quavered discordantly at the prolonged notes; but when the cheers had subsided, the strains of "God save the Queen" went up from the community gathered in the battered, stricken town; and no tribute more significant or touching has been tendered the aged sovereign Victoria, unless it were the National Anthem that rose from the survivors of Lucknow when the skirl of the Campbells' pipes announced Havelock's advent, or the strains of that simple but inspiring melody sung by Major Wilson and his command as they were slowly massacred on the Shangani.

White's speech in response to the cheers they gave him is characteristic: "Thank God we kept the flag flying."

Two days later General Buller entered at the head of his column. The garrison lined up to greet the

Field Force, but were obliged to sit at the roadside through sheer weakness long ere the cheering regiments wended their way into the city that they had fought so hard to relieve. And when the "dismiss" rang out what scenes there were! "Townies" found each other, comrades were reunited, and in a few hours refugees who had fled down country were back, some to find members of their family dead, others to meet husband, father, or brother, and reoccupy the little Natal home, — pretty, aye, and home, despite the gaping shell-holes and surrounding ruin.

Before the column came in Captain Denny had brought up wagon-loads of provisions, but with characteristic stolidity the British soldier and civilian bore their hunger a few hours longer to be in line to greet Buller. The ceremony over, nature asserted her sway, and there was an eager rush for simple luxuries that are prized only after want.

Colonel Morgan brought up the main supply-column soon after, tons of extras sent from distant friends were distributed, and every one ate, drank, and was merry. Buller's force had little time for jollification, however. Brother Boer was still hovering in the passes, and divisions were moved forward with little delay to take up positions that would keep him out of Natal.

Officers now saw the reverse of the positions that they had attempted to storm, and no longer wondered at reverse. Natural strength apart, the lines

of defence were massive, and incredible. Nature, Boer subtlety, and the brains trained in European military schools had combined to erect the strongest position recorded in history. The relief of Ladysmith was a stupendous feat, and though the popular idol of the hour, Lord Roberts, is reaping most of the credit with the deserved praise for his own success, history will record in Buller's favor.

Remember, Buller's fiercest fighting took place on Majuba day, the day that Cronje surrendered and the capture of Bloemfontein appeared imminent. Adverse war news travels slowly from Pretoria. Pieter's was half won when the news of Bobs' success was flashed from Cape Town to Buller. It took far longer to reach the Boers. Despite a tolerable veracity in their war news, the officials at Pretoria naturally took no steps to dishearten their hardly pressed forces in Natal, and Buller had won and the burghers were in full retreat, ere the story of universal disaster in the Free State reached them.

The news turned their withdrawal into a panic, and so hastened their movements that Buller was unable to follow up his victory by making a retreat a rout. But the Natal Field Force relieved Ladysmith, and to them is the credit due.

CHAPTER XII

An unexpected Conclusion. — Relief of Kimberley. — Capture of Cronje. — Collapse of the Boer Army. — Roberts' March on Pretoria. — Capture of Bloemfontein. — Kroonstad and Lindley occupied. — Invasion of the Transvaal. — The Sherman of 1900. — Capitulation of Pretoria. — The Cost of the War. — Conclusion.

History has been smoothly and rapidly made during the past nine weeks. When I left South Africa Roberts was formulating an advance north that was expected to provide ample material for a second volume. Judging by early Boer resistance, there seemed abundant time to recuperate by a trip to New York, and to return to the front ere the British army commenced to hammer at Pretoria's gates. The natural fortresses of northern Natal and on the Transvaal borders contributed conditions by which the Boers could greatly prolong the agony that they had inflicted on Buller's column. After the relief of Ladysmith, they would in reality be fighting for their hearths and homes, and thus I deemed that their past resolution in the invaded country would be increased tenfold on the Transvaal borders.

Austria was forced to send 260,000 men against 55,000 Bosniacs twenty-one years ago. The Bosniacs

were indifferently armed; they had neither resources like the Boers nor modern rifles and cannon. Austria could draw her supplies at hand, and England was thousands of miles from her main base. In Cuba 25,000 poorly armed and half-starved insurgents defied 260,000 Spaniards in that narrow island for three years, when intervention stayed the struggle. In 1870, during the invasion of France, Germany was forced to keep 160,000 men employed on the flanks and line of communications in a practically open country. With a foe as mobile and resolute as the Boers, and a country so favorable to their tactics, Roberts' advance to Pretoria we thought would be through a sea of blood, with communications notated with disaster and interruption.

Roberts' successful march omens well for the future. It proves above all things that the burghers were led into the war in an excess of religious fervor, buoyed by a sense of their invincibility. The awakening was sudden — they were amazed at their temerity and dazed with its effect, when the vast strength and resource of the despised England was revealed. Their early success was a proof of Divine favor; when the tide of victory turned they became the prey of doubts and fears, and their system of collective individuality went to pieces.

But the British must not hurrah too loudly ere they are out of the wood. The promises by Kruger and Steyn of foreign intervention, their assurance

that Russia had seized India, that the United States would repeat its Venezuelan attitude regarding the republics, had little effect, and I am assured that most of the burghers would return quietly to their farms, were they apprised of considerate treatment. But the Boer is credulous to a fault. Wounded burghers have recently been overtaken, crawling over the burning veldt to escape the barbarous *rooineks*. They believe to-day that Judge Koch was left to die of hunger outside Ladysmith, though his wife is with him while he convalesces in practical freedom at Cape Town. They have been misled by the wilful lies of their precious Presidents until it is quite possible that they will yet cause grave trouble, and sustain a severe campaign in their mountain fastnesses. The duration of this will depend entirely on the quality and quantity of the reports that are allowed to reach them from the burghers who have already surrendered. It is significant also that the Boer can make and break most solemn oaths of allegiance with utmost ease, and entire subjugation may be a matter of time and difficulty.

Roberts' advance has abounded in picturesque detail; the thoroughness of his plans and the precision of his movements have overawed the Boer power of resistance at every point, and forced them to make one of the most masterly retreats in history. I do not purpose following his movements *in extenso*, for

his operations are of interest rather to the strategist than to the general reader.

After perfecting details of his campaign in Cape Town, Lord Roberts arrived at Modder River on February 10th and issued orders for the general advance. For two months little had been accomplished on the Free State border. But reinforcements had been sent up, and divisions mobilized until the command at his disposal amounted to 45,000 men. Gatacre, Macdonald, Babington, and French had been demonstrating and raiding into the annexed districts, but on the 12th the Boers showed in great force before Rensburg, and the British were forced to fall back from Coleskop. But covered by this Boer success, French made a forced march and seized Dekiel's Drift. On the following day the 6th and 7th Divisions crossed the ford and drove the Boers from their positions on the Riet River.

While the main commandoes were celebrating their capture of Rensburg, and covered by a feint by Colonel Gordon, which drew two commandoes to Rondeval Drift, French with his cavalry division marched twenty-five miles, crossed Klip Drift on the Modder, and captured three of Cronje's laagers. Traversing the Boer line of communications, he then pressed right on to Kimberley, surprising the main laager and depot. The siege was raised, and French entered the city on the 15th with a loss of 20 men. Kimberley had not suffered very severely by the



investment, though several women and children had been killed by shell fire.

Alarmed by this rapid countermarch, Cronje immediately evacuated his main positions at Magersfontein and Spyfontein, and retired to Koodoosrand Drift. One of his commandoes overtook and captured the convoy following French with supplies for Kimberley. But Roberts now set his entire command in motion. Jacobsdal was captured and occupied, Kelly-Kenny following hot on Cronje's heels, overtaking wagons and harassing his rear guard as he vainly strove to withdraw to the hills south of Bloemfontein. The path of the retreat was strewn with dead animals and abandoned wagons, and the Boer cattle were finally exhausted by the rapid pursuit. Tucker's division headed off the column on the east; the pursuing divisions were close behind, and batteries and cavalry had détoured and were hovering on the north. Too late Cronje found that the British could leave the railroad; his disregard of Mareuil's advice had courted disaster, and on the 18th he found himself at bay.

He laagered his wagons and prepared for a vigorous defence. Hasty breastworks were thrown up along the banks of the Modder River at Wolveskraal Drift, bomb-proofs were dug under the trees close to the water's edge, the pits being eighteen inches wide at the top and leading into excavations that gave effective shelter from shells and bullets. For two days a fierce battle raged, the British losing heavily. But

the cordon drew closer and closer around the doomed force. The Boers fought with the desperation of despair, and in their position they suffered no great loss, though their cattle were slaughtered in thousands and the laagered wagons were smashed to pieces and ignited by the continuous bombardment.

The stench of dead horses soon made their warren intolerable, but the defence was sustained by Cronje, despite the entreaty of the burghers, driven to a frenzy by hunger and nausea. Lord Roberts sent in a flag of truce on the 20th to remove Boer women, children, and the wounded, but the brutal leader refused the offer with his accustomed grace. Cronje can boast the dogged pluck of a brute beast, but his style of heroism is not inspiring, and his career is not creditable, his bravery notwithstanding.

The end came on the 28th. After ten days' resistance the dawn of Majuba Day was fixed for assault. The encompassed burghers had sustained a terrible Mauser fire that repulsed previous attempts to close in, but ere the sun rose the Canadian contingent squirmed through the grass to within 100 yards of the outer trenches.

The French company under Major Pelletier were in the lead, when crashing volleys told them that their advance was discovered. Flinging themselves on their faces, the Canadians replied to this fire, suffering severely, but never budging, while two yards behind them an heroic band of engineers under Kin-



V[illegible] AND VANQUISHED: THE MEETING OF LORD ROBERTS AND GENERAL CRONJE

[illegible]

camp, and Boileau dug a long trench, into which the Canadians withdrew. Despite the darkness, Kincaid had cut his line at an angle from which half of Cronje's position could be raked, and a few minutes after sunset Boers began to throw up their hands and run to the British lines to escape the rifle fire.

An hour later a horseman rode out with a white flag, to arrange for unconditional surrender on the following morning. Having inflicted a loss of 98 officers and 1,436 men during his vigorous defence, Cronje and his command of 4,115 burghers then capitulated. Mrs. Cronje followed her husband to captivity, grimly clinging to a black silk dress stolen from Lady Wilson while a prisoner in the Mafeking laager.

On March 5th Labuschagne was defeated by Brabant, Gatacre drove the Boers from the Stormbergen, and the "annexed" district again passed under British rule. The commandoes concentrated at Poplar Grove, Presidents Kruger and Steyn came to the front from Bloemfontein with several fresh commandoes, and the burghers took up a strong position extending fourteen miles across the Modder. On the 7th the cavalry brigade turned the enemy's left flank, the 6th Division moved round the flank to menace the line of retreat, and the entire Boer army, seized with panic, fled in confusion. Kruger and Steyn strove to rally their forces, the latter lashing his Free Staters to hold them to the trenches, but the retreat was general, mounted infantry, cavalry, and horse

batteries pressing the fleeing burghers to Abraham's Kraal, where the Z. A. R. P. commando under Van Dam arrived to make a plucky stand, checking the pursuit and enabling the scattered forces to reform behind them.

The Boers then occupied a strong row of kopjes at Driefontein, fifteen miles east of Poplar Grove. Roberts attacked on March 10th the Welsh and Essex of the 6th Division storming the first line of defences and inflicting severe loss on the enemy. The cavalry again turned the flank and the Boers were routed, leaving 173 dead on the field. Repeated abuse of the white flag, and the use of explosive bullets during the battle led Lord Roberts, who twice witnessed the former, to protest against Boer methods of war.

The disheartened burghers fell back to a strong position along the highroad to Bloemfontein. Roberts, however, led his army by forced marches around the flank, through Venter's Vlei, French's cavalry closing on the Free State capital on the evening of the 12th. Disconcerted at the rapid countermarch, and fearing their retreat would be cut off, the Boers evacuated their final position, and on the 13th Mr. Frazer, Steyn's rival for the presidency and the head of the strong anti-war party in the Free State, met Lord Roberts on the outskirts of Bloemfontein and formally surrendered the capital. Hundreds of burghers now surrendered and took the oath of allegiance. President Steyn, however, removed

the capital to Kroonstadt, where the Boers prepared to make the great stand of the war. President Kruger now decided that the Free State had forfeited its independence, and coolly annexed it to the Transvaal. This action made a wide breach between the allies, and hundreds of Free Staters returned home in disgust. Steyn refused to fight as a Transvaaler, and finally Kruger withdrew his proclamation.

On the night of March 27, General Joubert, who had long been ailing, passed quietly away in Pretoria. The death of the "Grand Old Man" of South Africa was an irreparable loss to the Transvaal cause. Incorruptible, liberal, and of sterling honesty, the commandant general represented all that is best in the Boer character. "Nature made him and then broke the mould." Though he adopted an uncompromising attitude against the Raiders, his liberal views toward the Uitlanders during the early Reform movement lost him both his civil official position and his popularity inasmuch as in 1898 he secured less than one-third of the votes recorded for him in the previous presidential election in 1893. As Kipling said of him, —

> "With those that loosed the strife
> He had no part, whose hands were clear of gain;"

but he was a great patriot, ready to sacrifice all for his country. His military glory waned somewhat after his failure to take Ladysmith, and the brave old spirit was sorely tried by the petty bickering and

jealousies dominating the affairs of the Transvaal. He gradually relaxed his hold on military affairs until the end, when Botha succeeded him — certainly the most worthy successor on the roster, and one whom we may hope to see Premier of the Transvaal under the new *régime*.

While Roberts was re-mobilizing at Bloemfontein and Kitchener was again giving proof of his vast administrative ability by reorganizing the transport and equipping the ragged army to face the winter of the African uplands, Boer commandoes under De Wet swept down the southeast flank of the British, moving against Colonel Broadwood and a small column occupying Thaba Nchu, forty miles east of the capital. Fearing to be cut off, the British commander retired to the Water Works, seventeen miles from Bloemfontein, to which place the 9th division was at once despatched.

Before the reinforcing column arrived De Wet attacked on three sides, and Broadwood decided to send his baggage, with Q and U Batteries, Horse Artillery, and the Mounted Infantry into the capital. To check anticipated reinforcements, and to cut off Broadwood's retreat if defeated, De Wet had placed the Winburg, Moroka and Ladybrand burghers in a deep donga and along a spruit on the main road in the British rear. The Boers were greatly surprised to discover the convoy advancing leisurely into the trap at 4 A. M., en route to Bloemfontein.

The advance guard was allowed to cross the water; the wagons, intersected with the batteries, were winding down the steep banks into the ford, when volleys were poured into them at close range. Gunners, troopers, and drivers were shot down; horses and mules fell in writhing heaps. Five guns of U Battery were captured, but one team bolted when the drivers had been shot from the saddles, finally drawing up with their gun in the British lines. Q battery was further in rear and suffered less. Under a heavy fire, the surviving gunners manhandled four of the guns over the rocky veldt from the tangled mass of wagons and teams and commenced to heavily shell the Boers, keeping them at bay until reinforcements arrived and the pieces were safe. Of the entire convoy, however, 360 failed to answer to their names, killed and wounded constituting the greater number of "missing."

Colville had left Bloemfontein at dawn to relieve Broadwood. Hearing the firing, the division marched the 17 miles at a rapid pace. Hector Macdonald's Highlanders, coming on the enemy in the main drift, forced them to abandon some of the wagons, but the bulk of the convoy with the captured guns had been sent to the rear, and before Dorrien's brigade could outflank the commandoes the captures had been despatched up country. After a stiff fight the Boers were beaten off, and retired to Brandfort.

But Lemmer, Olivier, and Grobler, who had been

retreating from the South, now joined De Wet. Inspirited by his victory, they combined forces, and swept along the southeastern border of the Free State, reoccupying the grain country, where hundreds of farmers had given up their arms and surrendered to the British. The fate of these burghers was extremely hard. Of those who had the temerity to refuse to rejoin the Boers several were shot as traitors; the others were sent to Pretoria, and in all cases homes and stock were looted and destroyed. Commandant-general Pretorius, who had surrendered, was seized by a troop of Zarps and sent to the Transvaal, where he has been condemned to what will prove life imprisonment to so aged a man.

The commandoes swooped down on Reddersburg, forcing three companies each of the Royal Irish and 9th Mounted Infantry to surrender after a plucky resistance of a day and night exposed to the fire of five guns. Gatacre's attempts to extricate these troops miscarried, and after this second failure he was recalled to England, his reputation marred by attempting great things with too small a force to even the chances of victory.

Menacing the line of communications south of Bloemfontein, Olivier and De Wet now had 8,000 men. Finding that the railroad was strongly occupied, they moved along the Basutoland border, investing Wepener, with its garrison of Colonials under Dalgetty. From April 5th until the 28th, in roughly

constructed defences, this small force withstood successive assaults of a force ten times their superior, under continuous bombardment from five guns.

With Dalgetty's force as a bait, Roberts rapidly prepared a trap for the Boers in the interim. Rundle was ordered to Springfontein, Chermside, Gatacre's successor, gathered his division at Bethanie, and Pole-Carew with the guards moved down to the Kaffir River. Dickson, with the 4th Cavalry brigade, and Dorrien's Infantry brigade, with an artillery division, then marched beyond Korn Spruit to cut off the retreat northward.

The British advance was contested at all points by burghers swarming the kopjes, and ere the cordon could be completed to encircle Wepener, the commandoes hurriedly retired, hugging close to the Basutoland border. Superior mobility and knowledge of the country enabled the bulk of the Boer forces to get clear by skilful manœuvres which could not be anticipated by the infantry encumbered with transport.

Roberts had formed an advanced base at Karree Siding on the Pretoria railroad. With the southern districts clear of the enemy, he gathered in his divisions, and with machine-like precision, in an extended line, the centre resting on the railroad, he swept forward from the siding against the Boer positions on the Vet River.

With French and the cavalry on the left, Hamilton, with the Mounted Infantry on the right and the

7th, 11th, and 9th divisions between them, Roberts' front covered twenty-five miles, and after a desultory affair of outposts, the Boers, rather than risk envelopment, retired.

Similar lines on the Zand and Valsch rivers, where the Boer intrenchments extended over a front of twenty miles, were occupied in a like manner, and despite the elaborate preparations for prolonged defence, Kroonstad, the second capital, was captured on May 12th.

A large force of Free Staters, massed north of Ladybrand, had threatened the communications, but masking them with the divisions of Rundle and Brabant, Roberts had boldly pressed on, sustaining twenty miles a day, maintaining vigorous artillery duels, repairing bridges and culverts destroyed by the retiring enemy, and so rapidly outflanking them at every point that they were forced to retire after fierce but ineffectual struggles. Numbers told. How different might have been the story of Ladysmith had Buller been allotted sufficient men to assail the enemy on their entire front and at the same time envelop their flanks!

Roberts' army suffered some hardship, though the personal magnetism of "Bobs" soothes complaint, even of men forced to fight on a biscuit per day. But the matter of supply was very thoroughly solved, and the Army Service Corps worked stores from the railroad to the flanks and outlying commands in miraculous

fashion. To sustain the system, 300 officers, 2,700 bakers, butchers, and artificers, 7,000 native drivers, 950 horses, 1,500 mules, 25,000 oxen, and 3,000 vehicles were constantly employed.

During the month Buller had slowly swept the Boers from Natal, recapturing Dundee, and forcing the commandoes into their passes. They held a strong position on Laing's Nek, the scene of their old victory, but they were finally outflanked, and after a severe fight, were forced to retire. Clery's Engineers are now rapidly repairing the tunnel under the Nek. Buller occupies Wakkerstroom, and is in communication with Roberts. With the railroad restored he should soon be able to advance west and join Roberts. If he can sustain connections and transport, however, he will despatch a flying column due north through Amersfoort and Ermelo, 120 miles, to hold the railroad to Lorenzo Marques. This difficult movement will cut the Boers entirely from the outside world.

On May 4th, Hunter and the 10th division engaged the Boers on the western border. Colonel Mahon, with a picked force of 1,600 mounted Colonials with four guns and supplies carried by packmules and light carts, secretly left Barkly West to relieve Mafeking. Making a détour, they passed rapidly northward to Kraaipan, where they had a severe but successful fight on the 13th. Continuing well to the west of the investing commandoes, on the 17th they joined hands with Colonel Plumer and his plucky

Rhodesian command that had suffered severely in previous attempts to relieve Baden-Powell.

Mafeking was in its last gasp. With little preparation it had been forced to withstand one of the longest sieges in modern history. Many citizens bore arms, but with the police and guards the garrison only mustered 1,100. The investing commandoes had been strongly reinforced after the relief of Ladysmith. President Kruger, desirous of capturing at least one British garrison, despatched his nephew, Saret Eloff, with a picked column to carry the town at all hazards. At 4 A. M., on the 13th, Eloff, with 700 burghers, crept up the bed of the Molopo River and succeeded in forcing a gap through the line of emaciated defenders. Two forts were rushed and the Boers gained a footing in the town, Eloff shouting to the citizens to surrender or face annihilation.

But "Umhlala Panzi" was not to be thus surprised. As the Boers burned the Baralong quarter and occupied the fortified police barracks, he coolly sent forward the artillery under Major Panzera, detached by telephone, squadrons of the Protectorate regiment, the Rifles, and Cape Police from other points in the perimeter, and by a quick movement swept back the Boer supports, and filled in the gap with these troops. At sunrise the line of defences was intact, with Eloff and his picked force shut inside the town.

I have seen Baden-Powell under trying circumstances, before he had made a great name. He was

never perturbed, and many officers said that if he survived the West African fever, he would one day be Commander-in-Chief. Tradition has it that the soldier spared by those pestiferous regions will survive all subsequent service. It was characteristic of the man to sit down to breakfast when he had cut off his foe, and send an invitation to Eloff to surrender and break biscuit with him.

The young Boer declined the invitation until tea-time, when, finding that Snyman had abandoned him to his fate, he surrendered with his party, and Baden-Powell had to provide entertainment for 135 uninvited but welcome guests of her Majesty.

The extra mouths to feed tried the commissariat severely, but on May 16 a sudden cannonade and commotion in the Boer lines told the hopeless garrison that relief had come at last. Mahon and Plumer had a hard fight, but they were finally reinforced by some Canadian artillery, and a squadron of Queenslanders from Carrington's force that had landed at Beira and was advancing from the north.

The Boers, 6,000 strong, were finally driven from the western kopjes, and Baden-Powell joined hands with the relief, his brother, a major of Mahon's staff, being the first to greet him. The combined forces after a brief rest moved out against Snyman, who had rallied his forces on the northern kopjes. But after a second fight, in which the seasoned irregulars met the Boers with their own tactics, the Koofd-

laager was stormed, the burghers were routed, and Snyman narrowly escaped capture.

After the fall of Kroonstad President Steyn moved his capital and defence to Lindley. The Boers were demoralized, however, 600 Free Staters deserting and giving up their arms. A gramophone in the house of a Scotch Free Stater started to reproduce Sousa's band in the "Washington Post" on the evening of the 16th. The sound wafted through the open window was mistaken by some burghers as the military bands of the British in the distance; the alarm was given, and again the forces started to retire.

A few of the more resolute manned the trenches, and on the following morning General Hamilton came up with his division, routed the burghers, and the unfortunate Steyn has been forced to admit the loss of his State. It was formally annexed to the Crown as the Orange River State on May 28, a very large number of the inhabitants celebrating the change of rule with acclamations, and hope for the future.

Roberts continued his swift advance north, which parallels Sherman's march from Chattanooga to the sea, exceeding it in distance, equalling it in the number of troops on both sides, and the fighting retreat of the retiring army. Military critics foretold certain disaster to Sherman: no less an authority than M. Bloch has pointed out the impossibility of the

British invasion. But Roberts celebrated the Queen's birthday by invading the Transvaal, French forcing a passage and flanking the Boers on the historic Vaal River, where they had prepared for a strenuous resistance.

The young general, Ian Hamilton, now made a brilliant move. As French forced the river on the west and the Boers massed to meet him, Hamilton's Mounted Infantry made a rapid countermarch on the east, occupying Heilbron and threatening the Boer rear. The burghers made a plucky fight, but were forced slowly northwest as Roberts came up with the main divisions in the centre, crossed the Vaal unopposed, and swept on to Johannesburg.

Many of the Doppers had determined to destroy the mines. But Botha, Meyer, and other leaders, learning that the British would respect private property, and having large interests at stake, strenuously opposed this measure ; and during the parley, while Hamilton and French were engaged on the west, the British appeared before the city, and it was peacefully surrendered.

On May 31st Lord Roberts entered the city, and at 2 P. M. the British flag was formally hoisted over the Rand. It was greeted by the frantic cheers of the nondescripts in this Balnibarbi, the foundation of which may prove an eventual blessing to South Africa — an evil from which good may come. They also attempted to sing "God save the Queen"

with the soldiers that a day before they had been reviling.

Some old burghers were broken-hearted; two retained their cockades and refused to remove their hats. "Hats off!" shouted certain craven city officials, anxious as the Vicar of Bray to gain favor of the conquerors; and they attempted to remove the offending headgear. Lord Roberts whispered two words to his staff officers, who roughly forced the officious renegades aside and took the now trembling Boers before the general. The crowd and they were visibly surprised when the old soldier shook them warmly by the hand, inquired where they were from, and promised to arrange for their wives and families to come into the lines. Both raised their hats when they left and felt a sudden respect for the *rooineks*.

A wounded Boer artilleryman was hissed by the irresponsible scum, suddenly proclaiming themselves pro-British, and when he retaliated, he was roughly hustled. Two officers of the Guards, one a lord, drove back the crowd. "He is the enemy," yelled one who knew English. "Yes, who fought for his country, which you cowards never did," was the characteristic reply as the officers handed the gunner over to two soldiers with ten shillings to promote an Anglo-Boer alliance.

Leaving the palatial hotels for others, Roberts established his headquarters in a little inn in the suburbs; and while Johannesburg was celebrating its change of

masters in noisy rowdyism, the general-in-chief sat with the innkeeper's baby-daughter on his knee, giving her a writing lesson, while another tot strutted around the sanded floor in the field marshal's hat and gloves. "Oh that all these English were like this!" soliloquized the Boer handmaiden in the hearing of a correspondent.

Though President Kruger declared that Pretoria would be defended to the last, Botha was only able to retain enough burghers to fight a rear-guard action to cover the removal of specie, archives, and rolling-stock from the capital.

On June 4th the Boers opened with several guns at long range as the British crossed Six Mile Spruit, and 2,000 burghers fiercely contested the advance from a row of kopjes commanding the river. The British naval guns were moved forward so rapidly that the Boer artillery was silenced. The burghers then moved in between Roberts' left and centre, but after a hot fight Hamilton in turn outflanked them. French then swept round to the north of the capital, and the forces closed in. Outmanœuvred at all points, the Boers galloped into the city with their field guns and escaped by train just before the cordon was completed.

At midnight Sandberg rode into Roberts' headquarters asking for an armistice and terms of surrender. He was sent back with a demand of unconditional capitulation. On the following morning the

civil officials came out with a flag of truce and formally surrendered the town, and at 2 P. M., June 5, the British flag waved once more over the Transvaal capital.

Prior to the occupation, the last train from Pretoria drew up at Waterval, where the British prisoners were confined. The soldiers, hearing of Roberts' approach, had determined to resist any attempt to remove them; but when four unarmed Boer officials ordered them to prepare to return to the city, where they were to be given up, their suspicions were quieted, and 1,000 entered the empty train, which was run out of the siding and then steamed full-speed up country. French's approach stopped a further removal by this trick, which has enabled Kruger to hold an entire regiment as hostage.

Boer cannon, arms, and tons of supplies had been moved to Lydenburg, which is now announced as the Transvaal capital. Here fertile valleys with thousands of cattle are enclosed in a series of volcanic ramparts and steep passes, which will give the Boers a practically impregnable refuge.

At this time it is impossible to gauge the determination of the burghers. Many of the extreme Doppers will probably never accept British rule, but since Mrs. Kruger, Mrs. Botha, and the wives of the prominent officials have remained in Pretoria, I believe that the withdrawal to Lydenburg is a measure of defence rather than defiance. If the leaders are

assured that they will not be exiled or sent into captivity, I think that they will shortly surrender.

Some of the farmers have decided to trek across Bechuanaland into German Southwest Africa. But the military governor, Major Luetwein, will hardly extend a welcome to them. His predecessor, Major Von Francois, after experiments in Boer emigration, was forced to exclude them in 1892, and has recently advised the German government against giving the burghers tracts of grazing land that Teutonic colonists have been so slow to take up. Both the Witbools and the Herrero tribe have declared that they will fight against the Boers if they trek into their domains; and the German officials feel that while the Boer ideals will do little to develop the country, their treatment of the blacks will cause endless wars.

Those who speak of transplanting the Boers in the United States forget that the burghers then will not only be under alien rule, but they will lose the privilege of Taal as an official language, — a concession promised by England to those who remain where they are. The Boers will find more opportunity of retaining phases of their nationality in South Africa than in any other country. The United States will hardly alter a constitution to suit a few irreconcilables who hate everything pertaining to the Anglo-Saxon and his language, and quasi independent alien communities are not a valuable adjunct to the republic.

There are many indications that the rising genera-

tion of Boers will willingly accept the progressive conditions of the new era. Krugerism chiefly affects the older generation. As Mr. Poultney Bigelow aptly puts it, "Kruger is merely the outward manifestation of a morbid state that has afflicted South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi." There are two extremes: "Kruger, the retrograde cattle-herder, and the financial sharks of the Rand." But these cannot control the destiny of South Africa. While the one extreme attracted thousands of people to the country, where they were oppressed by the other, the removal of that oppression by no means strengthens the hands of the capitalists. But it will enable all nationalities to become assimilated in a common country, and a vast self-governing colony or federation will be the result.

The war has surprised but has not yet staggered humanity. The losses have been rather heavy, and the cost high. During the first seven months of the war, to midnight of May 12, 1900, the losses were:

Killed in action . . .	227 officers	2,111 men
Died of wounds . . .	58 "	513 "
Missing and prisoners (excluding those recovered before this date) . . .	168 "	4,291 "
Died of disease	75 "	2,417 "
Accidental deaths . . .	1 "	54 "
Wounded	763 "	10,063 "
Total loss	1,292 officers	19,449 men

The operations against Pieter's Hill head the list with an aggregate loss of 113 officers, 1,782 men. Spion Kop cost 87 officers, 1,646 men. At Cronje's capture at Paardeberg the losses were 98 officers, 1,436 men. Up to May 13, 480 officers and 8,421 men had been invalided to England, some 2,000 more were in hospitals in South Africa, and I roughly estimate that the loss covering the occupation of Pretoria aggregates 1,200, of which the proportion of killed is not heavy.

The financial cost of the war should be carefully compared with the expenditure of the Spanish American and Philippine wars. The supplemented army estimate for the year ending March 31, 1900, covering the initial preparations and the first six months of war, the transfers from the Indian Establishment, the Reserve and Militia, and the Colonial Corps to the British establishment, until it reached 339,853 men, 155,000 above normal strength, was £43,617,200. This was distributed as follows: —

Pay of the army	£9,909,000
Medical establishment	425,800
Militia (pay, &c.)	1,071,000
Yeomanry cavalry (pay and allowances)	80,000
Volunteer corps	639,200
Land and sea transport and purchase of remounts and transport animals	10,690,000
Provisions, forage, &c.	8,325,500
Clothing	2,240,000

Warlike and other stores	5,281,000
Engineer services	1,461,900
War office, maintenance, staff, cables, etc.	258,300
Extra surplus provided by original peace estimate for the year . . .	3,235,500
	£43,617,200

A perusal of these figures will prove that, while the British soldier has had small cause for complaint, the interests of the British taxpayer have been carefully studied. Certainly in no war in history have more ample provisions been made for the army.

If the people of the British empire, by legislation, will curtail the monopolies of financial magnates and aid their administrators to as carefully foster the colonial spirit in South Africa as in other great self-governing colonies, it will be safe to prophesy that the expenditure of blood and money will prove trivial for the good accruing.

Salus populi suprema est lex.

THE END